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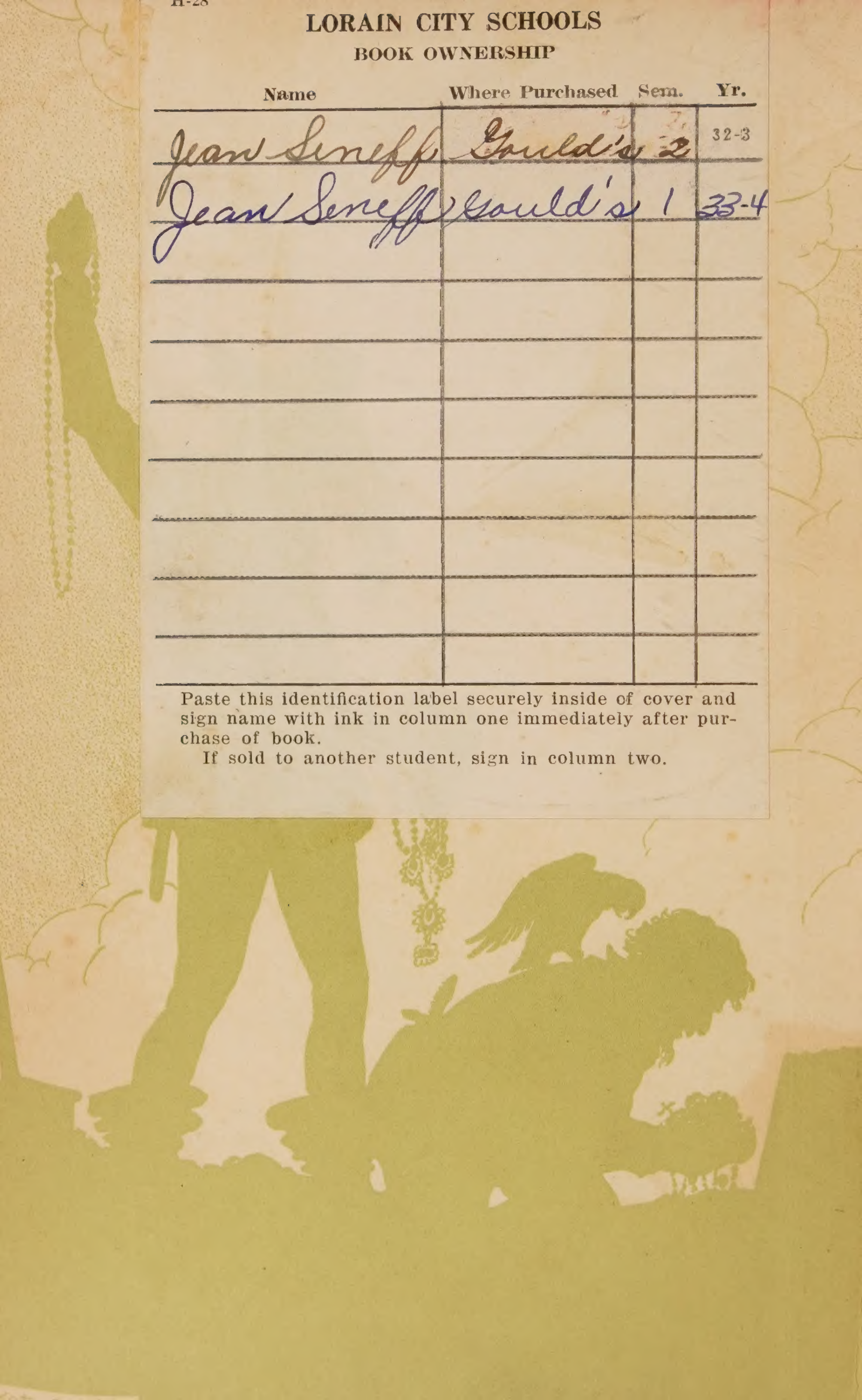

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JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL LITERATURE

BOOK THREE

LITERATURE AND LIFE

by

WILLIAM H. ELSON
AUTHOR ELSON READERS AND GOOD ENGLISH SERIES

CHRISTINE M. KECK
HEAD UNION JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL ENGLISH, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

and

EDWIN GREENLAW
WILLIAM OSLER PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE
THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY

12
YEAR
Reading-
Literature
PROGRAM

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PREFACE

This volume, like *Junior High School Literature, Books One* and *Two*, provides a one-year course in literature so organized as to make deep and lasting impressions upon the student.

The book includes an abundant supply of carefully chosen selections from the best writers of all time. Of the fifty or more authors represented, one half are masters of former times whose works have become classics; the other half are recent or contemporary writers who are recognized interpreters of our own time. Thus the book gives full recognition not only to the past but also to the living present. To this abundance of material taken from the rich heritage of song and story comes the added zest of *variety*.

A glance at the Contents will show that the editors have not regarded it as their task merely to supply a large amount of carefully chosen material in rich variety and of recognized excellence. They have felt, as many other teachers also have felt, that many anthologies are mere scrapbooks. But the purpose of the study of literature is more than momentary recreation. The collection of literary masterpieces used in a school year may leave an impression but little more permanent than the impression left by the current magazine. The editors of this book recognize the value of the magazine for its own particular field; they do not believe that the textbook of literature should be a sort of glorified magazine, ten months' issues bound within a single cover. On the contrary they believe the material should be so organized as to make permanent impressions of the dominant ideas and ideals of the literature.

This volume, like *Books One* and *Two* of this series, is so organized as to bring out clearly certain fundamental relations, with particular stress upon the ideal of good citizenship: *a*. the debt we owe the past; *b*. the relations of human brotherhood; *c*. the relations between man and Nature. As Emerson rightly held, these three relations are the foundation of all education: the mind of the past, the world of action, the world of Nature. The book, by such organization, cannot fail to reënforce powerfully the study of history, of social and political conditions, and of science—the three main divisions into which school and college courses are grouped. The study of literature, therefore, is not an occupation for leisure hours but is made the heart of the school.

To this end, care has been taken not only to secure the right selection of literature, grouped under these fundamental divisions, but also to secure proper understanding of them as individual units and also as parts of a group. This is accomplished, first, through the various introductions, written for the pupil, as in *Books One* and *Two* of this series. The general and special introductions, taken together, are an elementary treatise on how to read, on literary criticism, on the service of literature to life. They are better than such a mere treatise would be, for they are accompanied by the selections from great literature that aptly illustrate the various points. They should be studied by the pupil and made the basis of discussion in class. At intervals they should be reviewed in the light of the literature that has been read. These introductions cover a great variety of subjects: the nature of literature, the characteristics of poetry, the relation of literature to human history and the development of institutions, the types of literature, etc.

The other aids to study are equally distinctive. Classics are provided with a minimum of annotation, and this annotation is always directed to the needs of the pupil. The editors have sought to avoid the over-annotation which always results from regarding the masterpiece as a unit in itself. The notes are not designed to show editorial erudition or minuteness; they are put in to enable the pupil to come to a complete understanding of his reading without interrupting that reading a moment longer than necessary.

Therefore, words that can be looked up in a good secondary-school dictionary are not annotated. It is assumed that the pupil possesses such a dictionary, and that he will use it. The explanations of special terms, printed as footnotes, are designed to help the student to read intelligently, not to form the basis for questions by the teacher. At the end of the selection, or, in the case of longer units, at the chapter or scene divisions, will be found helps of two kinds. The first of these consists of explanatory notes designed to give additional information necessary to intelligent reading; the second and more important consists of questions to guide the pupil's reading as he prepares his lesson and also as the basis for class discussion. In reading a selection such as *Julius Caesar* mainly for the story, notes intended for detailed study may well be disregarded. Many of the questions involve independent thinking. Many of them seek to connect the pupil's reading with other interests; for the relation between *literature* and *life* in this series is no fanciful relation. It is organic, interwoven in many different ways into the body of the book and its method. Teachers will also find, at frequent intervals, exercises in oral composition, suggestions for library reading, and suggestions for class reading and for dramatization. At the end of the book will be found a biographical index in which the necessary information is given concerning the lives of all the authors represented in the book, major authors being presented with due regard to the special needs of the pupil who is reading the selections in the body of the book. These biographies are not essays such as older students would use, but are written expressly from the standpoint of the book. There is also a brief dictionary of technical terms in criticism, for occasional reference or for study as the teacher may decide.

In this book two general conditions have influenced the choice of materials. In the first place, the masterpieces required for admission to college under the conference plan are so fully represented as to make unnecessary the purchase of separate classics. Besides the advantage of economy, there is also in this plan the advantage of careful gradation and organization. Through many years of experience by hundreds of teachers there has grown up a fairly standardized list of minimum essentials, a list of books that every student should know. These are presented without curtailment except in the case of some of the longer novels, in which a plan for library reading with class discussion has been worked out. Teachers may supply, through the school library, a sufficient number of complete copies of these few books to enable the pupils to read them in connection with the study plans given in the text.

The second point is that the editors are in entire agreement with the statement of the aims and scope of the course in English as set forth in the recent report of the Committee on English of the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. This volume does not limit itself to a few selections for intensive study; around these major works are grouped many others, so that there is abundant material for choice. Teachers may decide for themselves which selections are to be read rapidly and which are to be studied carefully and with detail. They may also condense and omit at will. The generous quantity of literature makes this book especially adapted for use in schools that organize classes on a basis of uniform abilities.

The course here provided has been checked carefully with such documents as the Report of the Committee of the National Council of Teachers of English, the Uniform Entrance and the Special Requirements in English, and the special courses and syllabi provided by the states of New York, Pennsylvania, and others. Moreover, it illustrates the leading tendencies in the best modern teaching: *a.* wide variety and interest of subject matter; *b.* indisputable quality; *c.* the union of the contemporary and the classic; *d.* the study of such types of literature as the drama, the epic, the metrical romance, the ballad, the lyric, and prose fiction. The book thus provides for all the purposes that a collection of literature for this grade should supply.

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LITERATURE AND LIFE

AN INTRODUCTION TO READING

THE RUINS OF ANCIENT ROME

I

If the races of men should suddenly disappear from the earth, leaving only the animals, great changes would take place. For a time, the works of men would remain, but gradually the lofty buildings in our cities would crumble and collapse, the railroads would become thin lines of rusty steel buried in tangles of weeds, farms would be covered with brush and with great forests, the roads would become merely paths for animals, and in place of fertile fields and villages and busy cities the ancient jungle would return. External Nature would remain much the same as now. Season would succeed season, the rivers would flow as majestically as ever to the sea, the moon and stars would shine or would be blotted out by great storms; the woods would be filled with the music of bird song or the fragrance of flowers, or, in winter, would be clothed in their mantle of snow. And the animal world would be much the same as now, except that the wild beasts would become bolder and more numerous and the animals that man has tamed or has made his companions would become wild or would be destroyed by enemies of their own kind.

In such a world, no more progress of the sort that seems progress to us would be possible. Animals would not build cities or make inventions or use telephones or trains or ships. There would still be such primitive methods of living as animals use. The races of animals would still keep up some such form of communication as they now seem to have. Cats, for example, look much alike, no matter what their breed, yet they know each other and have their quarrels and their methods of getting on with each other. Dogs differ from each other in appearance more than most other animals, yet dogs of every kind recognize each other and have some means of communication. But no coöperation, working together for a safer and happier mode of living, comes from this faint sense of relationship that members of an animal-race feel for one another.

One reason for this failure is that the imagination and memory of animals are very small. We have no evidence that the beauty of Nature—a vista in a forest or the grandeur of mountains or the tang of the salt spray—produces any effect on the animals that look upon or hear or feel Nature's wonders. Many of them have, to be sure, primitive ways of expressing their satisfaction over a good meal or a warm, sunny spot, or their discomfort when they are hurt or are deprived of something that they want. Birds seem to enjoy the music they make, and a great poet once said that it was his faith that every flower enjoys the air it breathes. But so far as we know, all the reactions of animals to what goes on about them are confined to the moment and are of the simplest kind. They know nothing of distant lands, unless they belong to animal races that migrate from place to place in search of food or in order to escape extreme cold or extreme heat. They have no records of their past history—no books or poems or permanent records of any kind. If mankind were to disappear from the earth, the horse and the cow and the dog and all the tribes of animals domesticated by man, would soon forget that a strange superior animal, walking upright and having uncanny powers over them, had ever used them for his pleasure or his profit, had ever cared for them in sheds and barns when they were tired, or had ever killed them for his own food when he was hungry.

Man differs from the animals, then, chiefly in his power to ask questions of life and to get answers to his questions. He could project his thought more rapidly than he could walk, so he discovered means of transporting himself to places where he wanted to be. He used the ox and the horse to multiply his strength; when these were found wanting, he invented machines that would carry him still more rapidly—the ship, the train of cars running on ribbons of steel, the automobile, the airplane. He was not satisfied with his power of communicating his thought to those of his fellows who were near by, so he discovered how to send his voice over thousands of miles by the aid of a slender wire, and then how to send it without even the wire. He communicated his thoughts by a system of sounds that he developed with great precision, and then by representing these sounds on various materials—stone, bark, paper made of reeds, later on fabrics of finer qualities. He represented his ideas of the beauty of Nature by pictures that he drew on stone, or on canvas; at length he discovered how to send his pictures through space by telephone. He lived in huts or caves, then in tents that he could carry about with him, still later, if he desired, in houses that could fly with incredible speed on rails. In order to increase his powers he enlarged his group of associates, which at first was like the group of animals, so that thousands, even millions, of his kind could live within a small area in buildings not built on one level but on ten or twenty or fifty levels. And he kept records of his deeds, and of his thoughts, and of his ideas of the beauty of Nature and life, so that he could live in the past as well as in the present, and could learn from generations long dead.

Now all this may be summed up by saying that man is so constituted that he can *reflect* about the things that surround him. The reactions of animals are simple, are limited to the moment. Man seizes on what is of service to him, and can determine how to make this even more serviceable. He can project his mind into the world about him or into the past or the future, can see what he wishes to bring to pass, and can set about making it possible; or he can see what he wishes to preserve of the past for his present or future profit and enjoyment. He can live more lives than one. He multiplies himself in a thousand ways. He makes all things serve him. He explores the mysteries of Nature, the sources of life, and the causes of death.

And always he expresses his thoughts and his desires, in music, in art, in poetry. He is curious about himself, about Nature, about the stars and the waters and the depths of the earth, about his fellows, about the world before life came to it, about his soul and its fate, about the future of his race. He can bask in the sun after a good meal, just like any animal. Like an animal he will fight for food, for his young, to repel the stranger, to get into his possession things that he desires. But he can reflect on these things that he desires, or curb his desires when they are wicked. He lives according to his ideals of how a man should live, and multiplies his powers to enjoy the months and years during which he lives on the earth and partakes of its benefits.

One of the chief sources of man's power to raise his life above that of the brute beasts, who do not know their ancestry or their period of life and death, lies in his command of self-expression. He reflects about things, can communicate his thoughts to his fellows, can set down his ideas of beauty and right action. His life, like that of animals, is concerned with what goes on in his immediate presence, with food and shelter and comfort. But he not only has found out how to insure his food and his comfort to a higher degree than the animals; he has also found joys and powers that animals know nothing about. He finds enjoyment not only in his immediate surroundings, but in a world of fancy and imagination. He can forget the present, his weariness of the struggle for food and life, his sorrow—for his very superiority to animals in love and sense of beauty makes him more subject to suffering than the beasts—he can forget all that surrounds him, if he will, in a world of imagination into which he can pass instantly. The animal, confronted by a crisis, can draw on no inspiring past in which his race has triumphed, but must meet it for himself alone. But man finds new powers born in him from his knowledge of how his fellows in far distant ages met life's difficulties bravely, or rejoiced in its beauty, or had faith in the future of the soul. What is more, the animal knows no law of relationship besides the instinct of parenthood and even this is lost after a time, while man has discovered not only enormous gains to be won through coöperation with his fellows but also the joy that such coöperation brings. He has enlarged his *self*, developed a wider personality, through sympathy and service, through the brotherhood of the race. And, finally, he has found a larger and deeper personality through reflecting on his relation to Nature and the world in which he lives. He has learned how to make Nature serve him; he has also felt the magic and the mystery of flower and star, of the tempest-driven sea, of the silent pageantry of the summer night and the canopy of stars.

II

Before we go any farther, suppose we stop for a moment to think over what we have just been speaking about.

We are apt to think that the age in which we live is the most marvelous in the history of man because people, or most of them, live so much more comfortably than in earlier times. In Shakespeare's England, to go no farther back, travel was slow and dangerous; houses were cold, badly lighted, inconvenient; terrible diseases devastated whole provinces. Yet great men lived then, and great things were done then. The point is that unless we are careful we shall be in danger of thinking that the greatness of man in this twentieth century consists merely in *material* comforts and enterprises. An office boy can use the telephone, travel on fast trains, run an automobile. Shakespeare knew nothing of these things, knew nothing of a thousand wonders that are commonplace to us. But does the office boy tower above Shakespeare because of these things?

The fact is that the most vital differences between men and animals consist in things quite apart from what we call the conveniences of modern life. These things are *memory* and *imagination*.

Through *memory* men make use of their own past experiences and of the past experiences of the race. This means not only that great deeds live on, great achievements for human welfare, the victories of the human spirit, but also that whatever of progress toward greater human comfort and efficiency has been achieved by one generation becomes so much *capital* on which a new generation may build.

Through *imagination* men conceive new wants and find means for satisfying them. Both memory and imagination are the roots of progress.

John Milton studied the great achievements of men in earlier times, became inspired to write a poem that the world would not willingly let die, and through the power of his creative imagination brought his dream to reality. When the Norman hosts marched to battle a minstrel sang to them of the great deeds of Roland, Charlemagne's knight, so that all the soldiers were set on fire with the determination to perform valorous deeds. When Galileo saw the swaying lights suspended from the ceiling of the church he conceived the idea of the pendulum, from which clocks came into being. The mind of Isaac Newton leaped from the observation of the fall of an apple to the formulation of the laws that control the universe. In all of these incidents, and in thousands like them, memory and imagination prove their power.

The same thing is true of all science and invention. For thousands of years plagues swept men off like flies. Whole regions of the earth were uninhabitable by white men. But typhoid and other fevers have been conquered. Men live as securely in India or in Panama as in the most highly civilized country. In the Grand Central Terminal in New York you may see the first train of cars to make regular trips on an American railway. It is interesting to compare the tiny engine with the mighty locomotive of today, and the little open carriage with the modern Pullman. Yet only a few years separate the "Rocket" and its carriage from the "Twentieth Century Limited." Men have won these, and thousands of other secrets from Nature through their ability to build on past experiences and to visualize the thing they wished to create.

Animals cannot do these things.

Neither can the office boy, unless he is alive to what is at the basis of progress.

But the office boy has within him the hidden possibilities that may make him one day a discoverer of new truth. He may become the head of a great business organization, or a great painter or dramatist, or a statesman able to bless mankind. He may be a source of comfort or strength to generations that will live a thousand years after he is dead. Even if such high destiny is not in store for him, he may so enrich his own life that he crowds into it experiences of past generations, experiences drawn from distant countries, contacts with all that the mind of man has accomplished, imaginations destined to raise him, and his descendants, to a higher scale of living.

Or, he may live the life of an animal.

III

What has all this to do with Literature and Life? To put it more definitely, what has it to do with your reading and study of this book?

Literature is one form of the expression of life. It is not the only form. Men express themselves in many ways: through the language they speak, the homes they live in, the cities and great industries which are the sources of their wealth and their means of existence. All that concerns the material part of life, therefore, is an expression of some of the ideals about life that men and women hold. It is not less true that some part of the meaning of life may find expression through a beautiful painting, or a statue, or a song. A story may sum up in a few hundred words an ideal that thousands of men would like to live by, or, if need be, to die for. A poem may sing itself into the heart of a regiment, or comfort those who are discouraged, or translate the beauty of bird-song or flower or of the setting sun into words that will never die. Literature is the expression of the meaning and beauty of life, and if men could not find in life beauty and meaning, they would not care to live.

In this book you will find illustrations of the way in which literature is related to life.

Many collections of literature are merely collections. They are like magazines. You may read here and there, paying attention only to what interests you, and with no thought of any relation between the selections. This book, of course, may be used in just the same way. But it is not intended for such use, as the program will show you.

The program is the Table of Contents. If you will look at it for a moment you will see that the book contains ballads, epics, dramas, short stories, lyrics, and prose selections of various sorts. You will find a part of one of the oldest poems in the world, the *Odyssey* of Homer, some ballads that belong to a very early and primitive type of English culture, and some poems that were written only the other day. You have, then, a considerable amount of literature at your disposal. We may omit, for the present, any discussion of the difference between literature and ordinary printed matter, stating only this fact: *literature* means not merely that which is printed, in contrast to that which is spoken, but it is "The expression of the *facts* of life, or of the *interpretation* of life, or of the *beauty* of life, in language of such enduring charm that men treasure it and will not let it die." Facts, interpretation, beauty—the selections in the following pages are built upon this relationship between literature and life.

But this is not all. You will observe that the book is divided into four parts, and that these parts deal with adventure, legend and history, the relations of man to his fellows, and the relations of man to Nature. The Introduction prefixed to each of these parts will bring out the meaning of these divisions. Just now only one thing is necessary, and this idea you should carry with you throughout your study. The general purpose of the book is to show how, through literature, men have put on record their ideas about this great adventure of living. No one who is worth anything is satisfied with mere existence. Such a life is mere prose. Man wants adventure, because through adventure he finds a means of realizing some of his ideals of what makes life interesting. Therefore, the first part of this book is devoted to some stories about adventures of all sorts. There is nothing serious here. They are just snapshots of scenes in all sorts of lives in all sorts of times, like the snapshots that you take with your kodak on a summer vacation trip. They are to be added to the collection you have been making ever since you read with amazement of Jack Horner's exploits with the Christmas pie. You will continue to add to your collection as long as you live.

In the second part of the book, legend and history—also forms of adventure—become means through which we may enter into the experience of the race. In many of these we see how men have sought to realize their fullest powers through some heroic deed.

In Part III of the book, man's effort to realize his ideals finds a different definition. It is not alone through the spectacular deed that a man comes to himself. He may bring out the best within himself through sympathy, through service, through coöperation. Democracy rests on this idea of coöperation of all for the good of all. It is not necessary to be a knight of Arthur's court in order to find the fullest expression of one's powers.

And finally, in Part IV the intimate relationship between man and Nature is brought out in a series of selections that show, on the one hand, how man interprets in terms of beauty the world in which he lives, and, on the other, how he makes use of the forces of Nature to give him enjoyment and safety.

For literature is the record of the adventures of the soul of man as he struggles to understand himself and the world in which he lives. It is one of the chief sources of right enjoyment and of right thinking. In it we find not merely a subject to be studied in school as a series of lessons, but a means of satisfying our curiosity about life, of living more lives than one. It opens a world of fancy and imagination into which we go at will, just as Ali Baba or Aladdin could enter the world of magic by using a charm. It opens a world of heroic action, through which the desire to do worthy things may be born in us. It opens a world of sympathy and service because it shows how men have sought for realization of their highest ideals through service to their fellows. And it brings enrichment through knowledge of the world of Nature, a perception of the beauty of Nature and of the way in which Nature serves man as the genius of the lamp served Aladdin. Poetry, drama, story, all writing that men have preserved because of its beauty or its enduring worth, these are means for recreation and for growth. By reading, man is lifted far above the realm in which animals pass their lives, and is taught how to crowd into his brief years enjoyment and experience that make rich his life and multiply his powers.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What evidence can you find that animals possess the power of communicating with each other? Give some illustrations from your personal experience. What is language? What can you find of its origin? (Try an encyclopedia, or use some book on the history of language. There is a fascinating chapter on this subject in *Words and Their Ways in English Speech*, by Greenough and Kittredge, pp. 1-6). What is the difference between the language of an uncivilized man, such as an Indian when the white men first came to America, and that of an educated man? What is the difference between the language used in a conference of technical experts, such as a group of engineers, and that used by a group of men who are discussing a national baseball championship?

2. What was the origin of writing? Give a definition. Look up the article "Writing" in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* or in some other similar work. Define some primitive means of communication, such as message-sticks, marked pebbles, picture-writing, and any others that you find.

3. One of the most widely used dictionaries defines four hundred thousand words. What does this fact suggest to you? Shakespeare used about fifteen thousand words. How many words does an untrained man use, do you suppose? What is the difference between recognizing the meaning of a word when you are reading a selection in a book and using it in your own writing and speaking? Why is the addition of words to your vocabulary an important element in your education?

4. Sum up the results of your work by making a brief statement of the differences between an intelligent animal and an intelligent man so far as language, writing, vocabulary are concerned.

5. Name several ways in which men have recorded their past history. In what way may a poem be such a record? Name several poems that seem to you to have historical value.

6. In what ways are the telephone, the ocean liner, and the electric light illustrations of man's "power to ask questions of life and to get answers to his questions"? Show that these and other forms of what we call "progress" depend in part upon some sort of "records" or previous attempts to find answers to man's questions.

7. Does "progress"—that is, the possession of greater wealth, greater command over Nature, more conveniences—necessarily mean a higher state of civilization? What is the point of comparison between Shakespeare and the office boy?

8. How does *memory* enter into language, written expression, the progress of invention and discovery? How does *imagination* enter in? Is imagination a characteristic only of the poet or the novelist, or is it characteristic also of the inventor? Is it necessary in building up a great business?

PART I

THE WORLD OF ADVENTURE

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good.
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
—Wordsworth.

From a painting by Alma-Tadema

A READING FROM HOMER

THE WORLD OF ADVENTURE

AN INTRODUCTION

I

Reading is, first of all, a means of recreation, like games or music or the drama or travel or any of the other amusements by which people forget their ordinary occupations and get out of the ruts of their ordinary thought and speech. The first test of literature, therefore, is its power to take us out of ourselves. While we read, we live in a world that is attractive through its strangeness, a world of fancy and imagination. The measure of the power of what we read lies in the completeness with which we are absorbed into this unaccustomed world. If you become thoroughly interested in the Indian stories of Fenimore Cooper, you are transported to the scenes in which the action moves; you are a companion to Natty Bumppo; he is as real to you as if you could actually see him and hear him speak. You can recall stories in which you became so absorbed that you did not hear if someone called you or spoke to you. You were not willing to lay aside the book until you had devoured the whole of it. Your book was like the magic carpet of old romance, powerful to carry you far off from your actual surroundings and into a world where all manner of strange adventures awaited you.

This test of interest—deep, absorbing interest—is a fair one. It is met by all reading that once gets full influence over you. It may even be met, on occasion, by that which is not literature. For example, you may become greatly interested in wireless telegraphy. As a result of this interest, a book on the subject may seem, for the time, far more absorbing than any other reading that you can find. You eagerly devour every scrap of information you can pick up on the subject. The fascination that literature can exert is akin to the fascination that the handbook on wireless telegraphy possesses, though it springs from different causes.

It is not, primarily, the information that you gain from poetry and story and drama that marks the difference between what is literature and what is not. An encyclopedia or a dictionary or a treatise on history or science may give you far more useful information than you can get from this book or from any other book devoted to literature. Neither is it in the moral lessons or even in the ideals of conduct suggested that you find the chief reason for reading. Literature gives information and is filled with noble ideals, but its first use for you is to bring pleasure. This book, like every book filled with what we call *literature* as distinct from writing that seeks only to give information, is more than a series of lessons.

Suppose we look a little more closely at this distinction between what we call a "lesson" and that which we call a recreation or a source of pleasure. Some "lesson," for example, may be distasteful to you because you don't find it interesting. If you are conscientious, you can probably force yourself to learn it, but you take no pleasure in it, and you spend as little time on it as you can.

It doesn't take you out of yourself.

Literature, rightly used, possesses the power to take you out of yourself, to widen your horizon, to increase the range of your interests. The pleasures that are brought by any departure from our usual way of living are of different kinds and values. Some of them are mere surrenders to easy and unworthy ideals. It is possible to increase the fineness of one's ideas about pleasure through the development of standards of taste. The man who has acquired such standards finds just as keen enjoyment in a bit of fine music as someone else finds in mere noise, as much pleasure in a noble poem or picture as someone else finds in doggerel or a cheap print. To cultivate one's appreciation for pleasures that involve judgment and standards of taste is no small part of the training that reading affords.

These standards are not arbitrary or fixed by mere rules. They develop naturally in one who gives attention to the matter. In this part of your book, for example, you will find stories, some of them thrilling and dramatic, others humorous, which many people have agreed to call good stories. It isn't necessary to call them masterpieces and to differentiate between them and the stories in a popular magazine. The magazine may contain stories just as good; in fact, some of these very stories first appeared in the magazines of their time. The one thing for you to do is to do just what you do with your new magazine—read for enjoyment, without thinking of any lesson or anything to be learned, and then to apply just the same test that you apply to your magazine story, the test of whether it interests you or not. But when you have done this, you might ask yourself just why you like the story or do not like it. The notes and questions that follow the selection may help you to find this out; that is all they are for—not to supply you with tasks, but to help you to form your own standards by which to judge between that which is true and that which is false, between genuine representation of life and character and a sentimental or unreal imitation, between genuine humor and the cheap jest.

This done, you can use these standards, your own standards, not those that have been forced upon you, to apply to the new magazine. Perhaps you will read, in some magazine, one story that seems to you as effective and as interesting as one of those you have used as a standard, while another you will see is cheap and unworthy. Always the test is of interest, of power to carry you out of yourself into an unfamiliar world, but you are to form your own standards of what is true and what is false, of the difference between what you feel that you have a right to enjoy and what you feel is unworthy of you.

The story is told of a famous artist who was once approached by an ignorant but conceited woman with the remark: "I don't know a thing in the world about art, but I know what I like and what I don't like." "Madam," gravely responded the artist, "so does a cow."

To get the utmost enjoyment out of your reading is therefore the first thing to look for. And part of this enjoyment springs from certain qualities that we bring to our reading, qualities of judgment, taste, and of right appreciation.

II

Books and reading, we have found, are an introduction to a world of adventure. This does not mean that they deal only with exciting events. So long as you do only the accustomed things, travel the same path every day, and every day see only the same things, your life has in it no adventure. Adventure is that which takes you out of yourself, gives you an unwonted experience. Such an experience may be encountered anywhere, at any time. In one of Shakespeare's plays, a nobleman, living in exile, speaks of the charm of his quiet life far from wars and courts, a life in which, he says, he

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Partly this was due to the fact that he was living in surroundings strange to him, far from "public haunt." A peasant who had lived all his life there might not have found any adventure in the trees or brooks or stones. Adventure to such a man would be a ride on a train or in the subway or a sight of a great city from the top of a tall building. Adventure, once more, is that which takes you out of yourself.

This unwonted experience that we call

adventure may be a part of your real life or it may be a part of the life that you find in books. Shakespeare, whose dramas are a book-world in adventures in themselves, often speaks of this book-world and the real world in almost the same terms. "My library," one of his characters says, "was dukedom large enough." And Wordsworth speaks of books as a world in themselves:

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good.
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

It is in this sense that you are now invited to enter the World of Adventure that is in books. For your introduction to this world, here are some good stories. But all your reading, in the later parts of this book, in other books—all your reading may be travels "in the realms of gold," to use the fine phrase by which Keats described his adventures in reading. In such reading, you are also living, for literature is but an expression of life. This expression must satisfy us by its beauty, interest us by the zest and spirit with which it portrays its world, and take us out of the beaten track of everyday existence into a world of adventure more precious than a dukedom.

III

An interesting series of essays appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1921-2 under the title "The Iron Man." By this term the author personifies, in a vivid phrase, the vast development of machinery. Work that was formerly done by human strength, if done at all, is now performed by machines of such power and dexterity that they seem almost human. With the further perfection of machinery, the time may come when the work of the world may be performed in only a part of the week. Even now, men have more leisure than in former times, and this margin between the hours of labor necessary for one to earn a living and one's free time is growing greater year by year.

All this brings sharply to mind the question of what we are to do with our leisure when it is gained. To this there are many answers, some of them good and others evil. Just one aspect of the matter concerns us here. It is not merely a question of how you are to use your time for recreation, the time when there are no lessons to learn or work to be done, or even when your hour for skating or tennis or football has given way to the hour for reading. It is a matter that may be even more important to you forty years from now than it is today.

When that time comes, reading will be a source of keen enjoyment to you, or will mean nothing at all, just in proportion as you learn to read now. Learning to read is not just a matter of ability to pronounce and define words, or to understand a description of a fire or an account of a murder in the morning paper. The interest that the expression of thought may have for you is one that increases with exercise, like the interest you take in a game. The qualities of judgment, taste, and right appreciation that were spoken of a moment ago, qualities that add to your enjoyment of what you read, are also capable of development. With such habits of reading, formed easily now, you will find books a never-failing source of recreation, increasing in their power as the years go by.

You are reading for enjoyment now; you are laying up stores for enjoyment when you are old.

IV

There are two worlds of adventure, then: the world of experience and action, and the world of reading. Both of them enrich our lives at the time when we enter them; both of them increase in meaning as we go on through life; both are storehouses of memory upon which we can draw at will. This parallel between the action-world and the book-world has never been more beautifully expressed than by Keats in the poem to which reference was made a moment ago. He is speaking, in this poem, of the new world of delight that opened to him when he came upon Chapman's translation of Homer. No experience that he had had in the realms of gold, by which he meant this book-world, could compare with the adventure that came to him when he stumbled upon Chapman's Homer:

> Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,
> And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
> Round many western islands have I been
> Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
> Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
> That deep-browed Homer rules as his demesne;
> Yet never did I breathe its pure serene
> Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold;
> Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken;
> Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

You see at a glance how admirably this poem expresses the kinship between the book-world of adventure and the action-world. Two supreme experiences are drawn upon by the poet in his effort to tell us what reading Homer meant to him. You can conceive of no more thrilling experience than to have stood with the great explorer who first of our race looked upon the broad expanse of the Pacific. The explorer was Balboa, not Cortez, but this error of Keats makes no essential difference. Men had thought that the new lands discovered as the result of Columbus's daring journey were a part of India. That an ocean greater than the Atlantic yet separated them from the object of their search had not dawned upon them. To be the first of modern Europeans to come face to face with this stupendous fact, to have seen the narrow Mediterranean world expand to take in the vast Atlantic and then to find another mighty ocean stretching still farther to the west—what a thrilling adventure was this! It was to be compared only with the thrill that came to the astronomer in those days when Galileo's telescope was yet so new that the astronomer might hope to find with it a planet hitherto unknown. Like these adventures of the action-world, says the poet, was the experience that came to him when the riches of Homer's great poem were suddenly revealed. The world of Homer, known only through his book, was as real as the new-found planet or the mighty ocean. Each experience was unique, stupendous, an adventure without parallel.

No more oceans are to be discovered. Since Balboa's time the Pacific and all the seven seas have been measured and charted. Men have stood at the North Pole and at the South. The wonders of the heavens, too, have been explored. But to you, to every girl and boy, may yet come the delight which the poet classes with these—the entrance, through reading, upon a world of adventure, the realms of gold over which Homer, and Stevenson, and Scott, and Shakespeare, and many others like them rule as kings.

HOW TOM SAWYER WHITEWASHED THE FENCE

Mark Twain

Saturday morning was come, and all the summer world was bright and fresh, and brimming with life. There was a song in every heart; and if the heart was young, the music issued at the lips. There was cheer in every face and a spring in every step. The locust trees were in bloom and the fragrance of the blossoms filled the air. Cardiff Hill, beyond the village and above it, was green with vegetation, and it lay just far enough away to seem a Delectable Land, dreamy, reposeful, and inviting.

Tom appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence, and all gladness left him and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit. Thirty yards of board fence nine feet high. Life to him seemed hollow, and existence but a burden. Sighing, he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation; did it again; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree-box discouraged. Jim came skipping out at the gate with a tin pail, and singing "Buffalo Gals." Bringing water from the town pump had always been hateful work in Tom's eyes before, but now it did not strike him so. He remembered that there was company at the pump. White, mulatto, and negro boys and girls were always there waiting their turns, resting, trading playthings, quarreling, fighting, skylarking. And he remembered that although the pump was only a hundred and fifty yards off, Jim never got back with a bucket of water under an hour—and even then somebody generally had to go after him. Tom said:

"Say, Jim, I'll fetch the water if you'll whitewash some."

Jim shook his head and said:

"Can't, Mars Tom. Ole missis, she tole me I got to go an' git dis water an' not stop foolin' roun' wid anybody. She says she spec' Mars Tom gwine to ax me to whitewash, an' so she tole me go 'long an' 'tend to my own business—she 'lowed *she'd* 'tend to de whitewashin'."

"Oh, never you mind what she said, Jim. That's the way she always talks. Gimme the bucket—I won't be gone only a minute. *She* won't ever know."

"Oh, I dasn't, Mars Tom. Ole missis she'd take an' tar de head off'n me. 'Deed she would."

"*She!* She never licks anybody—whacks 'em over the head with her thimble—and who cares for that, I'd like to know. She talks awful, but talk don't hurt—anyways it don't if she don't cry. Jim, I'll give you a marvel. I'll give you a white alley!"

Jim began to waver.

"White alley, Jim! And it's a bully taw."

"My! Dat's a mighty gay marvel, *I* tell you! But Mars Tom, I's powerful 'fraid ole missis—"

"And besides, if you will I'll show you my sore toe."

Jim was only human—this attraction was too much for him. He put down his pail, took the white alley, and bent over the toe with absorbing interest while the bandage was being unwound. In another moment he was flying down the street with his pail and a tingling rear, Tom was whitewashing with vigor, and Aunt Polly was retiring from the field with a slipper in her hand and triumph in her eye.

But Tom's energy did not last. He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day, and his sorrows multiplied. Soon the free boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of fun of him for having to work—the very thought of it burned him like fire. He got out his worldly wealth and examined it—bits of toys, marbles, and trash; enough to buy an exchange of *work*, maybe, but not half enough to buy so much as half an hour of pure freedom. So he returned his straitened means to his pocket, and gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys. At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him! Nothing less than a great, magnificent inspiration.

He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight presently—the very boy, of all boys, whose ridicule he had been dreading. Ben's gait was the hop-skip-and-jump—proof enough that his heart was light and his anticipations high. He was eating an apple, and giving a long, melodious whoop, at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding-dong, ding-dong-dong, for he was personating a steamboat. As he drew near, he slackened speed, took the middle of the street, leaned far over to starboard and rounded-to ponderously and with laborious pomp and circumstance—for he was personating the *Big Missouri*, and considered himself to be drawing nine feet of water. He was boat and captain and engine-bells combined, so he had to imagine himself standing on his own hurricane-deck giving the orders and executing them:

"Stop her, sir! Ting-a-ling-ling!" The headway ran almost out and he drew up slowly toward the sidewalk.

"Ship up to back! Ting-a-ling-ling!" His arms straightened and stiffened down his sides.

"Set her back on the stabboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow! ch-chow-wow! Chow!" His right hand, meantime, describing stately circles—for it was representing a forty-foot wheel.

"Let her go back on the labboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow-ch-chow-chow!" The left hand began to describe circles.

"Stop the stabboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Stop the labboard! Come ahead on the stabboard! Stop her! Let your outside turn over slow! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow-ow-ow! Get out that head-line! *Lively* now! Come—out with your spring-line—what're you about there? Take a turn around that stump with the bight of it! Stand by that stage, now—let her go! Done with the engines, sir! Ting-a-ling-ling! *Sh't! Sh't! Sh't!*" (trying the gauge-cocks).

Tom went on whitewashing—paid no attention to the steamboat. Ben stared a moment and then said:

"Hi-*yi! You're* up a stump, ain't you?"

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist; then he gave his brush another gentle sweep and surveyed the result, as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said:

"Hello, old chap, you got to work, hey?"

Tom wheeled suddenly and said:

"Why, it's you, Ben! I warn't noticing."

"Say—I'm going in a-swimming, *I* am. Don't you wish *you* could? But of course you'd druther *work*—wouldn't you? Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said:

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't *that* work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly:

"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know, is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh, come, now, you don't mean to let on that you *like* it?"

The brush continued to move.

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there—criticized the effect again—Ben watching every move and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said:

"Say, Tom, let *me* whitewash a little."

Tom considered, was about to consent; but he altered his mind:

"No—no—I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—but if it was the back fence, I wouldn't mind and *she* wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it the way it's got to be done."

"No—is that so? Oh, come, now—lemme just try. Only just a little—I'd let *you*, if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest injun; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him; Sid wanted to do it, and she wouldn't let Sid. Now, don't you see how I'm fixed? If you was to tackle this fence and anything was to happen to it—"

"Oh, shucks, I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here—No, Ben, now don't. I'm afeard—"

"I'll give you *all* of it!"

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while the late steamer *Big Missouri* worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite in good repair; and when *he* played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with—and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had, besides the things before mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jew's-harp, a piece of blue bottle glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six firecrackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog-collar—but no dog—the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange-peel, and a dilapidated old window-sash.

He had had a nice, good, idle time all the while—plenty of company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash, he would have bankrupted every boy in the village. 16

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. For a brief biography of Mark Twain (and for all authors throughout this book) see the "Biographical Index of Authors" beginning on page 571 and arranged alphabetically. This selection is taken from *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, one of three books (the others being *Huckleberry Finn* and *Life on the Mississippi*) in which Mark Twain rendered probably his greatest service to American literature. Of these *Huckleberry Finn* is the best; its hero has been compared with the hero of Homer's *Odyssey*, about whom you will read in Part II of this book, and indeed Mark Twain's book deserves very well the name that has been given it, "the Odyssean story of the Mississippi." The three books taken together give something of the impression of an epic of the valley of the great river which is so bound up with American life. The stories perhaps seem even more characteristic of what we feel to be America than any stories of the early colonization of the eastern states. The Mississippi territory was settled by Americans, not by Englishmen, at a time when the genuine American character was being developed by the pioneers. The life that Mark Twain depicts is passing, but it is still near enough to us to be vivid, much as the story of Ulysses seemed to the Greeks in Homer's day.

2. Mark Twain, whose real name was Samuel L. Clemens, wrote much about boys, for boys of all ages. A proof of the fascination of his stories is found in the fact that Charles Darwin, the great English scientist, said that he always kept the story of "The Celebrated Jumping Frog" (see *Junior High School Literature, Book I*) on a chair by his bedside so that he might turn to it in case of sleeplessness. Mark Twain is commonly thought of as a great jester, and indeed no other writer represents so fully the sort of humor that most appeals to Americans. But he is not merely a jester. He is an interpreter of many of the ideas and experiences that have formed the American character.

Questions and Topics

1. Give another title to this story. What was the "magnificent inspiration" that came to Tom when he was discouraged at having to work on Saturday? How did Tom Sawyer whitewash the fence?

2. What great law of human action, as regards work and play, did Tom discover from his experience in whitewashing the fence? Can you give examples, similar to Tom's, showing how work may be changed to play, or play to work?

3. Why do you like this story? What makes the story humorous? How does the author make his characters known to you, by what they do or by what they say? Is the dialogue lifelike? What other stories by this great humorist have you read?

4. What humorous stories of other writers have you read? Compare one of the best with this selection.

Library Reading. This selection is merely an episode in the story of *Tom Sawyer*. You will enjoy reading the entire book. You will also find *The Boys' Life of Mark Twain*, by Albert Bigelow Paine, a fascinating introduction to further readings from Mark Twain, the great American humorist.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

Charles Lamb

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally, the Cook's holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following: The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage—he had smelled that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding—that it was the pig that smelled so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls

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10. **Mundane Mutations**, perhaps a reference to *The Book of Changes*, an ancient Chinese book preserved and transmitted by Confucius, the celebrated Chinese philosopher.

of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burned me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig, do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burned down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the nighttime. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burned their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision, and, when the court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the districts. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind. . . . .

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbledehoys—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditiae*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner, or *praeludium*, of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat—but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him, while he is "doing"—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age, he hath wept out his

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25. **Locke,** John Locke (1632-1704), a celebrated English philosopher.

49. **mundus edibilis,** edible world. 50. **princeps obsoniorum,** chief of delicacies. 57. **amor immunditiae,** love of filth. 62. **praeludium,** prelude.

pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars—

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! Wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away—

> Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
> Death came with timely care—

his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon—no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages —he hath a fair sepulcher in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of Sapors. Pineapple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause—too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her —like lovers' kisses, she biteth—she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish—but she stoppeth at the palate —she meddleth not with the appetite —and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwisted, and not to be unraveled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbors' fare.

I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good favors, to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house, slightingly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what), a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate. It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a gray-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt at this time of day that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity

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24. **Sapors**, delicacies or savory foods.

65. **tame villatic fowl**, barnyard fowls. 71. **Lear**, in Shakespeare's play *King Lear*.

of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, schoolboy-like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger, that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself, and not another—would eat her nice cake—and what should I say to her the next time I saw her—how naughty I was to part with her pretty present—and the odor of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last—and I blamed my impertinent spirit of almsgiving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness, and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old gray impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipped to death, with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have toward intenerating and dulcifying a substance naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto—

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavor of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But, banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

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42. **intenerating and dulcifying**, making tender and sweet. 53. **St. Omer's**, a college.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. This amusing sketch is from *The Essays of Elia* (1820), the work on which Lamb's fame rests. Originally these essays were contributed to the *London Magazine;* they were somewhat similar to the special articles one finds in daily papers and magazines nowadays. They were on a variety of subjects, whimsical, serious, filled with humor and pathos, and always remarkable for their conversational quality, by which the author seemed to be talking with his reader. Examples, besides the present selection, are "Dream Children," "On Poor Relations," "Old China," and the like. They bear little trace of Lamb's occupation, that of a clerk in the East India House.

2. A "dissertation" is a learned essay on some difficult subject. You will enjoy the sketch most fully if you observe the element of burlesque that runs through it. Lamb pretends to be writing a learned essay on "roast pig." Therefore he pretends to have found an ancient manuscript; he introduces learned words and quotations; he quotes "authorities" that do not exist. The Chinese names, excepting that of Confucius, are fictitious.

3. While this sketch is one of a collection of "Essays," the real interest is in the spirited narrative—it is really a short story.

Questions and Topics

1. How does the author try to give authority for the fanciful tale he invented? How does he try to make the reader believe the story? Mention points in the story that seem probable.

2. Lamb was noted for his use of keen satire; what evidences of this characteristic do you find in this story? What examples of exaggeration do you find? At what weakness in human nature does Lamb poke fun?

3. How does the author make his story humorous? Point out good examples of humor.

4. In commenting on "the sins" from which the pig "is happily snatched" by being roasted, Lamb quotes from Coleridge's "Epitaph on an Infant"; show the aptness of this quotation.

5. Into what divisions or units does the story fall? What is the most interesting part of the story?

Theme Topics. 1. Compare the humor of Lamb in this story with that of Mark Twain in "How Tom Sawyer Whitewashed the Fence." Compare the humor of this story with that of the present-day newspapers.

THE SPECTER BRIDEGROOM

Washington Irving

A TRAVELER'S TALE[*]

> He that supper for is dight,
> He lyes full cold, I trow, this night!
> Yestreen to chamber I him led—
> This night Gray-Steel has made his bed.
> *Sir Eger, Sir Grahame, and Sir Gray-Steel.*

On the summit of one of the heights of the Odenwald, a wild and romantic tract of Upper Germany, that lies not far from the confluence of the Main and the Rhine, there stood, many, many years since, the Castle of the Baron Von Landshort. It is now quite fallen to decay, and almost buried among beech trees and dark firs; above which, however, its old watchtower may still be seen, struggling, like the former possessor I have mentioned, to carry a high head, and look down upon the neighboring country.

The baron was a dry branch of the great family of Katzenellenbogen,[†] and inherited the relics of the property and all the pride of his ancestors. Though the warlike disposition of his predecessors had much impaired the family possessions, yet the baron still endeavored to keep up some show of former state. The times were peaceable, and the German nobles, in general, had abandoned their inconvenient old castles, perched like eagles' nests among the mountains, and had built more convenient residences in the valleys; still the baron remained proudly drawn up in his little fortress, cherishing, with hereditary inveteracy, all the old family feuds; so that he was on ill terms with some of his nearest neighbors, on account of disputes that had happened between their great-great-grandfathers.

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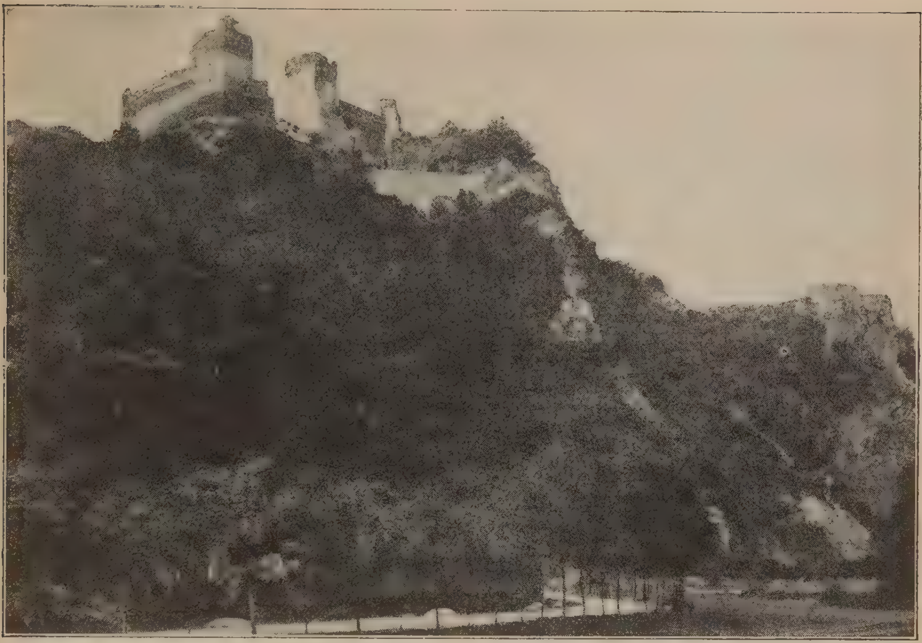
[*] The erudite reader, well versed in good-for-nothing lore, will perceive that the above Tale must have been suggested to the old Swiss by a little French anecdote, a circumstance said to have taken place at Paris. (Note by Irving.)

[†] i. e., Cat's-Elbow. The name of a family of those parts very powerful in former times. The appellation, we are told, was given in compliment to a peerless dame of the family, celebrated for her fine arm. (Note by Irving.)



A TYPICAL OLD GERMAN CASTLE

The baron had but one child, a daughter; but Nature, when she grants but one child, always compensates by making it a prodigy; and so it was with the daughter of the baron. All the nurses, gossips, and country cousins assured her father that she had not her equal for beauty in all Germany; and who should know better than they? She had, moreover, been brought up with great care under the superintendence of two maiden aunts, who had spent some years of their early life at one of the little German courts, and were skilled in all the branches of knowledge necessary to the education of a fine lady. Under their instructions she became a miracle of accomplishments. By the time she was eighteen, she could embroider to admiration, and had worked whole histories of the saints in tapestry, with such strength of expression in their countenances that they looked like so many souls in purgatory. She could read without great difficulty, and had spelled her way through several church legends, and almost all the chivalric wonders of the *Heldenbuch*. She had even made considerable proficiency in writing; could sign her own name without missing a letter, and so legibly that her aunts could read it without spectacles. She excelled in making little elegant good-for-nothing ladylike nicknacks of all kinds; was versed in the most abstruse dancing of the day; played a number of airs on the harp and guitar; and knew all the tender ballads of the minnelieders by heart.

Her aunts, too, having been great flirts and coquettes in their younger days, were admirably calculated to be vigilant guardians and strict censors of the conduct of their niece; for there is no duenna so rigidly prudent,

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30. **Heldenbuch**, "Book of Heroes," a fifteenth-century German book that tells of German epic heroes. 41. **minnelieders**, love songs; Irving means *minnesinger* (poets who sang their love songs to their own accompaniment).

and inexorably decorous, as a superannuated coquette. She was rarely suffered out of their sight; never went beyond the domains of the castle, unless well attended, or rather well watched; had continual lectures read to her about strict decorum and implicit obedience; and, as to the men—pah!—she was taught to hold them at such a distance, and in such absolute distrust, that, unless properly authorized, she would not have cast a glance upon the handsomest cavalier in the world—no, not if he were even dying at her feet.

The good effects of this system were wonderfully apparent. The young lady was a pattern of docility and correctness. While others were wasting their sweetness in the glare of the world, and liable to be plucked and thrown aside by every hand, she was coyly blooming into fresh and lovely womanhood under the protection of those immaculate spinsters, like a rosebud blushing forth among guardian thorns. Her aunts looked upon her with pride and exultation, and vaunted that though all the other young ladies in the world might go astray, yet, thank Heaven, nothing of the kind could happen to the heiress of Katzenellenbogen.

But, however scantily the Baron Von Landshort might be provided with children, his household was by no means a small one; for Providence had enriched him with abundance of poor relations. They, one and all, possessed the affectionate disposition common to humble relatives; were wonderfully attached to the baron, and took every possible occasion to come in swarms and enliven the castle. All family festivals were commemorated by these good people at the baron's expense; and when they were filled with good cheer, they would declare that there was nothing on earth so delightful as these family meetings, these jubilees of the heart.

The baron, though a small man, had a large soul, and it swelled with satisfaction at the consciousness of being the greatest man in the little world about him. He loved to tell long stories about the dark old warriors whose portraits looked grimly down from the walls around, and he found no listeners equal to those that fed at his expense. He was much given to the marvelous, and a firm believer in all those supernatural tales with which every mountain and valley in Germany abounds. The faith of his guests exceeded even his own; they listened to every tale of wonder with open eyes and mouth, and never failed to be astonished, even though repeated for the hundredth time. Thus lived the Baron Von Landshort, the oracle of his table, the absolute monarch of his little territory, and happy, above all things, in the persuasion that he was the wisest man of the age.

At the time of which my story treats, there was a great family gathering at the castle, on an affair of the utmost importance: it was to receive the destined bridegroom of the baron's daughter. A negotiation had been carried on between the father and an old nobleman of Bavaria, to unite the dignity of their houses by the marriage of their children. The preliminaries had been conducted with proper punctilio. The young people were betrothed without seeing each other; and the time was appointed for the marriage ceremony. The young Count Von Altenburg had been recalled from the army for the purpose, and was actually on his way to the baron's to receive his bride. Missives had even been received from him from Wurtzburg, where he was accidentally detained, mentioning the day and hour when he might be expected to arrive.

The castle was in a tumult of preparation to give him a suitable welcome. The fair bride had been decked out with uncommon care. The two aunts had superintended her toilet, and quarreled the whole morning about every article of her dress. The young lady had taken advantage of their contest to follow the bent of her own taste; and fortunately it was a good one. She looked as lovely as youthful bridegroom could desire; and the flutter of expectation heightened the luster of her charms.

The suffusions that mantled her face and neck, the gentle heaving of the bosom, the eye now and then lost in reverie, all betrayed the soft tumult that was going on in her little heart. The aunts were continually hovering around her; for maiden aunts are apt to take great interest in affairs of this nature. They were giving her a world of staid counsel how to deport herself, what to say, and in what manner to receive the expected lover.

The baron was no less busied in preparations. He had, in truth, nothing exactly to do; but he was naturally a fuming, bustling little man, and could not remain passive when all the world was in a hurry. He worried from top to bottom of the castle with an air of infinite anxiety; he continually called the servants from their work to exhort them to be diligent; and buzzed about every hall and chamber, as idly restless and importunate as a bluebottle fly on a warm summer's day.

In the meantime the fatted calf had been killed; the forests had rung with the clamor of the huntsmen; the kitchen was crowded with good cheer; the cellars had yielded up whole oceans of *Rhein-wein* and *Ferne-wein;* and even the great Heidelberg tun had been laid under contribution. Everything was ready to receive the distinguished guest with *Saus und Braus* in the true spirit of German hospitality—but the guest delayed to make his appearance. Hour rolled after hour. The sun, that had poured his downward rays upon the rich forest of the Odenwald, now just gleamed along the summits of the mountains. The baron mounted the highest tower, and strained his eyes in hope of catching a distant sight of the count and his attendants. Once he thought he beheld them; the sound of horns came floating from the valley, prolonged by the mountain echoes. A number of horsemen were seen far below, slowly advancing along the road; but when they had nearly reached the foot of the mountain, they suddenly struck off in a different direction. The last ray of sunshine departed—the bats began to flit by in the twilight—the road grew dimmer and dimmer to the view; and nothing appeared stirring in it but now and then a peasant lagging homeward from his labor.

While the old castle of Landshort was in this state of perplexity, a very interesting scene was transacting in a different part of the Odenwald.

The young Count Von Altenburg was tranquilly pursuing his route in that sober jog-trot way in which a man travels toward matrimony when his friends have taken all the trouble and uncertainty of courtship off his hands, and a bride is waiting for him, as certainly as a dinner at the end of his journey. He had encountered at Wurtzburg a youthful companion in

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49. **Rhein-wein** and **Ferne-wein**, Rhenish wine and foreign, or imported wine. 50. **Heidelberg tun**, a huge wine vat in the cellar of Heidelberg Castle. 53. **Saus und Braus**, a German phrase meaning "feasting and revelry."

arms, with whom he had seen some service on the frontiers—Herman Von Starkenfaust, one of the stoutest hands, and worthiest hearts, of German chivalry, who was now returning from the army. His father's castle was not far distant from the old fortress of Landshort, although an hereditary feud rendered the families hostile, and strangers to each other.

In the warm-hearted moment of recognition, the young friends related all their past adventures and fortunes, and the count gave the whole history of his intended nuptials with a young lady whom he had never seen, but of whose charms he had received the most enrapturing descriptions.

As the route of the friends lay in the same direction, they agreed to perform the rest of their journey together; and, that they might do it the more leisurely, set off from Wurtzburg at an early hour, the count having given directions for his retinue to follow and overtake him.

They beguiled their wayfaring with recollections of their military scenes and adventures; but the count was apt to be a little tedious now and then about the reputed charms of his bride, and the felicity that awaited him.

In this way they had entered among the mountains of the Odenwald, and were traversing one of its most lonely and thickly-wooded passes. It is well known that the forests of Germany have always been as much infested by robbers as its castles by specters; and at this time the former were particularly numerous, from the hordes of disbanded soldiers wandering about the country. It will not appear extraordinary, therefore, that the cavaliers were attacked by a gang of these stragglers in the midst of the forest. They defended themselves with bravery, but were nearly overpowered, when the count's retinue arrived to their assistance. At sight of them the robbers fled, but not until the count had received a mortal wound. He was slowly and carefully conveyed back to the city of Wurtzburg, and a friar summoned from a neighboring convent, who was famous for his skill in administering to both soul and body; but half of his skill was superfluous; the moments of the unfortunate count were numbered.

With his dying breath he entreated his friend to repair instantly to the castle of Landshort, and explain the fatal cause of his not keeping his appointment with his bride. Though not the most ardent of lovers, he was one of the most punctilious of men, and appeared earnestly solicitous that his mission should be speedily and courteously executed. "Unless this is done," said he, "I shall not sleep quietly in my grave!" He repeated these last words with peculiar solemnity. A request, at a moment so impressive, admitted no hesitation. Starkenfaust endeavored to soothe him to calmness, promised faithfully to execute his wish, and gave him his hand in solemn pledge. The dying man pressed it in acknowledgment, but soon lapsed into delirium—raved about his bride—his engagements—his plighted word; ordered his horse, that he might ride to the castle of Landshort; and expired in the fancied act of vaulting into the saddle.

Starkenfaust bestowed a sigh and a soldier's tear on the untimely fate of his comrade; and then pondered on the awkward mission he had undertaken. His heart was heavy, and his head perplexed; for he was to present himself an unbidden guest among hostile people, and to damp their festivity with tidings fatal to their hopes. Still there were certain whisperings of curiosity in his bosom to see this far-famed beauty of Katzenellenbogen, so cautiously shut up from the world; for he was a passionate admirer of the sex, and there was a dash of eccentricity and enterprise in his character that made him fond of all singular adventure.

Previous to his departure he made all due arrangements with the holy fraternity of the convent for the funeral solemnities of his friend, who was to be buried in the cathedral of Wurtzburg, near some of his illustrious relatives; and the mourning retinue of the count took charge of his remains.

It is now high time that we should return to the ancient family of Katzenellenbogen, who were impatient for their guest, and still more for their dinner; and to the worthy little baron, whom we left airing himself on the watchtower.

Night closed in, but still no guest arrived. The baron descended from the tower in despair. The banquet, which had been delayed from hour to hour, could no longer be postponed. The meats were already overdone; the cook in an agony; and the whole household had the look of a garrison that had been reduced by famine. The baron was obliged reluctantly to give orders for the feast without the presence of the guest. All were seated at table, and just on the point of commencing, when the sound of a horn from without the gate gave notice of the approach of a stranger. Another long blast filled the old courts of the castle with its echoes, and was answered by the warder from the walls. The baron hastened to receive his future son-in-law.

The drawbridge had been let down, and the stranger was before the gate. He was a tall, gallant cavalier, mounted on a black steed. His countenance was pale, but he had a beaming, romantic eye, and an air of stately melancholy. The baron was a little mortified that he should have come in this simple, solitary style. His dignity for a moment was ruffled, and he felt disposed to consider it a want of proper respect for the important occasion, and the important family with which he was to be connected. He pacified himself, however, with the conclusion that it must have been youthful impatience which had induced him thus to spur on sooner than his attendants.

"I am sorry," said the stranger, "to break in upon you thus unseasonably——"

Here the baron interrupted him with a world of compliments and greetings; for, to tell the truth, he prided himself upon his courtesy and eloquence. The stranger attempted, once or twice, to stem the torrent of words, but in vain, so he bowed his head and suffered it to flow on. By the time the baron had come to a pause, they had reached the inner court of the castle; and the stranger was again about to speak, when he was once more interrupted by the appearance of the female part of the family, leading forth the shrinking and blushing bride. He gazed on her for a moment as one entranced; it seemed as if his whole soul beamed forth in the gaze, and rested upon that lovely form. One of the maiden aunts whispered something in her ear; she made an effort to speak; her moist blue eye was timidly raised; gave a shy glance of inquiry on the stranger; and was cast again to the ground. The words died away; but there was a sweet smile playing about her lips, and a soft dimpling of the cheek that showed her glance had not been unsatisfactory. It was impossible for a girl of the fond age of eighteen, highly predisposed for love and matrimony, not to be pleased with so gallant a cavalier.

The late hour at which the guest had arrived left no time for parley. The baron was peremptory, and deferred all particular conversation until the morning, and led the way to the untasted banquet.

It was served up in the great hall of the castle. Around the walls hung the hard-favored portraits of the heroes of the house of Katzenellenbogen, and the trophies which they had gained in the field and in the chase. Hacked corselets, splintered justing spears, and tattered banners were mingled with the spoils of silvan warfare; the jaws of the wolf and the tusks of the boar grinned horribly among crossbows and battle-axes, and a huge pair of antlers branched immediately over the head of the youthful bridegroom.

The cavalier took but little notice of the company or the entertainment. He scarcely tasted the banquet, but seemed absorbed in admiration of his bride. He conversed in a low tone that could not be overheard—for the language of love is never loud; but where is the female ear so dull that it cannot catch the softest whisper of the lover? There was a mingled tenderness and gravity in his manner, that appeared to have a powerful effect upon the young lady. Her color came and went as she listened with deep attention. Now and then she made some blushing reply, and when his eye was turned away, she would steal a sidelong glance at his romantic countenance, and heave a gentle sigh of tender happiness. It was evident that the young couple were completely enamored. The aunts, who were deeply versed in the mysteries of the heart, declared that they had fallen in love with each other at first sight.

The feast went on merrily, or at least noisily, for the guests were all blessed with those keen appetites that attend upon light purses and mountain air. The baron told his best and longest stories, and never had he told them so well, or with such great effect. If there was anything marvelous, his auditors were lost in astonishment; and if anything facetious, they were sure to laugh exactly in the right place. The baron, it is true, like most great men, was too dignified to utter any joke but a dull one; it was always enforced, however, by a bumper of excellent Hockheimer; and even a dull joke, at one's own table, served up with jolly old wine, is irresistible. Many good things were said by poorer and keener wits, that would not bear repeating, except on similar occasions; many sly speeches whispered in ladies' ears, that almost convulsed them with suppressed laughter; and a song or two roared out by a poor, but merry and broad-faced, cousin of the baron, that absolutely made the maiden aunts hold up their fans.

Amidst all this revelry, the stranger guest maintained a most singular and unseasonable gravity. His countenance assumed a deeper cast of dejection as the evening advanced; and, strange as it may appear, even the baron's jokes seemed only to render him the more melancholy. At times he was lost in thought, and at times there was a perturbed and restless wandering of the eye that bespoke a mind but ill at ease. His conversations with the bride became more and more earnest and mysterious. Lowering clouds began to steal over the fair serenity of her brow, and tremors to run through her tender frame.

All this could not escape the notice of the company. Their gayety was chilled by the unaccountable gloom of the bridegroom; their spirits were infected; whispers and glances were interchanged, accompanied by shrugs and dubious shakes of the head. The song and the laugh grew less and less frequent; there were dreary pauses in the conversation, which were at length succeeded by wild tales and supernatural legends. One dismal story produced another still more dismal, and the baron nearly frightened some of the ladies into hysterics with the history of the goblin horseman that carried away the fair Leonora; a dreadful story, which has since been put into excellent verse, and is read and believed by all the world.

The bridegroom listened to this tale with profound attention. He kept his eyes steadily fixed on the baron, and, as the story drew to a close, began gradually to rise from his seat, growing taller and taller, until, in the baron's entranced eye, he seemed almost to tower into a giant. The moment the tale was finished, he heaved a deep sigh, and took a solemn farewell of the company. They were all amazement. The baron was perfectly thunderstruck.

"What! going to leave the castle at midnight? why, everything was prepared for his reception; a chamber was ready for him if he wished to retire."

The stranger shook his head mournfully and mysteriously; "I must lay my head in a different chamber tonight!"

There was something in this reply, and the tone in which it was uttered, that made the baron's heart misgive him; but he rallied his forces, and repeated his hospitable entreaties.

The stranger shook his head silently, but positively, at every offer; and, waving his farewell to the company, stalked slowly out of the hall. The maiden aunts were absolutely petrified —the bride hung her head, and a tear stole to her eye.

The baron followed the stranger to the great court of the castle, where the black charger stood pawing the earth, and snorting with impatience. When they had reached the portal whose deep archway was dimly lighted by a cresset, the stranger paused, and addressed the baron in a hollow tone of voice, which the vaulted roof rendered still more sepulchral.

"Now that we are alone," said he, "I will impart to you the reason of my going. I have a solemn, an indispensable, engagement—"

"Why," said the baron, "cannot you send someone in your place?"

"It admits of no substitute—I must attend it in person—I must away to Wurtzburg cathedral—"

"Aye," said the baron, plucking up spirit, "but not until tomorrow—tomorrow you shall take your bride there."

"No! no!" replied the stranger, with tenfold solemnity, "my engagement is with no bride—the worms! the worms expect me! I am a dead man—I have been slain by robbers—my body lies at Wurtzburg—at midnight I am to be buried—the grave is waiting for me—I must keep my appointment!"

He sprang on his black charger, dashed over the drawbridge, and the clattering of his horse's hoofs was lost in the whistling of the night blast.

The baron returned to the hall in the utmost consternation and related what had passed. Two ladies fainted outright, others sickened at the idea of having banqueted with a specter. It was the opinion of some that this might be the wild huntsman, famous

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14. **Leonora,** a ballad by Bürger which appeared in 1773. Sir Walter Scott began his literary career with the translation into English of this ballad and other romantic German ballads of the period.

93. **the wild huntsman,** who appears in Bürger's ballad, "Der Wilde Jäger," is a popular figure in German legend.

in German legend. Some talked of mountain sprites, of wood-demons, and of other supernatural beings, with which the good people of Germany have been so grievously harassed since time immemorial. One of the poor relations ventured to suggest that it might be some sportive evasion of the young cavalier, and that the very gloominess of the caprice seemed to accord with so melancholy a personage. This, however, drew on him the indignation of the whole company, and especially of the baron, who looked upon him as little better than an infidel; so that he was fain to abjure his heresy as speedily as possible, and come into the faith of the true believers.

But whatever may have been the doubts entertained, they were completely put to an end by the arrival, next day, of regular missives, confirming the intelligence of the young count's murder, and his interment in Wurtzburg cathedral.

The dismay at the castle may well be imagined. The baron shut himself up in his chamber. The guests, who had come to rejoice with him, could not think of abandoning him in his distress. They wandered about the courts, or collected in groups in the hall, shaking their heads and shrugging their shoulders, at the troubles of so good a man; and sat longer than ever at table, and ate and drank more stoutly than ever, by way of keeping up their spirits. But the situation of the widowed bride was the most pitiable. To have lost a husband before she had even embraced him—and such a husband! If the very specter could be so gracious and noble, what must have been the living man. She filled the house with lamentations.

On the night of the second day of her widowhood, she had retired to her chamber, accompanied by one of her aunts, who insisted on sleeping with her. The aunt, who was one of the best tellers of ghost stories in all Germany, had just been recounting one of her longest, and had fallen asleep in the very midst of it. The chamber was remote, and overlooked a small garden. The niece lay pensively gazing at the beams of the rising moon, as they trembled on the leaves of an aspen tree before the lattice. The castle clock had just tolled midnight, when a soft strain of music stole up from the garden. She rose hastily from her bed, and stepped lightly to the window. A tall figure stood among the shadows of the trees. As it raised its head, a beam of moonlight fell upon the countenance. Heaven and earth! she beheld the Specter Bridegroom! A loud shriek at that moment burst upon her ear, and her aunt, who had been awakened by the music, and had followed her silently to the window, fell into her arms. When she looked again, the specter had disappeared.

Of the two females, the aunt now required the most soothing, for she was perfectly beside herself with terror. As to the young lady, there was something, even in the specter of her lover, that seemed endearing. There was still the semblance of manly beauty; and though the shadow of a man is but little calculated to satisfy the affections of a lovesick girl, yet, where the substance is not to be had, even that is consoling. The aunt declared she would never sleep in that chamber again; the niece, for once, was refractory, and declared as strongly that she would sleep in no other in the castle. The consequence was that she had to sleep in it alone; but she drew a promise from her aunt not to relate the story of the specter, lest she should be denied the only melancholy pleasure left her on earth—that of inhabiting the chamber over which the guardian shade of her lover kept its nightly vigils.

How long the good old lady would have observed this promise is uncertain, for she dearly loved to talk of the marvelous, and there is a triumph in being the first to tell a frightful story; it is, however, still quoted in the neighborhood, as a memorable instance of female secrecy, that she kept it to herself for a whole week; when she was suddenly absolved from all further restraint, by intelligence brought to the breakfast table one morning that the young lady was not to be found. Her room was empty—the bed had not been slept in—the window was open, and the bird had flown!

The astonishment and concern with which the intelligence was received, can only be imagined by those who have witnessed the agitation which the mishaps of a great man cause among his friends. Even the poor relations paused for a moment from the indefatigable labors of the trencher; when the aunt, who had at first been struck speechless, wrung her hands, and shrieked out, "The goblin! the goblin! she's carried away by the goblin"

In a few words she related the fearful scene of the garden, and concluded that the specter must have carried off his bride. Two of the domestics corroborated the opinion, for they had heard the clattering of a horse's hoofs down the mountain about midnight, and had no doubt that it was the specter on his black charger, bearing her away to the tomb. All present were struck with the direful probability; for events of the kind are extremely common in Germany, as many well authenticated histories bear witness.

What a lamentable situation was that of the poor baron! What a heart-rending dilemma for a fond father, and a member of the great family of Katzenellenbogen! His only daughter had either been rapt away to the grave, or he was to have some wood-demon for a son-in-law, and, perchance, a troop of goblin grand-children. As usual, he was completely bewildered, and all the castle in an uproar. The men were ordered to take horse, and scour every road and path and glen of the Odenwald. The baron himself had just drawn on his jack-boots, girded on his sword, and was about to mount his steed to sally forth on the doubtful quest, when he was brought to a pause by a new apparition. A lady was seen approaching the castle, mounted on a palfrey, attended by a cavalier on horseback. She galloped up to the gate, sprang from her horse, and falling at the baron's feet, embraced his knees. It was his lost daughter, and her companion—the Specter Bridegroom! The baron was astounded. He looked at his daughter, then at the specter, and almost doubted the evidence of his senses. The latter, too, was wonderfully improved in his appearance since his visit to the world of spirits. His dress was splendid, and set off a noble figure of manly symmetry. He was no longer pale and melancholy. His fine countenance was flushed with the glow of youth, and joy rioted in his large dark eye.

The mystery was soon cleared up. The cavalier (for, in truth, as you must have known all the while, he was no goblin) announced himself as Sir Herman Von Starkenfaust. He related his adventure with the young count. He told how he had hastened to the castle to deliver the unwelcome tidings, but that the eloquence of the baron had interrupted him in every attempt to tell his tale. How the sight of the bride had completely captivated him, and that to pass a few hours near her, he had tacitly suffered the mistake to continue. How he had been sorely perplexed in what way to make a decent retreat, until the baron's goblin stories had suggested his eccentric exit. How, fearing the feudal hostility of the family, he had repeated his visits by stealth—had haunted the garden beneath the young lady's window—had wooed—had won—had borne away in triumph—and, in a word, had wedded the fair.

Under any other circumstances the baron would have been inflexible, for he was tenacious of paternal authority, and devoutly obstinate in all family feuds; but he loved his daughter; he had lamented her as lost; he rejoiced to find her still alive; and, though her husband was of a hostile house, yet, thank Heaven, he was not a goblin. There was something, it must be acknowledged, that did not exactly accord with his notions of strict veracity, in the joke the knight had passed upon him of his being a dead man; but several old friends present, who had served in the wars, assured him that every stratagem was excusable in love, and that the cavalier was entitled to especial privilege, having lately served as a trooper.

Matters, therefore, were happily arranged. The baron pardoned the young couple on the spot. The revels at the castle were resumed. The poor relations overwhelmed this new member of the family with loving kindness; he was so gallant, so generous—and so rich. The aunts, it is true, were somewhat scandalized that their system of strict seclusion and passive obedience should be so badly exemplified, but attributed it all to their negligence in not having the windows grated. One of them was particularly mortified at having her marvelous story marred, and that the only specter she had ever seen should turn out a counterfeit; but the niece seemed perfectly happy at having found him substantial flesh and blood—and so the story ends.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. "The Specter Bridegroom" is a part of Irving's best known work, *The Sketch Book*, first published in 1819-1820. As the name indicates, *The Sketch Book* was made up of a series of short papers; they were written in England and published in seven parts, or numbers, between May, 1819, and September, 1820. Irving had already written his *Knickerbocker's History of New York* when he went to London on business for his brother, and devoted his leisure to visiting famous places, reading old legends, and writing. In the first number of *The Sketch Book*, published in America under the pen-name of Geoffrey Crayon, "Rip Van Winkle" was included. "The Specter Bridegroom" appeared in the fourth number, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" in the fifth, and "Philip of Pokanoket" in the collected edition of the essays. Besides these American and foreign legends, he also wrote accounts of English life and customs, and famous descriptions of Westminster Abbey and Stratford-on-Avon. Irving was fond of the old romances and ballads. He wished to give to American scenes something of the charm of old tradition such as England, France, and Germany enjoyed. Thus the Sleepy Hollow story and the story of Rip Van Winkle are American counterparts of the sort of story we now read in the "Specter Bridegroom."

2. Irving's note on page 22 gives the source of the tale as "a little French anecdote." As a matter of fact, the story is based on a widely known superstition, found in many ballads and romances, about a dead lover who returns to claim his bride. This tragic theme Irving here

alters in a most effective manner. There is enough suggestion of the supernatural and the weird to interest the reader in this aspect of the old superstition, while the whole story is altered, by skillful handling, into a romance with a happy ending. You should give attention, then, to two points in your study of the plot: first, to tracing the old plot, the return of the ghostly lover; and, second, to study of the means by which Irving grafts his new plot upon this old foundation.

Questions and Topics

1. Some qualities of Irving's style are well shown in this story. His humor, particularly in his description of persons, should be studied, and may be compared with character-description in other sketches you have read. For example, make a list of the words that show what the baron looked like. In the same way, list words and phrases that show what kind of man he was. What was your first thought about the identity of the stranger? Did you think, at any time, that it really was the ghost of the suitor? What sentence seemed to promise that the ghost would come back? In the account of the evening's festivities, note how the melancholy of the stranger is made clear, progressively. What circumstances increase this feeling not only in the stranger but in the reader?

2. Study the mixture of weirdness and humor throughout the story. Draw up in parallel columns a set of phrases or catch-words that will make this balance plain to you.

3. Study the transitions from one part of the story to another. How many such sections are there? How does Irving pass from one to another? Draw up an outline of the plot so as to make these transitions clear, and tell the story briefly, following this outline.

4. Study the *dénouement*, or solution of the plot, carefully. Make a note of the steps in this solution. Does the element of surprise come in? At what point in the story did you first realize how it was to come out? Note any elements that helped to this conclusion, such as the stress on the obedient character of the heroine; the fact that she had never seen the man she was to marry; the opportunity the stranger had to woo her before revealing his identity. There are other similar elements scattered through the story. By studying them you will see how carefully a good short story is planned by the author.

THE ELEPHANT REMEMBERS

Edison Marshall

I

An elephant is old on the day he is born, say the natives of Burma, and no white man is ever quite sure just what they mean. Perhaps they refer to his pink, old-gentleman's skin and his droll, fumbling, old-man ways and his squeaking, treble voice. And maybe they mean he is born with a wisdom such as usually belongs only to age. And it is true that if any animal in the world has had a chance to acquire knowledge it is the elephant, for his breed are the oldest residents of this old world.

They are so old that they don't seem to belong to the twentieth century at all. Their long trunks, their huge shapes, all seem part of the remote past. They are just remnants of a breed that once was great.

Long and long ago, when the world was very young indeed, when the mountains were new, and before the descent of the great glaciers taught the meaning of cold, they were the rulers of the earth, but they have been conquered in the struggle for existence. Their great cousins, the mastodon and the mammoth, are completely gone, and their own tribe can now be numbered by thousands.

But because they have been so long upon the earth, because they have wealth of experience beyond all other creatures, they seem like venerable sages in a world of children. They are like the last veterans of an old war, who can remember scenes and faces that all others have forgotten.

Far in a remote section of British India, in a strange, wild province called Burma, Muztagh was born. And although he was born in captivity, the property of a mahout, in his first hour he heard the far-off call of the wild elephants in the jungle.

The Burmans, just like the other people of India, always watch the first hour of a baby's life very closely. They know that always some incident will occur that will point, as a weathervane points in the wind, to the baby's future. Often they have to call a man versed in magic to interpret, but sometimes the prophecy is quite self-evident. No one knows whether or not it works the same with baby elephants, but certainly this wild, far-carrying call, not to be imitated by any living voice, did seem a token and an omen in the life of Muztagh. And it is a curious fact that the little baby lifted his ears at the sound and rocked back and forth on his pillar legs.

Of all the places in the great world, only a few remain wherein a captive elephant hears the call of his wild brethren at birth. Muztagh's birthplace lies around the corner of the Bay of Bengal, not far from the watershed of the Irrawaddy, almost north of Java. It is strange and wild and dark beyond the power of words to tell. There are great dark forests, unknown, slow-moving rivers, and jungles silent and dark and impenetrable.

Little Muztagh weighed a flat two hundred pounds at birth. But this was not the queerest thing about him. Elephant babies, although usually weighing not more than one hundred and eighty, often touch two hundred. The queerest thing was a peculiarity that probably was completely overlooked by his mother. If she saw it out of her dull eyes, she took no notice of it. It was not definitely discovered until the mahout came out of his hut with a lighted fagot for a first inspection.

The mahout knew elephants from head to tail, and he was very well acquainted with the three grades that compose that breed. The least valuable of all are the Mierga—a light, small-headed, thin-skinned, weak-trunked, and unintelligent variety that are often found in the best elephant herds. They are often born of the most noble parents, and they are as big a problem to elephant men as razorbacks to hog-breeders. Then there is a second variety, the Dwasala, that compose the great bulk of the herd—a good, substantial, strong, intelligent grade of elephant. But the Kumiria is the best of all; and when one is born in a captive herd it is a time for rejoicing. He is the perfect elephant—heavy, symmetrical, trustworthy, and fearless—fitted for the pageantry of kings.

The mahout hurried out to the lines, for now he knew that the baby was born. The mother's cries had ceased. The jungle, dark and savage beyond ever the power of man to tame, lay just beyond. He could feel its heavy air, its smells; its silence was an essence. And as he stood, lifting the fagot high, he heard the wild elephants trumpeting from the hills.

He turned his head in amazement. A Burman, and particularly one who chases the wild elephants in their jungles, is intensely superstitious, and for an instant it seemed to him that the wild trumpeting must have some secret meaning, it was so loud and triumphant and prolonged. It was greatly like the far-famed elephant salute—ever one of the mysteries of those most mysterious of animals—that the great creatures utter at certain occasions and times.

"Are you saluting this little one?" he cried. "He is not a wild tusker like you. He is not a wild pig of the jungle. He is born in bonds, such as you will wear too, after the next drive!"

They trumpeted again, as if in scorn of his words. Their great strength was given them to rule the jungle, not to haul logs and pull chains! The man turned back to the lines and lifted higher his light.

Yes—the little elephant in the light-glow was of the Kumiria. Never had there been a more perfect calf. The light of greed sprang again in his eyes. And as he held the fagot nearer so that the beams played in the elephant's eyes and on his coat, the mahout sat down and was still, lest the gods observe his good luck, and, being jealous, turn it into evil.

The coat was not pinky dark, as is usual in baby elephants. It was distinctly light-colored—only a few degrees darker than white.

The man understood at once. In the elephants, as well as in all other breeds, an albino is sometimes born. A perfectly white elephant, up to a few years ago, had never been seen, but on rare occasions elephants are born with light-colored or clouded hides. Such creatures are bought at fabulous prices by the Malay and Siamese princes, to whom a white elephant is the greatest treasure that a king can possess.

Muztagh was a long way from being an albino, yet a tendency in that direction had bleached his hide. And the man knew that on the morrow Dugan Sahib would pay him a lifetime's earnings for the little wabbly calf, whose welcome had been the wild cries of the tuskers in the jungle.

II

Little Muztagh, which means White Mountain in an ancient tongue, did not enjoy his babyhood at all. He was born with the memory of jungle kingdoms, and the life in the elephant lines almost killed him with dullness.

There was never anything to do but nurse of the strong elephant milk and roam about in the *keddah* or along the lines. He had been bought the second day of his life by Dugan Sahib, and the great white heaven-born saw to it that he underwent none of the risks that are the happy fate of most baby elephants. His mother was not taken on the elephant drives into the jungles, so he never got a taste of this exciting sport. Mostly she was kept chained in the lines, and every day Langur Dass, the low-caste hillman in Dugan's employ, grubbed grass for her in the valleys. All night long, except the regular four hours of sleep, he would hear her grumble and rumble and mutter discontent that her little son shared with her.

Muztagh's second year was little better. Of course he had reached the age where he could eat such dainties as grass and young sugar cane, but these things could not make up for the fun he was missing in the hills. He would stand long hours watching their purple tops against the skies, and his little dark eyes would glow. He would see the storms break and flash above them, behold the rains lash down through the jungles, and he was always filled with strange longings and desires that he was too young to understand or to follow. He would see the white haze steam up from the labyrinth of wet vines, and he would tingle and scratch for the feel of its wetness on his skin. And often, when the mysterious Burman night came down, it seemed to him that he would go mad. He would hear the wild tuskers trumpeting in the jungles a very long way off, and all the myriad noises of the mysterious night, and at such times even his mother looked at him with wonder.

"Oh, little restless one," Langur Dass would say, "thou and that old cow thy mother and I have one heart between us. We know the burning—we understand, we three!"

It was true that Langur Dass understood more of the ways of the forest people than any other hillman in the encampment. But his caste was low, and he was drunken and careless and lazy beyond words, and the hunters had mostly only scorn for him. They called him Langur after a graybearded breed of monkeys along the slopes of the Himalayas, rather suspecting he was cursed with evil spirits, for why should any sane man have such mad ideas as to the rights of elephants? He never wanted to join in the drives—which was a strange thing indeed for a man raised in the hills. Perhaps he was afraid—but yet they could remember a certain day in the bamboo thickets, when a great wild buffalo had charged their camp, and Langur Dass acted as if fear were something he had never heard of and knew nothing whatever about.

One day they asked him about it. "Tell us, Langur Dass," they asked, mocking the ragged, dejected-looking creature, "if thy name speaks truth, thou art brother to many monkey-folk, and who knows the jungle better than thou or they? None but the monkey-folk and thou canst talk with my lord the elephant. *Hai!* We have seen thee do it, Langur Dass. How is it that when we go hunting, thou art afraid to come?"

Langur looked at them out of his dull eyes, and evaded their question just as long as he could. "Have you forgotten the tales you heard on your mothers' breasts?" he asked at last. "Elephants are of the jungle. You are of the cooking-pots and thatch! How should such folk as ye are understand?"

This was flat heresy from their viewpoint. There is an old legend among the elephant-catchers to the effect that at one time men were subject to the elephants.

Yet mostly the elephants that these men knew were patient and contented in their bonds. Mostly they loved their mahouts, gave their strong backs willingly to toil, and were always glad and ready to join in the chase after others of their breed. Only on certain nights of the year, when the tuskers called from the jungles, and the spirit of the wild was abroad, would their love of liberty return to them. But to all this, little Muztagh was distinctly an exception. Even though he had been born in captivity, his desire for liberty was with him just as constantly as his trunk or his ears.

He had no love for the mahout that rode his mother. He took little interest in the little brown boys and girls that played before his stall. He would stand and look over their heads into the wild, dark heart of the jungle that no man can ever quite understand. And being only a beast, he did not know anything about the caste and prejudices of the men he saw, but he did know that one of them, the low-caste Langur Dass, ragged and dirty and despised, wakened a responsive chord in his lonely heart.

They would have long talks together, that is, Langur would talk and Muztagh would mumble. "Little calf, little fat one," the man would say, "can great rocks stop a tree from growing? Shall iron shackles stop a prince from being king? Muztagh—jewel among jewels! Thy heart speaks through those sleepless eyes of thine! Have patience—what thou knowest, who shall take away from thee?"

But most of the mahouts and catchers noticed the rapidity with which the little Muztagh acquired weight and strength. He outweighed, at the age of three, any calf of his season in the encampment by a full two hundred pounds. And of course three in an elephant is no older than three in a human child. He was still just a baby, even if he did have the wild tuskers' love of liberty.

"Shalt thou never lie the day long in the cool mud, little one? Never see a storm break on the hills? Nor feel a warm rain dripping through the branches? Or are these matters part of thee that none may steal?" Langur Dass would ask him, contented to wait a very long time for his answer. "I think already that thou knowest how the tiger steals away at thy shrill note; how thickets feel that crash beneath thy hurrying weight. A little I think thou knowest how the madness comes with the changing seasons. How knowest thou these things? Not as I know them, who have seen—nay, but as a king knows conquering; it's in thy blood! Is a bundle of sugar cane tribute enough for thee, Kumiria? Shall purple trappings please thee? Shall some fat rajah of the plains make a beast of burden of thee? Answer, lord of mighty memories!"

And Muztagh answered in his own way, without sound or emphasis, but giving his love to Langur Dass, a love as large as the big elephant heart from which it had sprung. No other man could even win his friendship. The smell of the jungle was on Langur Dass. The mahouts and hunters smelled more or less of civilization and were convinced for their part that the disposition of the little light-colored elephant was beyond redemption.

"He is a born rogue," was their verdict, and they meant by that, a particular kind of elephant, sometimes a young male, more often an old and savage tusker, alone in the jungle—apart from the herd. Solitariness doesn't improve their dispositions, and they were generally expelled from a herd for ill-temper to begin with. "Woe to the fool prince who buys this one!" said the graybeard catchers. "There is murder in his eyes."

But Langur Dass would only look wise when he heard these remarks. He knew elephants. The gleam in the dark eyes of Muztagh was not viciousness, but simply inheritance, a love of the wide wild spaces that left no room for ordinary friendships.

But calf-love and mother-love bind other animals as well as men, and possibly he might have perfectly fulfilled the plans Dugan had made for him but for a mistake the sahib made in the little calf's ninth year.

He sold Muztagh's mother to an elephant-breeder from a distant province. Little Muztagh saw her march away between two tuskers—down the long elephant trail into the valley and the shadow.

"Watch the little one closely tonight," Dugan Sahib said to his mahout. So when they had led him back and forth along the lines, they saw that the ends of his ropes were pegged down tightly. They were horsehair ropes, far beyond the strength of any normal nine-year-old elephant to break. Then they went to the huts and to their women and left him to shift restlessly from foot to foot and think.

Probably he would have been satisfied with thinking, for Muztagh did not know his strength, and thought he was securely tied. The incident that upset the mahout's plans was simply that the wild elephants trumpeted again from the hills.

Muztagh heard the sound, long drawn and strange from the silence of the jungle. He grew motionless.

The great ears pricked forward, the whipping tail stood still. It was a call never to be denied. The blood was leaping in his great veins.

He suddenly rocked forward with all his strength. The rope spun tight, hummed, and snapped—very softly indeed. Then he padded in silence out among the huts, and nobody who had not seen him do it would believe how silently an elephant can move when he sees fit.

There was no thick jungle here—just soft grass huts, approaching dark fringe that was the jungle. None of the mahouts was awake to see him. No voice called him back. The grass gave way to bamboo thickets, the smell of the huts to the wild, bewitching perfumes of the jungle.

Then, still in silence, because there are decencies to be observed by animals no less than men, he walked forward with his trunk outstretched into the primordial jungle and was born again.

III

Muztagh's reception was cordial from the very first. The great bulls of the herd stood still and lifted their ears when they heard him grunting up the hill. But he slipped among them and was forgotten at once. They had no dealings with the princes of Malay and Siam, and his light-colored coat meant nothing whatever to them. If they did any thinking about him at all, it was just to wonder why a calf with all the evident marks of a nine-year-old should be so tall and weigh so much.

One can fancy that the great old wrinkled tusker that led the herd peered at him now and then out of his little red eyes, and wondered. A herd-leader begins to think about future contestants for his place as soon as he acquires the leadership. But *Hai!* This little one would not have his greatest strength for fifteen years.

It was a compact, medium-sized herd—vast males, mothers, old-maid elephants, long-legged and ungainly, young males just learning their strength and proud of it beyond words, and many calves. They ranged all the way in size from the great leader, who stood ten feet and weighed nearly nine thousand pounds, to little two-hundred-and-fifty-pound babies that had been born that season. And before long the entire herd began its cautious advance into the deeper hills.

The first night in the jungle—and Muztagh found it wonderful beyond all dreams. The mist on his skin was the same cool joy he had expected. There were sounds, too, that set his great muscles aquiver. He heard the sound that the bamboos make—the little click-click of the stems in the wind—the soft rustle and stir of many leafy tendrils entwining and touching together, and the whisper of the wind over the jungle grass. And he knew, because it was his heritage, what every single one of these sounds meant.

The herd threaded through the dark jungle, and now they descended into a cool river. A herd of deer—either the dark sambur or black buck—sprang from the misty shore-line and leaped away into the bamboos. Farther down, he could hear the grunt of buffalo.

It was simply a caress—the touch of the soft, cool water on his flanks. Then they reared out, like great sea-gods rising from the deep, and grunted and squealed their way up the banks into the jungle again.

But the smells were the book that he read best; he understood them even better than the sounds of green things growing. Flowers that he could not see hung like bells from the arching branches. Every fern and every seed-ing grass had its own scent that told sweet tales. The very mud that his four feet sank into emitted scent that told the history of jungle-life from the world's beginnings. When dawn burst over the eastern hills, he was weary in every muscle of his young body, but much too happy to admit it.

This day was just the first of three thousand joyous days. The jungle, old as the world itself, is ever new. Not even the wisest elephant, who, after all, is king of the jungle, knows what will turn up at the next bend in the elephant trail. It may be a native woodcutter, whose long hair is stirred with fright. It may easily be one of the great breed of bears, large as the American grizzly, that some naturalists believe are to be found in the Siamese and Burman jungles. It may be a herd of wild buffalo, always looking for a fight, or simply some absurd armadillo-like thing, to make him shake his vast sides with mirth.

The herd was never still. They ranged from one mysterious hill to another, to the ranges of the Himalayas and back again. There were no rivers that they did not swim, no jungles that they did not penetrate, no elephant trails that they did not follow, in the whole northeastern corner of British India. And all the time Muztagh's strength grew upon him until it became too vast a thing to measure or control.

Whether or not he kept with the herd was by now a matter of supreme indifference to him. He no longer needed its protection. Except for the men who came with the ropes and guns and shoutings, there was nothing in the jungle for him to fear. He was twenty years old, and he stood nearly eleven feet to the top of his shoulders. He would have broken any scales in the Indian Empire that tried to weigh him.

He had had his share of adventures, yet he knew that life in reality had just begun. The time would come when he would want to fight the great, arrogant bull for the leadership of the herd. He was tired of fighting the young bulls of his own age. He always won, and to an elephant constant winning is almost as dull as constant losing. He was a great deal like a youth of twenty in any breed of any land—light-hearted, self-confident, enjoying every minute of wakefulness between one midnight and another. He loved the jungle smells and the jungle sounds, and he could even tolerate the horrible laughter of the hyenas that sometimes tore to shreds the silence of the grassy plains below.

But India is too thickly populated by human beings for a wild elephant to escape observation entirely. Many natives had caught sight of him, and at last the tales reached a little circle of trackers and hunters in camp on a distant range of hills. They did not work for Dugan Sahib, for Dugan Sahib was dead long since. They were a determined little group, and one night they sat and talked softly over their fire. If Muztagh's ears had been sharp enough to hear their words across the space of hills, he wouldn't have gone to his mud-baths with such complacency the next day. But the space between them was fifty miles of sweating jungle, and of course he did not hear.

"You will go, Khusru," said the leader, "for there are none here half so skillful with horsehair rope as you. If you do not come back within twelve months we shall know you have failed."

Of course all of them knew what he meant. If a man failed in the effort to capture a wild elephant by the hair-rope method, he very rarely lived to tell of it.

"In that case," Ahmad Din went on, "there will be a great drive after the monsoon of next year. Picked men will be chosen. No detail will be overlooked. It will cost more, but it will be sure. And our purses will be fat from the selling-price of this king of elephants with a white coat!"

IV

There is no need to follow Khusru on his long pursuit through the elephant trails. He was an able hunter and, after the manner of the elephant-trackers, the scared little man followed Muztagh through jungle and river, over hill and into dale, for countless days, and at last, as Muztagh slept, he crept up within a half-dozen feet of him. He intended to loop a horse-hair rope about his great feet—one of the oldest and most hazardous methods of elephant-catching. But Muztagh wakened just in time.

And then a curious thing happened. The native could never entirely believe it, and it was one of his best stories to the day he died. Any other wild tusker would have charged in furious wrath, and there would have been a quick and certain death beneath his great knees. Muztagh started out as if he had intended to charge. He lifted his trunk out of the way—the elephant trunk is for a thousand uses, but fighting is not one of them—and sprang forward. He went just two paces. Then his little eyes caught sight of the brown figure fleeing through the bamboos. And at once the elephant set his great feet to brake himself, and drew to a sliding halt six feet beyond.

He did not know why. He was perfectly aware that this man was an enemy, jealous of his most-loved liberty. He knew perfectly it was the man's intention to put him back into his bonds. He did not feel fear, either—because an elephant's anger is too tremendous an emotion to leave room for any other impulse such as fear. It seemed to him that memories came thronging from long ago, so real and insistent that he could not think of charging.

He remembered his days in the elephant lines. These brown creatures had been his masters then. They had cut his grass for him in the jungle, and brought him bundles of sugar cane. The hill people say that the elephant memory is the greatest single marvel in the jungle, and it was that memory that saved Khusru then. It wasn't deliberate gratitude for the grass-cutting of long ago. It wasn't any particular emotion that he could reach out his trunk and touch. It was simply an impulse—another one of the thousand mysteries that envelop, like a cloud, the mental processes of these largest of forest creatures.

These were the days when he lived apart from the herd. He did it from choice. He liked the silence, the solitary mud-baths, the constant watchfulness against danger.

One day a rhino charged him—without warning or reason. This is quite a common thing for a rhino to do. They have the worst tempers in the jungle, and they would just as soon charge a mountain if they didn't like the look of it. Muztagh had awakened the great creature from his sleep, and he came bearing down like a tank over "no man's land."

Muztagh met him squarely, with the full shock of his tusks, and the battle ended promptly. Muztagh's tusk, driven by five tons of might behind it, would have pierced a ship's side, and the rhino limped away to let his hurt grow well and meditate revenge. Thereafter, for a full year, he looked carefully out of his bleary, drunken eyes and chose a smaller objective before he charged.

Month after month Muztagh wended alone through the elephant trails, and now and then rooted up great trees just to try his strength. Sometimes he went silently, and sometimes like an avalanche. He swam alone in the deep holes, and sometimes shut his eyes and stood on the bottom, just keeping the end of his trunk out of the water. One day he was obliged to kneel on the broad back of an alligator who tried to bite off his foot. He drove the long body down into the muddy bottom, and no living creature, except possibly the catfish that burrow in the mud, ever saw it again.

He loved the rains that flashed through the jungles, the swift-climbing dawns in the east, the strange, tense, breathless nights. And at midnight he loved to trumpet to the herd on some far-away hill, and hear, fainter than the death-cry of a beetle, its answer come back to him. At twenty-five he had reached full maturity; and no more magnificent specimen of the elephant could be found in all of British India. At last he had begun to learn his strength.

Of course he had known for years his mastery over the inanimate things of the world. He knew how easy it was to tear a tree from its roots, to jerk a great tree-limb from its socket. He knew that under most conditions he had nothing to fear from the great tigers, although a fight with a tiger is a painful thing and well to avoid. But he did not know that he had developed a craft and skill that would avail him in battle against the greatest of his own kind. He made the discovery one sunlit day beside the Manipur River.

He was in the mud-bath, grunting and bubbling with content. It was a bath with just room enough for one. And seeing that he was young, and perhaps failing to measure his size, obscured as it was in the mud, a great "rogue" bull came out of the jungle to take the bath for himself.

He was a huge creature—wrinkled and yellow-tusked and scarred from the wounds of a thousand fights. His little red eyes looked out malignantly, and he grunted all the insults the elephant tongue can compass to the youngster that lolled in the bath. He confidently expected that Muztagh would yield at once, because as a rule young twenty-five-year-olds do not care to mix in battle with the scarred and crafty veterans of sixty years. But he did not know Muztagh.

The latter had been enjoying the bath to the limit, and he had no desire whatever to give it up. Something hot and raging seemed to explode in his brain and it was as if a red glare, such as sometimes comes in the sunset, had fallen over all the stretch of river and jungle before his eyes. He squealed once, reared up with one lunge out of the bath—and charged. They met with a shock.

Of all the expressions of power in the animal world, the elephant fight is the most terrible to see. It is as if two mountains rose up from their roots of strata and went to war. It is terrible to hear, too. The jungle had been still before. The river glided softly, the wind was dead, the mid-afternoon silence was over the thickets.

The jungle people were asleep. A thunderstorm would not have broken more quickly, or could not have created a wilder pandemonium. The jungle seemed to shiver with the sound.

They squealed and bellowed and trumpeted and grunted and charged. Their tusks clicked like the noise of a giant's game of billiards. The thickets crackled and broke beneath their great feet.

It lasted only a moment. It was so easy, after all. In a very few seconds indeed, the old rogue became aware that he had made a very dangerous and disagreeable mistake. There were better mud-baths on the river, anyway.

He had not been able to land a single blow. And his wrath gave way to startled amazement when Muztagh sent home his third. The rogue did not wait for the fourth.

Muztagh chased him into the thickets. But he was too proud to chase a beaten elephant for long. He halted, trumpeting, and swung back to his mud-bath.

But he did not enter the mud again. All at once he remembered the herd and the fights of his calfhood. All at once he knew that his craft and strength and power were beyond that of any elephant in all the jungle. Who was the great, arrogant herd-leader to stand against him? What yellow tusks were to meet his and come away unbroken?

His little eyes grew ever more red as he stood rocking back and forth, his trunk lifted to catch the sounds and smells of the distant jungle. Why should he abide alone when he could be the ruler of the herd and the jungle king? Then he grunted softly and started away down the river. Far away, beyond the mountains and rivers and the villages of the hill folk, the herd of his youth roamed in joyous freedom. He would find them and assert his mastery.

V

The night fire of a little band of elephant-catchers burned fitfully at the edge of the jungle. They were silent men—for they had lived long on the elephant trails—and curiously scarred and somber. They smoked their cheroots and waited for Ahmad Din to speak.

"You have all heard?" he asked at last.

All but one of them nodded. Of course this did not count the most despised one of them all—old Langur Dass—who sat at the very edge of the shadow. His long hair was gray, and his youth had gone where the sun goes at evening. They scarcely addressed a word to him, or he to them. True, he knew the elephants, but was he not possessed of evil spirits? He was always without rupees, too, a creature of the wild that could not seem to understand the gathering of money. As a man, according to the standards of men, he was an abject failure.

"Khusru has failed to catch White-Skin, but he has lived to tell many lies about it. He comes tonight."

It was noticeable that Langur Dass, at the edge of the circle, pricked up his ears.

"Do you mean the white elephant of which the Manipur people tell so many lies?" he asked. "Do you, skilled catchers that you are, believe that such an elephant is still wild in the jungle?"

Ahmad Din scowled. "The Manipur people tell of him, but for once they tell the truth," was the reply. "He is the greatest elephant, the richest prize, in all of Burma. Too many people have seen him to doubt. I add my word to theirs, thou son of immorality!"

Ahmad Din hesitated a moment before he continued. Perhaps it was a mistake to tell of the great, light-colored elephant until this man should have gone away. But what harm could this wanderer do them? All men knew that the jungle had maddened him.

Langur Dass's face lit suddenly. "Then it could be none but Muztagh, escaped from Dugan Sahib fifteen years ago. That calf was also white. He was also overgrown for his years."

One of the trackers suddenly gasped. "Then that is why he spared Khusru!" he cried. "He remembered men."

The others nodded gravely. "They never forget," said Langur Dass.

"You will be silent while I speak," Ahmad Din went on. Langur grew silent as commanded, but his thoughts were flowing backward twenty years, to days at the elephant lines in distant hills. Muztagh was the one living creature that in all his days had loved Langur Dass. The man shut his eyes, and his limbs seemed to relax as if he had lost all interest in the talk. The evil one took hold of him at such times, the people said, letting understanding follow his thoughts back into the purple hills and the far-off spaces of the jungle. But tonight he was only pretending. He meant to hear every word of the talk before he left the circle.

"He tells a mad story, as you know, of the elephant sparing him when he was beneath his feet," Ahmad Din went on; "that part of his story does not matter to us. *Hai!* He might have been frightened enough to say that the sun set at noon. But what matters to us more is that he knows where the herd is—but a day's journey beyond the river. And there is no time to be lost."

His fellows nodded in agreement.

"So tomorrow we will break camp. There can be no mistake this time. There must be no points overlooked. The chase will cost much, but it will return a hundredfold. Khusru says that at last the white one has started back toward his herd, so that all can be taken in the same *keddah*. And the white sahib that holds the license is not to know that White-Coat is in the herd at all."

The circle nodded again, and contracted toward the speaker.

"We will hire beaters and drivers, the best that can be found. Tomorrow we will take the elephants and go."

Langur Dass pretended to waken. "I have gone hungry many days," he said. "If the drive is on, perhaps you will give your servant a place among the beaters."

The circle turned and stared at him. It was one of the stories of Langur Dass that he never partook in the elephant hunts. Evidently poor living had broken his resolution.

"You shall have your wish, if you know how to keep a closed mouth," Ahmad Din replied. "There are other hunting parties in the hills."

Langur nodded. He was very adept indeed at keeping a closed mouth. It is one of the first lessons of the jungle.

For another long hour they sat and perfected their plans. Then they lay down by the fire together, and sleep dropped over them one by one. At last Langur sat by the fire alone.

"You will watch the flame tonight," Ahmad Din ordered. "We did not feed you tonight for pity on your gray hairs. And remember—a gypsy died in a tiger's claws on this very slope—not six months past."

Langur Dass was left alone with his thoughts. Soon he got up and stole out into the velvet darkness. The mists were over the hills as always.

"Have I followed the tales of your greatness all these years for this?" he muttered. "It is right for pigs with the hearts of pigs to break their backs in labor. But you, my Muztagh! Jewel among elephants! King of the jungle! Thou art of the true breed! Moreover, I am minded that thy heart and mine are one!

"Thou art born ten thousand years

after thy time, Muztagh," he went on. "Thou art of the breed of masters, not of slaves! Can I not understand? These are not my people—these brown men about the fire. I have not thy strength, Muztagh, or I would be out there with thee! Yet is not the saying that brother shall serve brother?"

He turned slowly back to the circle of the firelight. Then his brown, scrawny fingers clenched.

"Am I to desert my brother in his hour of need? Am I to see these brown pigs put chains around him, in the moment of his power? A king, falling to the place of a slave? Muztagh, we will see what can be done! Muztagh, my king, my pearl, my pink baby, for whom I dug grass in the long ago! Thy Langur Dass is old, and his whole strength is not that of thy trunk, and men look at him as a worm in the grass. But *Hai!* perhaps thou wilt find him an ally not to be despised!"

VI

The night had just fallen, moist and heavy, over the jungle, when Muztagh caught up with his herd. He found them in an open, grassy glade, encircled by hills, and they were all waiting, silent, as he sped down the hills toward them. They had heard him coming a long way. He was not attempting silence. The jungle people had not got out of his way.

The old bull that led the herd, seventy years of age and at the pride of his wisdom and strength, scarred, yellow-tusked, and noble past any elephant patriarch in the jungle, curled up his trunk when he saw him come. He knew very well what would happen. And because no one knows better than the jungle people what a good thing it is to take the offensive in all battles, and because it was fitting his place and dignity, he uttered the challenge himself.

The silence dropped as something from the sky. The little pink calves, who had never seen the herd grow still in this same way before, felt the dawn of the storm that they could not understand, and took shelter beneath their mothers' bellies. But they did not squeal. The silence was too deep for them to dare to break.

It is always an epoch in the life of the herd when a young bull contests for leadership. It is a much more serious thing than in the herds of deer and buffalo. The latter only live a handful of years, then grow weak and die. A great bull who has attained strength and wisdom enough to obtain the leadership of an elephant herd may often keep it forty years. Kings do not rise and fall half so often as in the kingdoms of Europe. For, as most men know, an elephant is not really old until he has seen a hundred summers come and go. Then he will linger fifty years more, wise and gray and wrinkled and strange and full of memories of a time no man can possibly remember.

Long years had passed since the leader's place had been questioned. The aristocracy of strength is drawn on quite inflexible lines. It would have been simply absurd for an elephant of the Dwasila or Mierga grades to covet the leadership. They had grown old without making the attempt. Only the great Kumiria, the grand dukes in the aristocracy, had ever made the trial at all. And besides, the bull was a better fighter after thirty years of leadership than on the day he had gained the honor.

The herd stood like heroic figures in stone for a long moment—until Muztagh had replied to the challenge. He was so surprised that he couldn't make any sound at all at first. He had expected to do the challenging himself. The fact that the leader had done it shook his self-confidence to some slight degree. Evidently the old leader still felt able to handle any young and arrogant bulls that desired his place.

Then the herd began to shift. The cows drew back with their calves, the bulls surged forward, and slowly they made a hollow ring, not greatly different from the pugilistic ring known to fight-fans. The calves began to squeal, but their mothers silenced them. Very slowly and grandly, with infinite dignity, Muztagh stamped into the circle. His tusks gleamed. His eyes glowed red. And those appraising old bulls in the ring knew that such an elephant had not been born since the time of their grandfathers.

They looked him over from tail to trunk. They marked the symmetrical form, the legs like mighty pillars, the sloping back, the wide-apart, intelligent eyes. His shoulders were an expression of latent might—power to break a tree-trunk at its base; by the conformity of his muscles he was agile and quick as a tiger. And knowing these things, and recognizing them, and honoring them, devotees of strength that they were, they threw their trunks in the air till they touched their foreheads and blared their full-voiced salute.

They gave it the same instant—as musicians strike the same note at their leader's signal. It was a perfect explosion of sound, a terrible blare, that crashed out through the jungles and wakened every sleeping thing. The dew fell from the trees. A great tawny tiger, lingering in hope of an elephant calf, slipped silently away. The sound rang true and loud to the surrounding hills and echoed and reëchoed softer and softer, until it was just a tiny tremor in the air.

Not only the jungle-folk marveled at the sound. At an encampment three miles distant Ahmad Din and his men heard the wild call, and looked with wondering eyes upon each other. Then out of the silence spoke Langur Dass.

"My lord Muztagh has come back to his herd—that is his salute," he said.

Ahmad Din looked darkly about the circle. "And how long shall he stay?" he asked.

The trap was almost ready. The hour to strike had almost come.

Meanwhile the grand old leader stamped into the circle, seeming unconscious of the eyes upon him, battle-scarred and old. Even if this fight were his last, he meant to preserve his dignity.

Again the salute sounded—shattering out like a thunderclap over the jungle. Then challenger and challenged closed.

At first the watchers were silent. Then as the battle grew ever fiercer and more terrible, they began to grunt and squeal, surging back and forth, stamping the earth and crashing the underbrush. All the jungle-folk for miles about knew what was occurring. And Ahmad Din wished his *keddah* were completed, for never could there be a better opportunity to surround the herd than at the present moment, when they had forgotten all things except the battling monsters in the center of the ring.

The two bulls were quite evenly matched. The patriarch knew more of fighting, had learned more wiles, but he had neither the strength nor the agility of Muztagh. The late twilight deepened into the intense dark, and the stars of midnight rose above the eastern hills.

All at once Muztagh went to his knees. But as might a tiger, he sprang aside in time to avoid a terrible tusk blow to his shoulder. And his counter-blow, a lashing cut with the head, shattered the great leader to the earth. The elephants bounded forward, but the old leader had a trick left in his trunk. As Muztagh bore down upon him he reared up beneath, and almost turned the tables. Only the youngster's superior strength saved him from immediate defeat.

But as the night drew to morning, the bulls began to see that the tide of the battle had turned. Youth was conquering—too mighty and agile to resist. The rushes of the patriarch were ever weaker. He still could inflict punishment, and the hides of both of them were terrible to see, but he was no longer able to take advantage of his openings. Then Muztagh did a thing that reassured the old bulls as to his craft and wisdom. Just as a pugilist will invite a blow to draw his opponent within range, Muztagh pretended to leave his great shoulder exposed. The old bull failed to see the plot. He bore down, and Muztagh was ready with flashing tusk.

What happened thereafter occurred too quickly for the eyes of the elephants to follow. They saw the great bull go down and Muztagh stand lunging above him. And the battle was over.

The great leader, seriously hurt, backed away into the shadowed jungle. His trunk was lowered in token of defeat.

Then the ring was empty except for a great red-eyed elephant, whose hide was no longer white, standing blaring triumph to the stars.

Three times the elephant salute crashed out into the jungle silence—the full-voiced salaam to a new king. Muztagh had come into his birthright.

VII

The *keddah* was built at last. It was a strong stockade, opening with great wings spreading out one hundred yards, and equipped with the great gate that lowered like a portcullis at the funnel end of the wings. The herd had been surrounded by the drivers and beaters, and slowly they had been driven, for long days, toward the *keddah* mouth. They had guns loaded with blank cartridges, and firebrands ready to light. At a given signal they would close down quickly about the herd, and stampede it into the yawning mouth of the stockade.

No detail had been overlooked. No expense had been spared. The profit was assured in advance, not only from the matchless Muztagh, but from the herd as well. The king of the jungle, free now as the winds or the waters, was about to go back to his chains. These had been such days! He had led the herd through the hills, and had known the rapture of living as never before. It had been his work to clear the trail of all dangers for the herd. It was his pride to find them the coolest watering-places, the greenest hills. One night a tiger had tried to kill a calf that had wandered from its mother's side. Muztagh lifted his trunk high and charged down with great, driving strides—four tons and over of majestic wrath. The tiger leaped to meet him, but the elephant was ready. He had met tigers before. He avoided the terrible stroke of outstretched claws, and his tusks lashed to one side as the tiger was in midspring. Then he lunged out, and the great knees descended slowly, as a hydraulic press descends on yellow apples. And soon after that the kites were dropping out of the sky for a feast.

His word was law in the herd. And

slowly he began to overcome the doubt that the great bulls had of him—doubt of his youth and experience. If he had had three months more of leadership, their trust would have been absolute. But in the meantime, the slow herding toward the *keddah* had begun.

"We will need brave men to stand at the end of the wings of the *keddah*," said Ahmad Din. He spoke no less than truth. The man who stands at the end of the wings, or wide-stretching gates, of the *keddah* is of course in the greatest danger of being charged and killed. The herd, mad with fright, is only slightly less afraid of the spreading wings of the stockade than of the yelling, whooping beaters behind. Often they will try to break through the circle rather than enter the wings.

"For two rupees additional I will hold one of the wings," replied old Langur Dass. Ahmad Din glanced at him—at his hard, bright eyes and determined face. Then he peered hard, and tried in vain to read the thoughts behind the eyes. "You are a madman, Langur Dass," he said wonderingly. "But thou shalt lie behind the right-wing men to pass them torches. I have spoken."

"And the two extra rupees?" Langur asked cunningly.

"Maybe." One does not throw away rupees in Upper Burma.

Within the hour the signal of "*Maîl, maîl!*" (Go on, go on!) was given, and the final laps of the drive began.

The hills grew full of sound. The beaters sprang up with firebrand and rifle, and closed swiftly about the herd. The animals moved slowly at first. The time was not quite ripe to throw them into a panic. Many times the herd would leave their trail and start to dip into a valley or a creekbed, but always there was a new crowd of beaters to block their path. But presently the beaters closed in on them. Then the animals began a wild descent squarely toward the mouth of the *keddah*.

"*Hai!*" the wild men cried. "Oh, you forest pigs! On, on! Block the way through that valley, you brainless sons of jackals! Are you afraid? *Ai!* Stand close! Watch, Puran! Guard your post, Khusru! Now on, on—do not let them halt! *Arre! Aihai!*"

Firebrands waved, rifles cracked, the wild shout of beaters increased in volume. The men closed in, driving the beasts before them.

But there was one man that did not raise his voice. Through all the turmoil and pandemonium he crouched at the end of the stockade wing, tense and silent and alone. To one that could have looked into his eyes, it would have seemed that his thoughts were far and far away. It was just old Langur Dass, named for a monkey and despised of men.

He was waiting for the instant that the herd would come thundering down the hill, in order to pass lighted firebrands to the bold men who held that corner. He was not certain that he could do the thing he had set out to do. Perhaps the herd would sweep past him, through the gates. If he did win, he would have to face alone the screaming, infuriated hill men, whose knives were always ready to draw. But knives did not matter now. Langur Dass had only his own faith and his own creed, and no fear could make him betray them.

Muztagh had lost control of his herd. At their head ran the old leader that he had worsted. In their hour of fear they had turned back to him. What did this youngster know of elephant-drives? Ever the waving firebrands drew nearer, the beaters lessened their circle, the avenues of escape became more narrow. The yawning arms of the stockade stretched just beyond.

"Will I win, jungle gods?" a little gray man at the *keddah* wing was whispering to the forests. "Will I save you, great one that I knew in babyhood? Will you go down into chains before the night is done? *Ai!* I hear the thunder of your feet! The moment is almost here. And now—your last chance, Muztagh!"

"Close down, close down!" Ahmad Din was shouting to his beaters. "The thing is done in another moment. Hasten, pigs of the hills! Raise your voice! Now! *Aihai!*"

The herd was at the very wings of the stockade. They had halted an instant, milling, and the beaters increased their shouts. Only one of all the herd seemed to know the danger—Muztagh himself, and he had dropped from the front rank to the very rear. He stood with uplifted trunk, facing the approaching rows of beaters. And there seemed to be no break in the whole line.

The herd started to move on, into the wings of captivity; and they did not heed his warning squeals to turn. The circle of fire drew nearer. Then his trunk seemed to droop, and he turned, too. He could not break the line. He turned, too, toward the mouth of the *keddah*.

But even as he turned, a brown figure darted toward him from the end of the wing. A voice known long ago was calling to him—a voice that penetrated high and clear above the babble of the beaters. "Muztagh!" it was crying, "Muztagh!"

But it was not the words that turned Muztagh. An elephant cannot understand words, except a few elemental sounds such as a horse or dog can learn. Rather it was the smell of the man, remembered from long ago, and the sound of his voice, never quite forgotten. For an elephant never forgets.

"Muztagh! Muztagh!"

The elephant knew him now. He remembered his one friend among all the human beings that he knew in his calfhood; the one mortal from whom he had received love and given love in exchange.

"More firebrands!" yelled the men who held that corner of the wing. "Firebrands! Where is Langur Dass?" But instead of firebrands that would have frightened beast and aided men, Langur Dass stepped out from behind a tree and beat at the heads of the right-wing guards with a bamboo cane that whistled and whacked and scattered them into panic—yelling all the while—"Muztagh! O my Muztagh! Here is an opening! Muztagh, come!"

And Muztagh did come—trumpeting—crashing like an avalanche, with Langur Dass hard after him, afraid, now that he had done the trick. And hot on the trail of Langur Dass ran Ahmad Din, with his knife drawn, not meaning to let that prize be lost to him at less than the cost of the trickster's life.

But it was not written that the knife should ever enter the flesh of Langur Dass. The elephant never forgets, and Muztagh was monarch of his breed. He turned back two paces, and struck with his trunk. Ahmad Din was knocked aside as the wind whips straw.

For an instant elephant and man stood front to front. To the left of them the gates of the stockade dropped shut behind the herd. The elephant stood with trunk slightly lifted, for the moment motionless. The long-haired man who had saved him stood lifting upstretched arms.

It was such a scene as one might remember in an old legend, wherein beasts and men were brothers, or such as sometimes might steal, like something remembered from another age, into a man's dreams. Nowhere but in India, where men have a little knowledge of the mystery of the elephant, could it have taken place at all. For Langur Dass was speaking to my lord the elephant:

"Take me with thee, Muztagh! Monarch of the hills! Thou and I are not of the world of men, but of the jungle and the rain, the silence, and the cold touch of rivers. We are brothers, Muztagh. O beloved, wilt thou leave me here to die!"

The elephant slowly turned his head and looked scornfully at the group of beaters bearing down on Langur Dass, murder shining no less from their knives than from their lighted eyes.

"Take me," the old man pleaded; "thy herd is gone."

The elephant seemed to know what he was asking. He had lifted him to his great shoulders many times, in the last days of his captivity. And besides, his old love for Langur Dass had never been forgotten. It all returned, full and strong as ever. For an elephant never can forget.

It was not one of the man-herd that stood pleading before him. It was one of his own jungle people, just as, deep in his heart, he had always known. So with one motion light as air, he swung him gently to his shoulder.

The jungle, vast and mysterious and still, closed its gates behind them.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

This story, by a contemporary writer, first appeared in *Everybody's Magazine*, October, 1919. It is also included in the *O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1919*. Mr. Marshall has contributed many short stories to leading American periodicals. This example of his work is included because it is interesting and because it will give you an opportunity to compare a story written only the other day with others that have stood the test of time.

Questions and Topics

1. Where is the scene of this story laid? Suggest another title. Where does the real narrative begin? Which paragraphs serve as an introduction? What information do you gain from the introduction?

2. Who are the principal characters? Point out details that characterize vividly Muztagh and Langur Dass. Is the dialogue in the story lifelike? Point out examples to illustrate.

3. Tell, briefly, what each of the seven units, parts I–VII, contributes to the story. In reading the story through, which unit interested you most?

4. What is the climax of the story? Point out examples showing how the author holds interest by creating suspense. Do you like the ending of the story? Give reasons for your answer.

5. What value for us has this story? What other stories of elephants have you read? Compare this story with "Moti Guj—Mutineer" (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*).

Library Reading. You will enjoy reading the description of elephants in the poem, "Hoops," by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson (in *Collected Poems*).

THE ROMANCE OF A BUSY BROKER

O. HENRY

Pitcher, confidential clerk in the office of Harvey Maxwell, broker, allowed a look of mild interest and surprise to visit his usually expressionless countenance when his employer briskly entered at half past nine in company with his young lady stenographer. With a snappy "Good morning, Pitcher," Maxwell dashed at his desk as though he were intending to leap over it, and then plunged into the great heap of letters and telegrams waiting there for him.

The young lady had been Maxwell's stenographer for a year. She was beautiful in a way that was decidedly unstenographic. She forewent the pomp of the alluring pompadour. She wore no chains, bracelets, or lockets. She had not the air of being about to accept an invitation to luncheon. Her dress was gray and plain, but it fitted her figure with fidelity and discretion. In her neat black turban hat was the gold-green wing of a macaw. On this morning she was softly and shyly radiant. Her eyes were dreamily bright, her cheeks genuine peachblow, her expression a happy one, tinged with reminiscence.

Pitcher, still mildly curious, noticed a difference in her ways this morning. Instead of going straight into the adjoining room, where her desk was, she lingered, slightly irresolute, in the outer office. Once she moved over by Maxwell's desk, near enough for him to be aware of her presence.

The machine sitting at that desk was no longer a man; it was a busy New York broker, moved by buzzing wheels and uncoiling springs.

"Well—what is it? Anything?" asked Maxwell sharply. His opened mail lay like a bank of stage snow on his crowded desk. His keen gray eye, impersonal and brusque, flashed upon her half impatiently.

"Nothing," answered the stenographer, moving away with a little smile.

"Mr. Pitcher," she said to the confidential clerk, "did Mr. Maxwell say anything yesterday about engaging another stenographer?"

"He did," answered Pitcher. "He told me to get another one. I notified the agency yesterday afternoon to send over a few samples this morning. It's 9:45 o'clock, and not a single picture hat or piece of pineapple chewing gum has showed up yet."

"I will do the work as usual, then," said the young lady, "until someone comes to fill the place." And she went to her desk at once and hung the black turban hat with the gold-green macaw wing in its accustomed place.

He who has been denied the spectacle of a busy Manhattan broker during a rush of business is handicapped for the profession of anthropology. The poet sings of the "crowded hour of glorious life." The broker's hour is not only crowded, but the minutes and seconds are hanging to all the straps and packing both front and rear platforms.

And this day was Harvey Maxwell's busy day. The ticker began to reel out jerkily its fitful coils of tape, the desk telephone had a chronic attack of buzzing. Men began to throng into the office and call at him over the railing, jovially, sharply, viciously, excitedly. Messenger boys ran in and out with messages and telegrams. The clerks in the office jumped about like sailors during a storm. Even Pitcher's face relaxed into something resembling animation.

On the Exchange there were hurricanes and landslides and snowstorms and glaciers and volcanoes, and those elemental disturbances were reproduced in miniature in the broker's offices. Maxwell shoved his chair against the wall and transacted business after the manner of a toe dancer. He jumped from ticker to phone, from desk to door, with the trained agility of a harlequin.

In the midst of this growing and important stress the broker became aware of a high-rolled fringe of golden hair under a nodding canopy of velvet and ostrich tips, an imitation sealskin sack, and a string of beads as large as hickory nuts, ending near the floor with a silver heart. There was a self-possessed young lady connected with these accessories; and Pitcher was there to construe her.

"Lady from the Stenographer's Agency to see about the position," said Pitcher.

Maxwell turned half around, with his hands full of papers and ticker tape.

"What position?" he asked, with a frown.

"Position of stenographer," said Pitcher. "You told me yesterday to call them up and have one sent over this morning."

"You are losing your mind, Pitcher," said Maxwell. "Why should I have given you any such instructions? Miss Leslie has given perfect satisfaction during the year she has been here. The place is hers as long as she chooses to retain it. There's no place open here, madam. Countermand that order with the agency, Pitcher, and don't bring any more of 'em in here."

The silver heart left the office, swinging and banging itself independently against the office furniture as it indignantly departed. Pitcher seized a moment to remark to the bookkeeper that the "old man" seemed to get more absent-minded and forgetful every day of the world.

The rush and pace of business grew fiercer and faster. On the floor they were pounding half a dozen stocks in which Maxwell's customers were heavy investors. Orders to buy and sell were coming and going as swift as the flight of swallows. Some of his own holdings were imperiled, and the man was working like some high-geared, delicate, strong machine —strung to full tension, going at full speed, accurate, never hesitating, with the proper word and decision and act ready and prompt as clockwork. Stocks and bonds, loans and mortgages, margins and securities—here was a world of finance, and there was no room in it for the human world or the world of Nature.

When the luncheon hour drew near there came a slight lull in the uproar.

Maxwell stood by his desk with his hands full of telegrams and memoranda, with a fountain pen over his right ear and his hair hanging in disorderly strings over his forehead. His window was open, for the beloved janitress Spring had turned on a little warmth through the waking registers of the earth.

And through the window came a wandering—perhaps a lost—odor—a delicate, sweet odor of lilac that fixed the broker for a moment immovable. For this odor belonged to Miss Leslie; it was her own, and hers only.

The odor brought her vividly, almost tangibly, before him. The world of finance dwindled suddenly to a speck. And she was in the next room—twenty steps away.

"By George, I'll do it now," said Maxwell, half aloud. "I'll ask her now. I wonder I didn't do it long ago."

He dashed into the inner office with the haste of a short trying to cover. He charged upon the desk of the stenographer.

She looked at him with a smile. A soft pink crept over her cheek, and her eyes were kind and frank. Maxwell leaned one elbow on her desk. He still clutched fluttering papers with both hands, and the pen was above his ear.

"Miss Leslie," he began hurriedly, "I have but a moment to spare. I want to say something in that moment. Will you be my wife? I haven't had time to make love to you in the ordinary way, but I really do love you. Talk quick, please—those fellows are clubbing the stuffing out of Union Pacific."

"Oh, what are you talking about?" exclaimed the young lady. She rose to her feet and gazed upon him, round-eyed.

"Don't you understand?" said Maxwell, restively. "I want you to marry me. I love you, Miss Leslie. I wanted to tell you, and I snatched a minute when things had slackened up a bit. They're calling me for the phone now. Tell 'em to wait a minute, Pitcher. Won't you, Miss Leslie?"

The stenographer acted very queerly. At first she seemed overcome with amazement; then tears flowed from her wondering eyes; and then she smiled sunnily through them, and one of her arms slid tenderly about the broker's neck.

"I know now," she said, softly. "It's this old business that has driven everything else out of your head for the time. I was frightened at first. Don't you remember, Harvey? We were married last evening at eight o'clock in the Little Church Around the Corner."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. William Sydney Porter, better known under his pen-name of O. Henry, is probably the most famous of recent writers of the short story in America. His stories first appeared in magazines and newspapers, and have been collected in twelve volumes. Their interest is due to the brevity with which he achieves his effects, their mixture of the realism and the romance of ordinary American life, their humor and pathos, and the unfailing sympathy which they extend to all sorts of people. O. Henry writes as men talk; there is nothing "bookish" or literary about his work, despite the fact that at one period he studied the unabridged dictionary so faithfully that he knew much of it by heart.

2. This story, from *The Four Million*, illustrates the method used by a true master. There are no unnecessary details. Every sentence adds to the swift movement of the plot and to the surprising conclusion. The characters are clearly drawn. The broker's office is as real as though you were actually looking at what was going on. The language is adapted to the situation; it belongs to a story about a busy broker, not to a story about one of King Arthur's knights or to Irving's story of the Specter Bridegroom. Thus plot, character, setting, and language all contribute to the single impression that a good short story should always give.

Questions and Topics

1. In *Junior High School Literature, Book Two*, it was pointed out that the short story has no unnecessary characters, incidents, or details. Everything aids in swift movement toward the moment of highest interest. Give illustrations of these points drawn from this story.

2. The main divisions of the typical short story are the introduction, the main incident,

the point of highest interest, or climax, and the conclusion. Point out each of these divisions in this story. Why is the introduction effective?

3. Point out details that characterize vividly each person in the story. Which person does not speak but is nevertheless clearly described?

4. Study the conclusion. Was it what you expected? What other conclusion was possible? The endings of O. Henry's stories have been compared to the old game of "snap-the-whip." Is the comparison a good one here?

5. Study the language. What terms peculiar to the stock exchange are found? Where does the language, or vocabulary, add humor to the story?

Library Reading. Other stories from *The Four Million.*

THE GOLD BUG

Edgar Allan Poe

What ho! what ho! this fellow is dancing
mad!
He hath been bitten by the Tarantula.
All in the Wrong.

Many years ago I contracted an intimacy with a Mr. William Legrand. He was of an ancient Huguenot family, and had once been wealthy; but a series of misfortunes had reduced him to want. To avoid the mortification consequent upon his disasters, he left New Orleans, the city of his forefathers, and took up his residence at Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, South Carolina.

This island is a very singular one. It consists of little else than the sea sand, and is about three miles long. Its breadth at no point exceeds a quarter of a mile. It is separated from the mainland by a scarcely perceptible creek, oozing its way through a wilderness of reeds and slime, a favorite resort of the marsh-hen. The vegetation, as might be supposed, is scant, or at least dwarfish. No trees of any magnitude are to be seen. Near the western extremity, where Fort Moultrie stands, and where are some miserable frame buildings, tenanted during summer by the fugitives from Charleston dust and fever, may be found, indeed, the bristly palmetto; but the whole island, with the exception of this western point, and a line of hard white beach on the seacoast, is covered with a dense undergrowth of the sweet myrtle, so much prized by the horticulturists of England. The shrub here often attains the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and forms an almost impenetrable coppice, burdening the air with its fragrance.

In the utmost recesses of this coppice, not far from the eastern or more remote end of the island, Legrand had built himself a small hut, which he occupied when I first, by mere accident, made his acquaintance. This soon ripened into friendship—for there was much in the recluse to excite interest and esteem. I found him well educated, with unusual powers of mind, but infected with misanthropy, and subject to perverse moods of alternate enthusiasm and melancholy. He had with him many books, but rarely employed them. His chief amusements were gunning and fishing, or sauntering along the beach and through the myrtles in quest of shells or entomological specimens—his collection of the latter

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3. **Huguenot**, one of the French Protestants of the 16th and 17th centuries. Under persecution many Huguenots emigrated to America.

might have been envied by a Swammerdamm. In these excursions he was usually accompanied by an old negro called Jupiter, who had been manumitted before the reverses of the family, but who could be induced, neither by threats nor by promises, to abandon what he considered his right of attendance upon the footsteps of his young "Massa Will." It is not improbable that the relatives of Legrand, conceiving him to be somewhat unsettled in intellect, had contrived to instill this obstinacy into Jupiter, with a view to the supervision and guardianship of the wanderer.

The winters in the latitude of Sullivan's Island are seldom very severe, and in the fall of the year it is a rare event indeed when a fire is considered necessary. About the middle of October, 18—, there occurred, however, a day of remarkable chilliness. Just before sunset I scrambled my way through the evergreens to the hut of my friend, whom I had not visited for several weeks—my residence being at that time in Charleston, a distance of nine miles from the island, while the facilities of passage and repassage were very far behind those of the present day. Upon reaching the hut I rapped, as was my custom, and, getting no reply, sought for the key where I knew it was secreted, unlocked the door, and went in. A fine fire was blazing upon the hearth. It was a novelty, and by no means an ungrateful one. I threw off an overcoat, took an armchair by the crackling logs, and awaited patiently the arrival of my hosts.

Soon after dark they arrived, and gave me a most cordial welcome. Jupiter, grinning from ear to ear, bustled about to prepare some marsh-hens for supper. Legrand was in one of his fits—how else shall I term them?—of enthusiasm. He had found an unknown bivalve, forming a new genus, and, more than this, he had hunted down and secured, with Jupiter's assistance, a scarabæus which he believed to be totally new, but in respect to which he wished to have my opinion on the morrow.

"And why not tonight?" I asked, rubbing my hands over the blaze, and wishing the whole tribe of scarabæi at the devil.

"Ah, if I had only known you were here!" said Legrand; "but it's so long since I saw you; and how could I foresee that you would pay me a visit this very night, of all others? As I was coming home I met Lieutenant G—, from the fort, and, very foolishly, I lent him the bug; so it will be impossible for you to see it until the morning. Stay here tonight, and I will send Jup down for it at sunrise. It is the loveliest thing in creation!"

"What? Sunrise?"

"Nonsense! No! The bug. It is of a brilliant gold color—about the size of a large hickory nut—with two jet-black spots near one extremity of the back, and another, somewhat longer, at the other. The antennæ are—"

"Day aint *no* tin in him, Massa Will, I keep a tellin on you," here interrupted Jupiter; "de bug is a goole bug, solid, ebery bit of him, inside and all, sep him wing—neber feel half so hebby a bug in my life."

"Well, suppose it is, Jup," replied Legrand, somewhat more earnestly, it seemed to me, than the case demanded, "is that any reason for your letting the birds burn? The color"—here he turned to me—"is really almost enough to warrant Jupiter's idea. You never saw a more brilliant metallic luster than the scales emit—

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1. **Swammerdamm**, a Dutch naturalist (1637-1680) who spent much time in the study of insects.

but of this you cannot judge till to-morrow. In the meantime I can give you some idea of the shape." Saying this, he seated himself at a small table, on which were a pen and ink, but no paper. He looked for some in a drawer, but found none.

"Never mind," said he at length, "this will answer"; and he drew from his waistcoat pocket a scrap of what I took to be very dirty foolscap, and made upon it a rough drawing with the pen. While he did this, I retained my seat by the fire, for I was still chilly. When the design was complete, he handed it to me without rising. As I received it, a low growl was heard, succeeded by a scratching at the door. Jupiter opened it, and a large Newfoundland, belonging to Legrand, rushed in, leaped upon my shoulders, and loaded me with caresses; for I had shown him much attention during previous visits. When his gambols were over, I looked at the paper, and, to speak the truth, found myself not a little puzzled at what my friend had depicted.

"Well!" I said, after contemplating it for some minutes, "this is a strange scarabæus, I must confess; new to me; never saw anything like it before—unless it was a skull, or a death's-head, which it more nearly resembles than anything else that has come under *my* observation."

"A death's-head!" echoed Legrand—"oh—yes—well, it has something of that appearance upon paper, no doubt. The two upper black spots look like eyes, eh? and the longer one at the bottom like a mouth—and then the shape of the whole is oval."

"Perhaps so," said I; "but, Legrand, I fear you are no artist. I must wait until I see the beetle itself, if I am to form any idea of its personal appearance."

"Well, I don't know," said he, a little nettled, "I draw tolerably—*should* do it at least—have had good masters, and flatter myself that I am not quite a blockhead."

"But, my dear fellow, you are joking then," said I; "this is a very passable *skull*—indeed, I may say that it is a very *excellent* skull, according to the vulgar notions about such specimens of physiology—and your scarabæus must be the queerest scarabæus in the world if it resembles it. Why, we may get up a very thrilling bit of superstition upon this hint. I presume you will call the bug *Scarabæus Caput Hominis*, or something of that kind—there are many similar titles in the Natural Histories. But where are the antennæ you spoke of?"

"The antennæ!" said Legrand, who seemed to be getting unaccountably warm upon the subject; "I am sure you must see the antennæ. I made them as distinct as they are in the original insect, and I presume that is sufficient."

"Well, well," I said, "perhaps you have—still I don't see them"; and I handed him the paper without additional remark, not wishing to ruffle his temper; but I was much surprised at the turn affairs had taken; his ill humor puzzled me—and as for the drawing of the beetle, there were positively *no* antennæ visible, and the whole *did* bear a very close resemblance to the ordinary cuts of a death's-head.

He received the paper very peevishly, and was about to crumple it, apparently to throw it in the fire, when a casual glance at the design seemed suddenly to rivet his attention. In an instant his face grew violently red—in another as excessively pale. For some minutes he continued to scrutinize the drawing

65. **Scarabæus Caput Hominis**, man's head beetle.

minutely where he sat. At length he arose, took a candle from the table, and proceeded to seat himself upon a sea-chest in the farthest corner of the room. Here again he made an anxious examination of the paper, turning it in all directions. He said nothing, however, and his conduct greatly astonished me; yet I thought it prudent not to exacerbate the growing moodiness of his temper by any comment. Presently he took from his coat pocket a wallet, placed the paper carefully in it, and deposited both in a writing-desk, which he locked. He now grew more composed in his demeanor; but his original air of enthusiasm had quite disappeared. Yet he seemed not so much sulky as abstracted. As the evening wore away he became more and more absorbed in reverie, from which no sallies of mine could arouse him. It had been my intention to pass the night at the hut, as I had frequently done before, but, seeing my host in this mood, I deemed it proper to take leave. He did not press me to remain, but, as I departed, he shook my hand with even more than his usual cordiality.

It was about a month after this (and during the interval I had seen nothing of Legrand) when I received a visit, at Charleston, from his man, Jupiter. I had never seen the good old negro look so dispirited, and I feared that some serious disaster had befallen my friend.

"Well, Jup," said I, "what is the matter now? How is your master?"

"Why, to speak de troof, massa, him not so berry well as mought be."

"Not well! I am truly sorry to hear it. What does he complain of?"

"Dar, dat's it! Him neber plain of notin—but him berry sick for all dat."

"*Very* sick, Jupiter! Why didn't you say so at once? Is he confined to bed?"

"No, dat he ain't! He ain't find nowhar—dat's just whar de shoe pinch—my mind is got to be berry hebby bout poor Massa Will."

"Jupiter, I should like to understand what it is you are talking about. You say your master is sick. Hasn't he told you what ails him?"

"Why, massa, 'tain't worf while for to git mad bout de matter. Massa Will say noffin at all ain't de matter wid him—but den what make him go bout looking dis here way, wid he head down and he soldiers up, and as white as a gose? And den he keeps a syphon all de time—"

"Keeps a what, Jupiter?"

"Keeps a syphon wid de figgurs on de slate—de queerest figgurs I ebber did see. I'se gittin to be skeered, I tell you. Hab for to keep mighty tight eye pon him noovers. Todder day he gib me slip fore de sun up and was gone de whole ob de blessed day. I had a big stick ready cut for to gib him d—d good beating when he did come—but I'se sich a fool dat I hadn't de heart arter all—he look so berry poorly."

"Eh?—what? Ah, yes! Upon the whole I think you had better not be too severe with the poor fellow. Don't flog him, Jupiter—he can't very well stand it. But can you form no idea of what has occasioned this illness, or rather this change of conduct? Has anything unpleasant happened since I saw you?"

"No, massa, dey ain't bin noffin onpleasant *since* den. 'Twas *fore* den I'm feared—'twas de berry day you was dare."

"How? What do you mean?"

"Why, massa, I mean de bug—dare now."

"The what?"

"De bug—I'm berry sartain dat Massa Will bin bit somewhere bout de head by dat goole bug."

"And what cause have you, Jupiter, for such a supposition?"

"Claws enuff, massa, and mouff too. I nebber did see sich a d—d bug. He kick and he bite eberyting what cum near him. Massa Will cotch him fuss, but had for to let him go gin mighty quick, I tell you. Den was de time he must ha got de bite. I didn't like de look ob de bug mouff, myself, nohow, so I wouldn't take hold ob him wid my finger, but I cotch him wid a piece ob paper dat I found. I rap him up in de paper and stuff piece ob it in de mouff—dat was de way."

"And you think, then, that your master was really bitten by the beetle, and that the bite made him sick?"

"I don't tink noffin about it—I nose it. What make him dream bout de goole so much, if 'tain't cause he bit by de goole bug? I'se heerd bout dem goole bugs fore dis."

"But how do you know he dreams about gold?"

"How I know? Why, cause he talk about it in he sleep—dat's how I nose."

"Well, Jup, perhaps you are right; but to what fortunate circumstances am I to attribute the honor of a visit from you today?"

"What de matter, massa?"

"Did you bring any message from Mr. Legrand?"

"No, massa, I bring dis here pissel"; and here Jupiter handed me a note which ran thus:

My dear ——: Why have I not seen you for so long a time? I hope you have not been so foolish as to take offense at any little *brusquerie* of mine; but no, that is improbable.

Since I saw you I have had great cause for anxiety. I have something to tell you, yet scarcely know how to tell it, or whether I should tell it at all.

I have not been quite well for some days past, and poor old Jup annoys me, almost beyond endurance, by his well-meant attentions. Would you believe it—he had prepared a huge stick, the other day, with which to chastise me for giving him the slip, and spending the day, *solus*, among the hills on the mainland. I verily believe that my ill looks alone saved me a flogging.

I have made no addition to my cabinet since we met. If you can, in any way, make it convenient, come over with Jupiter. *Do* come. I wish to see you *tonight*, upon business of importance. I assure you that it is of the *highest* importance.

Ever yours,
William Legrand

There was something in the tone of this note which gave me great uneasiness. Its whole style differed materially from that of Legrand. What could he be dreaming of? What new crotchet possessed his excitable brain? What "business of the highest importance" could *he* possibly have to transact? Jupiter's account of him boded no good. I dreaded lest the continued pressure of misfortune had, at length, fairly unsettled the reason of my friend. Without a moment's hesitation, therefore, I prepared to accompany the negro.

Upon reaching the wharf, I noticed a scythe and three spades, all apparently new, lying in the bottom of the boat in which we were to embark.

"What is the meaning of all this, Jup?" I inquired.

"Him syfe, massa, and spade."

"Very true; but what are they doing here?"

"Him de syfe and de spade what Massa Will sis pon my buying for him in de town, and de debbil's own lot of money I had to gib for em."

"But what, in the name of all that is mysterious, is your 'Massa Will' going to do with scythes and spades?"

"Dat's more dan *I* know, and debbil take me if I don't believe 'tis more dan he know, too. But it's all cum ob de bug."

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42. **brusquerie**, rudeness

Finding that no satisfaction was to be obtained of Jupiter, whose whole intellect seemed to be absorbed by "de bug," I now stepped into the boat and made sail. With a fair and strong breeze we soon ran into the little cove to the northward of Fort Moultrie, and a walk of some two miles brought us to the hut. It was about three in the afternoon when we arrived. Legrand had been awaiting us in eager expectation. He grasped my hand with a nervous *empressement,* which alarmed me and strengthened the suspicions already entertained. His countenance was pale even to ghastliness, and his deep-set eyes glared with unnatural luster. After some inquiries respecting his health, I asked him, not knowing what better to say, if he had yet obtained the scarabæus from Lieutenant G—.

"Oh, yes," he replied, coloring violently, "I got it from him the next morning. Nothing should tempt me to part with that scarabæus. Do you know that Jupiter is quite right about it?"

"In what way?" I asked, with a sad foreboding at heart.

"In supposing it to be a bug of *real gold.*" He said this with an air of profound seriousness, and I felt inexpressibly shocked.

"This bug is to make my fortune," he continued, with a triumphant smile, "to reinstate me in my family possessions. Is it any wonder, then, that I prize it? Since Fortune has thought fit to bestow it upon me, I have only to use it properly and I shall arrive at the gold of which it is the index. Jupiter, bring me that scarabæus!"

"What! de bug, massa? I'd rudder not go fer trubble dat bug—you mus git him for your own self." Hereupon Legrand arose, with a grave and stately air, and brought me the beetle from a glass case in which it was enclosed. It was a beautiful scarabæus, and, at that time, unknown to naturalists—of course a great prize in a scientific point of view. There were two round, black spots near one extremity of the back, and a long one near the other. The scales were exceedingly hard and glossy, with all the appearance of burnished gold. The weight of the insect was very remarkable, and, taking all things into consideration, I could hardly blame Jupiter for his opinion respecting it; but what to make of Legrand's agreement with that opinion, I could not, for the life of me, tell.

"I sent for you," said he, in a grandiloquent tone, when I had completed my examination of the beetle, "I sent for you that I might have your counsel and assistance in furthering the views of Fate and of the bug—"

"My dear Legrand," I cried, interrupting him, "you are certainly unwell, and had better use some little precautions. You shall go to bed, and I will remain with you a few days, until you get over this. You are feverish and—"

"Feel my pulse," said he.

I felt it, and, to say the truth, found not the slightest indication of fever.

"But you may be ill, and yet have no fever. Allow me this once to prescribe for you. In the first place, go to bed. In the next—"

"You are mistaken," he interposed; "I am as well as I can expect to be under the excitement which I suffer. If you really wish me well, you will relieve this excitement."

"And how is this to be done?"

"Very easily. Jupiter and myself are going upon an expedition into the hills, upon the mainland, and, in this expedition, we shall need the aid of some person in whom we can confide. You are the only one we can trust. Whether we succeed or fail, the excitement which you now perceive in me will be equally allayed."

"I am anxious to oblige you in any way," I replied; "but do you mean to say that this infernal beetle has any connection with your expedition into the hills?"

"It has."

"Then, Legrand, I can become a party to no such absurd proceeding."

"I am sorry—very sorry—for we shall have to try it by ourselves."

"Try it by yourselves! The man is surely mad! But stay—how long do you propose to be absent?"

"Probably all night. We shall start immediately, and be back, at all events, by sunrise."

"And will you promise me, upon your honor, that when this freak of yours is over and the bug business (good God!) settled to your satisfaction, you will then return home and follow my advice implicitly, as that of your physician?"

"Yes, I promise; and now let us be off, for we have no time to lose."

With a heavy heart I accompanied my friend. We started about four o'clock—Legrand, Jupiter, the dog, and myself. Jupiter had with him the scythe and spades—the whole of which he insisted upon carrying, more through fear, it seemed to me, of trusting either of the implements within reach of his master, than from any excess of industry or complaisance. His demeanor was dogged in the extreme, and "dat d—d bug" were the sole words which escaped his lips during the journey. For my own part, I had charge of a couple of dark lanterns, while Legrand contented himself with the scarabæus, which he carried attached to the end of a bit of whipcord, twirling it to and fro, with the air of a conjuror, as he went. When I observed this last, plain evidence of my friend's aberration of mind, I could scarcely refrain from tears. I thought it best, however, to humor his fancy, at least for the present, or until I could adopt some more energetic measures with a chance of success. In the meantime I endeavored, but all in vain, to sound him in regard to the object of the expedition. Having succeeded in inducing me to accompany him, he seemed unwilling to hold conversation upon any topic of minor importance, and to all my questions vouchsafed no other reply than, "We shall see!"

We crossed the creek at the head of the island by means of a skiff, and, ascending the high grounds on the shore of the mainland, proceeded in a northwesterly direction through a tract of country excessively wild and desolate, where no trace of a human footstep was to be seen. Legrand led the way with decision, pausing only for an instant, here and there, to consult what appeared to be certain landmarks of his own contrivance upon a former occasion.

In this manner we journeyed for about two hours, and the sun was just setting when we entered a region infinitely more dreary than any yet seen. It was a species of table-land, near the summit of an almost inaccessible hill, densely wooded from base to pinnacle, and interspersed with huge crags that appeared to lie loosely upon the soil, and in many cases were prevented from precipitating themselves into the valleys below merely by the support of the trees against which they reclined. Deep ravines, in various directions, gave an air of still sterner solemnity to the scene.

The natural platform to which we had clambered was thickly overgrown with brambles, through which we soon discovered that it would have been impossible to force our way but for the scythe; and Jupiter, by direction of his master, proceeded to clear for us a path to the foot of an immensely large tulip tree, which stood, with some eight or ten oaks, upon the level, and far surpassed them all, and all other trees which I had then ever seen, in the beauty of its foliage and form, in the wide spread of its branches, and in the general majesty of its appearance. When we reached this tree, Legrand turned to Jupiter and asked him if he thought he could climb it. The old man seemed a little staggered by the question, and for some moments made no reply. At length he approached the huge trunk, walked slowly around it, and examined it with minute attention. When he had completed his scrutiny, he merely said:

"Yes, massa, Jup climb any tree he ebber see in he life."

"Then up with you as soon as possible, for it will soon be too dark to see what we are about."

"How far mus go up, massa?" inquired Jupiter.

"Get up the main trunk first, and then I will tell you which way to go—and here—stop! take this beetle with you."

"De bug, Massa Will! De goole bug!" cried the negro, drawing back in dismay; "what for mus tote de bug way up de tree? D—n if I do!"

"If you are afraid, Jup, a great big negro like you, to take hold of a harmless little dead beetle, why, you can carry it up by this string—but, if you do not take it up with you in some way, I shall be under the necessity of breaking your head with this shovel."

"What de matter now, massa?" said Jup, evidently shamed into compliance; "always want fur to raise fuss wid old nigger. Was only funnin, anyhow. *Me* feered de bug! What I keer for de bug?" Here he took cautiously hold of the extreme end of the string, and, maintaining the insect as far from his person as circumstances would permit, prepared to ascend the tree.

In youth, the tulip tree, or *Liriodendron Tulipifera*, the most magnificent of American foresters, has a trunk peculiarly smooth, and often rises to a great height without lateral branches; but in its riper age the bark becomes gnarled and uneven, while many short limbs make their appearance on the stem. Thus the difficulty of ascension, in the present case, lay more in semblance than in reality. Embracing the huge cylinder, as closely as possible, with his arms and knees, seizing with his hands some projections, and resting his naked toes upon others, Jupiter, after one or two narrow escapes from falling, at length wriggled himself into the first great fork, and seemed to consider the whole business as virtually accomplished. The *risk* of the achievement was, in fact, now over, although the climber was some sixty or seventy feet from the ground.

"Which way mus go now, Massa Will?" he asked.

"Keep up the largest branch, the one on this side," said Legrand. The negro obeyed him promptly, and apparently with but little trouble, ascending higher and higher, until no glimpse of his squat figure could be obtained through the dense foliage which enveloped it. Presently his voice was heard in a sort of halloo.

"How much fudder is got for go?"

"How high up are you?" asked Legrand.

"Ebber so fur," replied the negro; "can see de sky fru de top of de tree."

"Never mind the sky, but attend

to what I say. Look down the trunk and count the limbs below you on this side. How many limbs have you passed?"

"One, two, tree, four, fibe—I done pass fibe big limb, massa, pon dis side."

"Then go one limb higher."

In a few minutes the voice was heard again, announcing that the seventh limb was attained.

"Now, Jup," cried Legrand, evidently much excited, "I want you to work your way out upon that limb as far as you can. If you see anything strange, let me know."

By this time what little doubt I might have entertained of my poor friend's insanity was put finally at rest. I had no alternative but to conclude him stricken with lunacy, and I became seriously anxious about getting him home. While I was pondering upon what was best to be done, Jupiter's voice was again heard.

"Mos feerd for to ventur pon dis limb berry far—'tis dead limb putty much all de way."

"Did you say it was a *dead* limb, Jupiter?" cried Legrand in a quavering voice.

"Yes, massa, him dead as de doornail—done up for sartain—done departed dis here life."

"What in the name of Heaven shall I do?" asked Legrand, seemingly in the greatest distress.

"Do!" said I, glad of an opportunity to interpose a word, "why, come home and go to bed. Come now! That's a fine fellow. It's getting late, and, besides, you remember your promise."

"Jupiter," cried he, without heeding me in the least, "do you hear me?"

"Yes, Massa Will, hear you ebber so plain."

"Try the wood well, then, with your knife, and see if you think it *very* rotten."

"Him rotten, massa, sure nuff," replied the negro in a few moments, "but not so berry rotten as mought be. Mought ventur out leetle way pon de limb by myself, dat's true."

"By yourself! What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean de bug. 'Tis *berry* hebby bug. Spose I drop him down fuss, and den de limb won't break wid just de weight ob one nigger."

"You infernal scoundrel!" cried Legrand, apparently much relieved, "what do you mean by telling me such nonsense as that? As sure as you let that beetle fall, I'll break your neck. Look here, Jupiter, do you hear me?"

"Yes, massa; needn't hollo at poor nigger dat style."

"Well, now listen! If you will venture out on the limb as far as you think safe, and not let go the beetle, I'll make you a present of a silver dollar as soon as you get down."

"I'm gwine, Massa Will—deed I is," replied the negro very promptly, "most out to de eend now."

"*Out to the end!*" here fairly screamed Legrand; "do you say you are out to the end of that limb?"

"Soon be to de eend, massa—o-o-o-o-oh! Lorgol-a-marcy! what *is* dis here pon de tree?"

"Well!" cried Legrand, highly delighted, "what is it?"

"Why, 'tain't nuffin but a skull—somebody bin lef him head up de tree, an de crows done gobble ebery bit ob de meat off."

"A skull, you say! Very well! how is it fastened to the limb? What holds it on?"

"Sure nuff, massa; mus look. Why, dis berry curous sarcumstance, pon my word—dare's a great big nail in de skull, what fastens ob it on to de tree."

"Well, now, Jupiter, do exactly as I tell you—do you hear?"

"Yes, massa."

"Pay attention, then! Find the left eye of the skull."

"Hum! hoo! dat's good! Why, dar ain't no eye lef at all."

"Curse your stupidity! Do you know your right hand from your left?"

"Yes, I nose dat—nose all bout dat—'tis my lef hand what I chops de wood wid."

"To be sure! you are left-handed; and your left eye is on the same side as your left hand. Now, I suppose you can find the left eye of the skull, or the place where the left eye has been. Have you found it?"

Here was a long pause. At length the negro asked, "Is de lef eye of de skull pon de same side as de lef hand of de skull, too? Cause de skull ain't got not a bit ob a hand at all—nebber mind! I got de lef eye now—here de lef eye! What must do wid it?"

"Let the beetle drop through it, as far as the string will reach—but be careful and not let go your hold of the string."

"All dat done, Massa Will; mighty easy ting for to put de bug fru de hole—look out for him dar below!"

During this colloquy no portion of Jupiter's person could be seen; but the beetle, which he had suffered to descend, was now visible at the end of the string, and glistened like a globe of burnished gold in the last rays of the setting sun, some of which still faintly illumined the eminence upon which we stood. The scarabæus hung quite clear of any branches, and, if allowed to fall, would have fallen at our feet. Legrand immediately took the scythe, and cleared with it a circular space, three or four yards in diameter, just beneath the insect, and, having accomplished this, ordered Jupiter to let go the string and come down from the tree.

Driving a peg, with great nicety, into the ground at the precise spot where the beetle fell, my friend now produced from his pocket a tape-measure. Fastening one end of this at that point of the trunk of the tree which was nearest the peg, he unrolled it till it reached the peg, and thence farther unrolled it, in the direction already established by the two points of the tree and the peg, for the distance of fifty feet—Jupiter clearing away the brambles with the scythe. At the spot thus attained a second peg was driven, and about this, as a center, a rude circle, about four feet in diameter, described. Taking now a spade himself, and giving one to Jupiter and one to me, Legrand begged us to set about digging as quickly as possible.

To speak the truth, I had no especial relish for such amusement at any time, and, at that particular moment, would most willingly have declined it; for the night was coming on, and I felt much fatigued with the exercise already taken; but I saw no mode of escape, and was fearful of disturbing my poor friend's equanimity by a refusal. Could I have depended, indeed, upon Jupiter's aid, I would have had no hesitation in attempting to get the lunatic home by force; but I was too well assured of the old negro's disposition to hope that he would assist me, under any circumstances, in a personal contest with his master. I made no doubt that the latter had been infected with some of the innumerable Southern superstitions about money buried, and that his fantasy had received confirmation by the finding of the scarabæus or, perhaps, by Jupiter's obstinacy in maintaining it to be "a bug of real gold." A mind disposed to lunacy would readily be led away by such suggestions, especially if chiming in with favorite preconceived ideas; and then I called to mind the poor fellow's speech about the beetle's being the "index of his fortune." Upon the whole, I was sadly vexed and puzzled, but at length I concluded to make a virtue of necessity—to dig with a good will, and thus the sooner to convince the visionary, by ocular demonstration, of the fallacy of the opinions he entertained.

The lanterns having been lit, we all fell to work with a zeal worthy a more rational cause; and, as the glare fell upon our persons and implements, I could not help thinking how picturesque a group we composed, and how strange and suspicious our labors must have appeared to any interloper who, by chance, might have stumbled upon our whereabouts.

We dug very steadily for two hours. Little was said; and our chief embarrassment lay in the yelpings of the dog, who took exceeding interest in our proceedings. He, at length, became so obstreperous that we grew fearful of his giving the alarm to some stragglers in the vicinity; or, rather, this was the apprehension of Legrand; for myself, I should have rejoiced at any interruption which might have enabled me to get the wanderer home. The noise was, at length, very effectually silenced by Jupiter, who, getting out of the hole with a dogged air of deliberation, tied the brute's mouth up with one of his suspenders, and then returned, with a grave chuckle, to his task.

When the time mentioned had expired, we had reached a depth of five feet, and yet no signs of any treasure became manifest. A general pause ensued, and I began to hope that the farce was at an end. Legrand, however, although evidently much disconcerted, wiped his brow thoughtfully and recommenced. We had excavated the entire circle of four feet diameter, and now we slightly enlarged the limit, and went to the farther depth of two feet. Still nothing appeared. The gold-seeker, whom I sincerely pitied, at length clambered from the pit, with the bitterest disappointment imprinted upon every feature, and proceeded slowly and reluctantly, to put on his coat, which he had thrown off at the beginning of his labor. In the meantime I made no remark. Jupiter, at a signal from his master, began to gather up his tools. This done, and the dog having been unmuzzled, we turned in profound silence toward home.

We had taken, perhaps, a dozen steps in this direction, when, with a loud oath, Legrand strode up to Jupiter, and seized him by the collar. The astonished negro opened his eyes and mouth to the fullest extent, let fall the spades, and fell upon his knees.

"You scoundrel," said Legrand, hissing out the syllables from between his clenched teeth, "you infernal black villain! Speak, I tell you! Answer me this instant, without prevarication! Which—which is your left eye?"

"Oh, my golly, Massa Will! Ain't dis here my lef eye for sartain?" roared the terrified Jupiter, placing his hand upon his *right* organ of vision, and holding it there with a desperate pertinacity, as if in immediate dread of his master's attempt at a gouge.

"I thought so! I knew it! Hurrah!" vociferated Legrand, letting the negro go, and executing a series of curvets and caracoles, much to the astonishment of his valet, who, arising from his knees, looked mutely from his master to myself, and then from myself to his master.

"Come! We must go back," said the latter, "the game's not up yet"; and he again led the way to the tulip tree.

"Jupiter," said he, when we reached its foot, "come here! Was the skull nailed to the limb with the face outward, or with the face to the limb?"

"De face was out, massa, so dat de crows could get at de eyes good, widout any trouble."

"Well, then, was it this eye or that through which you dropped the beetle?" Here Legrand touched each of Jupiter's eyes.

"'Twas dis eye, Massa—de lef eye—jis as you tell me," and here it was his right eye that the negro indicated.

"That will do—we must try it again."

Here, my friend, about whose madness I now saw, or fancied that I saw, certain indications of method, removed the peg which marked the spot where the beetle fell, to a spot about three inches to the westward of its former position. Taking, now, the tape-measure from the nearest point of the trunk to the peg, as before, and continuing the extension in a straight line to the distance of fifty feet, a spot was indicated, removed, by several yards, from the point at which we had been digging.

Around the new position a circle, somewhat larger than in the former instance, was now described, and we again set to work with the spades. I was dreadfully weary, but, scarcely understanding what had occasioned the change in my thoughts, I felt no longer any great aversion from the labor imposed. I had become most unaccountably interested—nay, even excited. Perhaps there was something, amid all the extravagant demeanor of Legrand—some air of forethought, or of deliberation—which impressed me. I dug eagerly, and now and then caught myself actually looking, with something that very much resembled expectation, for the fancied treasure, the vision of which had demented my unfortunate companion. At a period when such vagaries of thought most fully possessed me, and when we had been at work perhaps an hour and a half, we were again interrupted by the violent howlings of the dog. His uneasiness, in the first instance, had been evidently but the result of playfulness or caprice, but he now assumed a bitter and serious tone. Upon Jupiter's again attempting to muzzle him, he made furious resistance, and, leaping into the hole, tore up the mold frantically with his claws. In a few seconds he had uncovered a mass of human bones, forming two complete skeletons, intermingled with several buttons of metal, and what appeared to be the dust of decayed woolen. One or two strokes of a spade upturned the blade of a large Spanish knife and, as we dug farther, three or four loose pieces of gold and silver coin came to light.

At sight of these the joy of Jupiter could scarcely be restrained, but the countenance of his master wore an air of extreme disappointment. He urged us, however, to continue our exertions, and the words were hardly uttered when I stumbled and fell forward, having caught the toe of my boot in a large ring of iron that lay half buried in the loose earth.

We now worked in earnest, and never did I pass ten minutes of more intense excitement. During this interval we had fairly unearthed an oblong chest of wood, which, from its perfect preservation and wonderful hardness, had plainly been subjected to some mineralizing process—perhaps that of the bichloride of mercury. This box was three feet and a half long, three feet broad, and two and a half feet deep. It was firmly secured by bands of wrought iron, riveted, and forming a kind of trelliswork over the whole. On each side of the chest, near the top, were three rings of iron—six in all—by means of which a firm hold could be obtained by six persons. Our utmost united endeavors served only to disturb the coffer very slightly in its bed. We at once saw the impossibility of removing so great a weight. Luckily, the sole fastenings of the lid consisted of two sliding bolts. These we drew back—trembling and panting with anxiety. In an instant, a treasure of incalculable value lay gleaming before us. As the rays of the lanterns fell within the pit, there flashed upward, from a confused heap of gold and of jewels, a glow and a glare that absolutely dazzled our eyes.

I shall not pretend to describe the feelings with which I gazed. Amazement was, of course, predominant. Legrand appeared exhausted with excitement, and spoke very few words. Jupiter's countenance wore, for some minutes, as deadly a pallor as it is possible, in the nature of things, for any negro's visage to assume. He seemed stupefied—thunderstricken. Presently he fell upon his knees in the pit and, burying his naked arms up to the elbows in gold, let them there remain, as if enjoying the luxury of a bath. At length, with a deep sigh, he exclaimed, as if in a soliloquy:

"And dis all cum ob de goole bug, de putty goole bug, de poor little goole bug, what I boosed in dat sabage kind ob style! Ain't you shamed ob yourself, nigger? Answer me dat!"

It became necessary, at last, that I should arouse both master and valet to the expediency of removing the treasure. It was growing late, and it behooved us to make exertion, that we might get everything housed before daylight. It was difficult to say what should be done, and much time was spent in deliberation—so confused were the ideas of all. We finally lightened the box by removing two-thirds of its contents, when we were enabled, with some trouble, to raise it from the hole. The articles taken out were deposited among the brambles, and the dog left to guard them, with strict orders from Jupiter neither, upon any pretense, to stir from the spot, nor to open his mouth until our return. We then hurriedly made for home with the chest, reaching the hut in safety, but after excessive toil, at one o'clock in the morning. Worn out as we were, it was not in human nature to do more just now. We rested until two, and had supper; starting for the hills immediately afterwards, armed with three stout sacks, which by good luck were upon the premises. A little before four we arrived at the pit, divided the remainder of the booty, as equally as might be, among us, and, leaving the holes unfilled, again set out for the hut, at which, for the second time, we deposited our golden burdens, just as the first streaks of the dawn gleamed from over the treetops in the east.

We were now thoroughly broken down, but the intense excitement of the time denied us repose. After an unquiet slumber of some three or four hours' duration, we arose, as if by preconcert, to make examination of our treasure.

The chest had been full to the brim, and we spent the whole day, and the greater part of the next night, in a scrutiny of its contents. There had been nothing like order or arrangement. Everything had been heaped in promiscuously. Having assorted all with care, we found ourselves possessed of even vaster wealth than we had at first supposed. In coin there was rather more than four hundred and fifty thousand dollars—estimating the value of the pieces, as accurately as we could, by the tables of the period. There was not a particle of silver. All was gold of antique date and of great variety: French, Spanish, and German money, with a few English guineas, and some counters of which we had never seen specimens before. There were several very large and heavy coins, so worn that we could make nothing of their inscriptions. There was no American money. The value of the jewels we found more difficulty in estimating. There were diamonds—some of them exceedingly large and fine—a hundred and ten in all, and not one of them small; eighteen rubies of remarkable brilliancy; three hundred and ten emeralds, all very beautiful; and twenty-one sapphires, with an opal. These stones had all been broken from their settings and thrown loose in the chest. The settings themselves, which we picked out from among the other gold, appeared to have been beaten up with hammers, as if to prevent identification. Besides all this, there was a vast quantity of solid gold ornaments: nearly two hundred massive finger- and ear-rings; rich chains—thirty of these, if I remember; eighty-three very large and heavy crucifixes; five gold censers of great value; a prodigious golden punch-bowl, ornamented with richly chased vine-leaves and Bacchanalian figures; two swordhandles exquisitely embossed; and many other smaller articles which I cannot recollect. The weight of these valuables exceeded three hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois; and in this estimate I have not included one hundred and ninety-seven superb gold watches; three of the number being worth each five hundred dollars, if one. Many of them were very old, and as time-keepers valueless, the works having suffered more or less from corrosion; but all were richly jeweled and in cases of great worth. We estimated the entire contents of the chest, that night, at a million and a half of dollars; and, upon the subsequent disposal of the trinkets and jewels (a few being retained for our own use), it was found that we had greatly undervalued the treasure.

When, at length, we had concluded our examination, and the intense excitement of the time had in some measure subsided, Legrand, who saw that I was dying with impatience for a solution of this most extraordinary riddle, entered into a full detail of all the circumstances connected with it.

"You remember," said he, "the night when I handed you the rough sketch I had made of the scarabæus. You recollect, also, that I became quite vexed at you for insisting that my drawing resembled a death's-head. When you first made this assertion I thought you were jesting; but afterwards I called to mind the peculiar spots on the back of the insect, and admitted to myself that your remark had some little foundation in fact. Still, the sneer at my graphic powers irritated me—for I am considered a good artist—and, therefore, when you handed me the scrap of parchment, I was about to crumple it up, and throw it angrily into the fire."

"The scrap of paper, you mean," said I.

"No; it had much of the appearance of paper, and at first I supposed it to be such, but when I came to draw upon it, I discovered it, at once, to be a piece of very thin parchment. It was quite dirty, you remember.

Well, as I was in the very act of crumpling it up, my glance fell upon the sketch at which you had been looking, and you may imagine my astonishment when I perceived, in fact, the figure of a death's-head just where, it seemed to me, I had made the drawing of the beetle. For a moment I was too much amazed to think with accuracy. I knew that my design was very different in detail from this—although there was a certain similarity in general outline. Presently I took a candle, and, seating myself at the other end of the room, proceeded to scrutinize the parchment more closely. Upon turning it over, I saw my own sketch upon the reverse, just as I had made it. My first idea, now, was mere surprise at the really remarkable similarity of outline—at the singular coincidence involved in the fact that, unknown to me, there should have been a skull upon the other side of the parchment, immediately beneath my figure of the scarabæus, and that this skull, not only in outline, but in size, should so closely resemble my drawing. I say the singularity of this coincidence absolutely stupefied me for a time. This is the usual effect of such coincidences. The mind struggles to establish a connection—a sequence of cause and effect—and, being unable to do so, suffers a species of temporary paralysis. But when I recovered from this stupor, there dawned upon me gradually a conviction which startled me even far more than the coincidence. I began distinctly, positively, to remember that there had been *no* drawing on the parchment when I made my sketch of the scarabæus. I became perfectly certain of this; for I recollected turning up first one side and then the other, in search of the cleanest spot. Had the skull been then there, of course I could not have failed to notice it. Here was indeed a mystery which I felt it impossible to explain; but, even at that early moment, there seemed to glimmer, faintly, within the most remote and secret chambers of my intellect, a glow-worm-like conception of that truth which last night's adventure brought to so magnificent a demonstration. I arose at once and, putting the parchment securely away, dismissed all further reflection until I should be alone.

"When you had gone, and when Jupiter was fast asleep, I betook myself to a more methodical investigation of the affair. In the first place I considered the manner in which the parchment had come into my possession. The spot where we discovered the scarabæus was on the coast of the mainland, about a mile eastward of the island, and but a short distance above high-water mark. Upon my taking hold of it, it gave me a sharp bite, which caused me to let it drop. Jupiter, with his accustomed caution, before seizing the insect, which had flown toward him, looked about him for a leaf, or something of that nature, by which to take hold of it. It was at this moment that his eyes, and mine, also, fell upon the scrap of parchment, which I then supposed to be paper. It was lying half-buried in the sand, a corner sticking up. Near the spot where we found it, I observed the remnants of the hull of what appeared to have been a ship's long boat. The wreck seemed to have been there for a very great while; for the resemblance to boat timbers could scarcely be traced.

"Well, Jupiter picked up the parchment, wrapped the beetle in it, and gave it to me. Soon afterwards we turned to go home, and on the way met Lieutenant G—. I showed him the insect, and he begged me to let him take it to the fort. On my consenting, he thrust it forthwith into his waistcoat pocket, without the parchment in which it had been wrapped, and which I had continued to hold in my hand during his inspection. Perhaps he dreaded my changing my mind, and thought it best to make sure of the prize at once—you know how enthusiastic he is on all subjects connected with Natural History. At the same time, without being conscious of it, I must have deposited the parchment in my own pocket.

"You remember that when I went to the table, for the purpose of making a sketch of the beetle, I found no paper where it was usually kept. I looked in the drawer, and found none there. I searched my pockets, hoping to find an old letter, and then my hand fell upon the parchment. I thus detail the precise mode in which it came into my possession; for the circumstances impressed me with peculiar force.

"No doubt you will think me fanciful—but I had already established a kind of *connection*. I had put together two links of a great chain. There was a boat lying on a seacoast, and not far from the boat was a parchment—*not a paper*—with a skull depicted on it. You will, of course, ask 'Where is the connection?' I reply that the skull, or death's-head, is the well-known emblem of the pirate. The flag of the death's-head is hoisted in all engagements.

"I have said that the scrap was parchment, and not paper. Parchment is durable—almost imperishable. Matters of little moment are rarely consigned to parchment; since, for the mere ordinary purposes of drawing or writing, it is not nearly so well adapted as paper. This reflection suggested some meaning—some relevancy—in the death's-head. I did not fail to observe, also, the *form* of the parchment. Although one of its corners had been, by some accident, destroyed, it could be seen that the original form was oblong. It was just such a slip, indeed, as might have been chosen for a memorandum—for a record of something to be long remembered and carefully preserved."

"But," I interposed, "you say that the skull was *not* upon the parchment when you made the drawing of the beetle. How then do you trace any connection between the boat and the skull—since this latter, according to your own admission, must have been designed (God only knows how or by whom) at some period subsequent to your sketching the scarabæus?"

"Ah, hereupon turns the whole mystery; although the secret, at this point, I had comparatively little difficulty in solving. My steps were sure, and could afford but a single result. I reasoned, for example, thus: When I drew the scarabæus, there was no skull apparent on the parchment. When I had completed the drawing I gave it to you, and observed you narrowly until you returned it. *You*, therefore, did not design the skull, and no one else was present to do it. Then it was not done by human agency. And nevertheless it was done.

"At this stage of my reflections I endeavored to remember, and *did* remember, with entire distinctness, every incident which occurred about the period in question. The weather was chilly (O rare and happy accident!), and a fire was blazing on the hearth. I was heated with exercise and sat near the table. You, however, had drawn a chair close to the chimney. Just as I placed the parchment in your hand, and as you were in the act of inspecting it, Wolf, the Newfoundland, entered, and leaped upon your shoulders. With your left hand you caressed him and kept him off, while your right, holding the parchment, was permitted to fall listlessly between your knees, and in close proximity to the fire. At one moment I thought the blaze had caught it, and was about to caution you, but, before I could speak, you had withdrawn it, and were engaged in its examination. When I considered all these particulars, I doubted not for a moment that *heat* had been the agent in bringing to light, on the parchment, the skull which I saw designed on it. You are well aware that chemical preparations exist, and have existed time out of mind, by means of which it is possible to write on either paper or vellum, so that the characters shall become visible only when subjected to the action of fire. Zaffre digested in *aqua regia*, and diluted with four times its weight of water, is sometimes employed; a green tint results. The regulus of cobalt, dissolved in spirit of niter, gives a red. These colors disappear at longer or shorter intervals after the material written upon cools, but again become apparent upon the reapplication of heat.

"I now scrutinized the death's-head with care. Its outer edges—the edges of the drawing nearest the edge of the vellum—were far more *distinct* than the others. It was clear that the action of the caloric had been imperfect or unequal. I immediately kindled a fire, and subjected every portion of the parchment to a glowing heat. At first, the only effect was the strengthening of the faint lines in the skull; but, on persevering in the experiment, there became visible at the corner of the slip, diagonally opposite to the spot in which the death's-head was delineated, the figure of what I at first supposed to be a goat. A closer scrutiny, however, satisfied me that it was intended for a kid."

"Ha! ha!" said I, "to be sure I have no right to laugh at you—a million and a half of money is too serious a matter for mirth—but you are not about to establish a third link in your chain; you will not find any especial connection between your pirates and a goat; pirates, you know, have nothing to do with goats; they appertain to the farming interest."

"But I have just said that the figure was *not* that of a goat."

"Well, a kid, then—pretty much the same thing."

"Pretty much, but not altogether," said Legrand. "You may have heard of one *Captain* Kidd. I at once looked on the figure of the animal as a kind of punning or hieroglyphical signature. I say signature, because its position on the vellum suggested this idea. The death's-head at the corner diagonally opposite had, in the same manner, the air of a stamp, or seal. But I was sorely put out by the absence of all else—of the body to my imagined instrument—of the text for my context."

"I presume you expected to find a letter between the stamp and the signature."

"Something of that kind. The fact is, I felt irresistibly impressed with a presentiment of some vast good fortune impending. I can scarcely say why. Perhaps, after all, it was rather a desire than an actual belief; but do you know that Jupiter's silly words, about the bug being of solid gold, had a remarkable effect on my fancy? And then the series of accidents and coincidences—these were so *very* extraordinary. Do you observe how mere an accident it was that these events should have occurred on the *sole* day of all the year in which it has been, or may be, sufficiently cool for fire, and that without the fire, or without the intervention of the dog at the precise moment in which he appeared, I should never have become aware of the death's-head, and so never the possessor of the treasure?"

"But proceed—I am all impatience."

"Well, you have heard, of course, the many stories current—the thousand vague rumors afloat about money buried, somewhere on the Atlantic coast, by Kidd and his associates. These rumors must have had some foundation in fact. And that the rumors have existed so long and so continuously could have resulted, it appeared to me, only from the circumstance of the buried treasure still *remaining* entombed. Had Kidd concealed his plunder for a time, and afterwards reclaimed it, the rumors would scarcely have reached us in their present unvarying form. You will observe that the stories told are all about money-seekers, not about money-finders. Had the pirate recovered his money, there the affair would have dropped. It seemed to me that some accident—say the loss of a memorandum indicating its locality—had deprived him of the means of recovering it, and that this accident had become known to his followers, who otherwise might never have heard that treasure had been concealed at all, and who, busying themselves in vain, because unguided, attempts to regain it, had given first birth, and then universal currency, to the reports which are now so common. Have you ever heard of any important treasure being unearthed along the coast?"

"Never."

"But that Kidd's accumulations were immense is well known. I took it for granted, therefore, that the earth still held them; and you will scarcely be surprised when I tell you that I felt a hope, nearly amounting to certainty, that the parchment so strangely found involved a lost record of the place of deposit."

"But how did you proceed?"

"I held the vellum again to the fire, after increasing the heat, but nothing appeared. I now thought it possible that the coating of dirt might have something to do with the failure; so I carefully rinsed the parchment by pouring warm water over it, and, having done this, I placed it in a tin pan, with the skull downward, and put the pan upon a furnace of lighted charcoal. In a few minutes, the pan having become thoroughly heated, I removed the slip, and, to my inexpressible joy, found it spotted, in several places, with what appeared to be figures arranged in lines. Again I placed it in the pan, and suffered it to remain another minute. Upon taking it off, the whole was just as you see it now."

Here, Legrand, having reheated the parchment, submitted it to my inspection. The following characters were rudely traced, in a red tint, between the death's-head and the goat:

53‡‡†305))6*;4826)4‡.)4‡);806*;48†
8¶60))85;;]8*;:‡*8†83(88)5*†;46(;88*
96*?;8)*‡(;485);5*†2:*‡(;4956*2(5*—
4)8¶8*;4069285);)6†8)4‡‡;1(‡9;48081;
8 :8‡1;48†85;4)485†528806*81 (‡9;48;
(88;4(‡?34;48)4‡;161;:188;‡?;

"But," said I, returning him the slip, "I am as much in the dark as ever. Were all the jewels of Golconda awaiting me on my solution of this enigma, I am quite sure that I should be unable to earn them."

"And yet," said Legrand, "the solution is by no means so difficult as you might be led to imagine from the

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89. **Golconda**, a city of India, formerly noted for the diamonds that were cut and polished there.

first hasty inspection of the characters. These characters, as anyone might readily guess, form a cipher—that is to say, they convey a meaning; but then, from what is known of Kidd, I could not suppose him capable of constructing any of the more abstruse cryptographs. I made up my mind, at once, that this was of a simple species—such, however, as would appear, to the crude intellect of the sailor, absolutely insoluble without the key."

"And you really solved it?"

"Readily; I have solved others of an abstruseness ten thousand times greater. Circumstances, and a certain bias of mind, have led me to take interest in such riddles, and it may well be doubted whether human ingenuity can construct an enigma of the kind which human ingenuity may not, by proper application, resolve. In fact, having once established connected and legible characters, I scarcely gave a thought to the mere difficulty of developing their import.

"In the present case—indeed in all cases of secret writing—the first question regards the *language* of the cipher; for the principles of solution, so far, especially, as the more simple ciphers are concerned, depend on, and are varied by, the genius of the particular idiom. In general, there is no alternative but experiment (directed by probabilities) of every tongue known to him who attempts the solution, until the true one be attained. But, with the cipher now before us, all difficulty is removed by the signature. The pun upon the word 'Kidd' is appreciable in no other language than the English. But for this consideration I should have begun my attempts with the Spanish and French, as the tongues in which a secret of this kind would most naturally have been written by a pirate of the Spanish Main. As it was, I assumed the cryptograph to be English.

"You observe there are no divisions between the words. Had there been divisions, the task would have been comparatively easy. In such case I should have commenced with a collation and analysis of the shorter words, and, had a word of a single letter occurred, as is most likely (*a* or *I*, for example), I should have considered the solution as assured. But there being no division, my first step was to ascertain the predominant letters, as well as the least frequent. Counting all, I constructed a table, thus:

Of the character	8	there are	33
	;	“	26
	4	“	19
	‡)	“	16
	*	“	13
	5	“	12
	6	“	11
	†1	“	8
	0	“	6
	92	“	5
	:3	“	4
	?	“	3
	¶	“	2
	]—.	“	1

"Now, in English, the letter which most frequently occurs is *e*. Afterwards the succession runs thus: *a o i d h n r s t u y c f g l m w b k p q x z*. *E* predominates, however, so remarkably that an individual sentence of any length is rarely seen, in which it is not the prevailing character.

"Here, then, we have, in the very beginning, the groundwork for something more than a mere guess. The general use which may be made of the table is obvious—but, in this particular cipher, we shall only very

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49. **Spanish Main**, the mainland of Spanish America, especially the northern coast of South America from the Isthmus of Panama to the Amazon River. The name is often improperly applied to the Caribbean Sea.

partially require its aid. As our predominant character is 8, we will commence by assuming it as the *e* of the natural alphabet. To verify the supposition, let us observe if the 8 be seen often in couples—for *e* is doubled with great frequency in English—in such words, for example, as *meet, fleet, speed, seen, been, agree,* etc. In the present instance we see it doubled no less than five times, although the cryptograph is brief.

"Let us assume 8, then, as *e*. Now of all *words* in the language, *the* is most usual; let us see, therefore, whether there are not repetitions of any three characters, in the same order of collocation, the last of them being 8. If we discover repetitions of such letters, so arranged, they will most probably represent the word *the*. On inspection, we find no less than seven such arrangements, the characters being ;48. We may, therefore, assume that the semicolon represents *t*, that 4 represents *h*, and that 8 represents *e*—the last being now well confirmed. Thus a great step has been taken.

"But, having established a single word, we are enabled to establish a vastly important point; that is to say, several commencements and terminations of other words. Let us refer, for example, to the last instance but one, in which the combination ;48 occurs—not far from the end of the cipher. We know that the semicolon immediately ensuing is the commencement of a word, and, of the six characters succeeding this *the*, we are cognizant of no less than five. Let us set these characters down, thus, by the letters we know them to represent, leaving a space for the unknown—

t eeth.

"Here we are enabled, at once, to discard the '*th*,' as forming no portion of the word commencing with the first *t:* since, by experiment of the entire alphabet for a letter adapted to the vacancy, we perceive that no word can be formed of which this *th* can be a part. We are thus narrowed into

t ee,

and, going through the alphabet, if necessary, as before, we arrive at the word *tree* as the sole possible reading. We thus gain another letter, *r*, represented by (, with the words *the tree* in juxtaposition.

"Looking beyond these words, for a short distance, we again see the combination ;48, and employ it by way of *termination* to what immediately precedes. We have thus this arrangement:

the tree ;4(‡?34 the,

or, substituting the natural letters, where known, it reads thus:

the tree thr ‡?3h the.

"Now, if, in place of the unknown characters, we leave blank spaces, or substitute dots, we read thus:

the tree thr . . . h the,

when the word *through* makes itself evident at once. But this discovery gives us three new letters, *o*, *u*, and *g*, represented by ‡, ?, and 3.

"Looking now, narrowly, through the cipher for combinations of known characters, we find, not very far from the beginning, this arrangement:

83(88, or egree,

which, plainly, is the conclusion of the word *degree*, and gives us another letter, *d*, represented by †.

"Four letters beyond the word *degree*, we perceive the combination

;46(;88*

"Translating the known characters,

and representing the unknown by dots, as before, we read thus:

th . rtee ,

an arrangement immediately suggestive of the word *thirteen*, and again furnishing us with two new characters, *i* and *n*, represented by 6 and *.

"Referring, now, to the beginning of the cryptograph, we find the combination,

53‡‡†.

"Translating as before, we obtain

good,

which assures us that the first letter is *A*, and that the first two words are *A good*.

"To avoid confusion, it is now time that we arrange our key, as far as discovered, in a tabular form. It will stand thus:

5 represents a
† " d
8 " e
3 " g
4 " h
6 " i
* " n
‡ " o
(" r
; " t

"We have, therefore, no less than ten of the most important letters represented, and it will be unnecessary to proceed with the details of the solution. I have said enough to convince you that ciphers of this nature are readily soluble, and to give you some insight into the rationale of their development. But be assured that the specimen before us appertains to the very simplest species of cryptograph. It now only remains to give you the full translation of the characters upon the parchment, as unriddled. Here it is:

" '*A good glass in the bishop's hostel in the devil's seat twenty-one degrees and thirteen minutes northeast and by north main branch seventh limb east side shoot from the left eye of the death's-head a bee line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.*' "

"But," said I, "the enigma seems still in as bad a condition as ever. How is it possible to extort a meaning from all this jargon about 'devil's seats,' 'death's-heads,' and 'bishop's hostels'?"

"I confess," replied Legrand, "that the matter still wears a serious aspect, when regarded with a casual glance. My first endeavor was to divide the sentence unto the natural division intended by the cryptographist."

"You mean, to punctuate it?"

"Something of that kind."

"But how is it possible to effect this?"

"I reflected that it had been a *point* with the writer to run his words together without division, so as to increase the difficulty of solution. Now, a not over-acute man, in pursuing such an object, would be nearly certain to overdo the matter. When, in the course of his composition, he arrived at a break in his subject which would naturally require a pause, or a point, he would be exceedingly apt to run his characters, at this place, more than usually close together. If you will observe the MS., in the present instance, you will easily detect five such cases of unusual crowding. Acting on this hint, I made the division thus:

" '*A good glass in the Bishop's hostel in the devil's seat—twenty-one degrees and thirteen minutes—northeast and by north—main branch seventh limb east side—shoot from the left eye of the death's-head—a bee-line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.*' "

"Even this division," said I, "leaves me still in the dark."

"It left me also in the dark," replied Legrand, "for a few days; during which I made diligent inquiry, in the neighborhood of Sullivan's Island, for any building which went by the name of the 'Bishop's Hotel'; for, of course, I dropped the obsolete word 'hostel.' Gaining no information on the subject, I was on the point of extending my sphere of search, and proceeding in a more systematic manner, when one morning it entered into my head, quite suddenly, that this 'Bishop's Hostel' might have some reference to an old family, of the name of Bessop, which, time out of mind, had held possession of an ancient manor house, about four miles to the northward of the island. I accordingly went over to the plantation, and reinstituted my inquiries among the older negroes of the place. At length one of the most aged of the women said that she had heard of such a place as *Bessop's Castle*, and thought that she could guide me to it, but that it was not a castle, nor a tavern, but a high rock.

"I offered to pay her well for her trouble, and, after some demur, she consented to accompany me to the spot. We found it without much difficulty, when, dismissing her, I proceeded to examine the place. The 'castle' consisted of an irregular assemblage of cliffs and rocks—one of the latter being quite remarkable for its height as well as for its insulated and artificial appearance. I clambered to its apex, and then felt much at a loss as to what should be next done.

"While I was busied in reflection, my eyes fell on a narrow ledge in the eastern face of the rock, perhaps a yard below the summit upon which I stood. This ledge projected about eighteen inches, and was not more than a foot wide, while a niche in the cliff just above it gave it a rude resemblance to one of the hollow-backed chairs used by our ancestors. I made no doubt that here was the 'devil's seat' alluded to in the MS., and now I seemed to grasp the full secret of the riddle.

"The 'good glass,' I knew, could have reference to nothing but a telescope; for the word 'glass' is rarely employed in any other sense by seamen. Now here, I at once saw, was a telescope to be used, and a definite point of view, *admitting no variation*, from which to use it. Nor did I hesitate to believe that the phrases 'twenty-one degrees and thirteen minutes,' and 'northeast and by north,' were intended as directions for the leveling of the glass. Greatly excited by these discoveries, I hurried home, procured a telescope, and returned to the rock.

"I let myself down to the ledge, and found that it was impossible to retain a seat on it unless in one particular position. This fact confirmed my preconceived idea. I proceeded to use the glass. Of course, the 'twenty-one degrees and thirteen minutes' could allude to nothing but elevation above the visible horizon, since the horizontal direction was clearly indicated by the words, 'northeast and by north.' This latter direction I at once established by means of a pocket-compass; then, pointing the glass as nearly at an angle of twenty-one degrees of elevation as I could do it by guess, I moved it cautiously up or down, until my attention was arrested by a circular rift or opening in the foliage of a large tree that overtopped its fellows in the distance. In the center of this rift I perceived a white spot, but could not at first distinguish what it was. Adjusting the focus of the telescope, I again looked, and now made it out to be a human skull.

"On this discovery I was so sanguine as to consider the enigma solved; for the phrase 'main branch, seventh limb, east side,' could refer only to the position of the skull on the tree, while 'shoot from the left eye of the death's-head' admitted, also, of but one interpretation, in regard to a search for buried treasure. I perceived that the design was to drop a bullet from the left eye of the skull, and that a bee-line, or in other words, a straight line, drawn from the nearest point of the trunk through 'the shot' (or the spot where the bullet fell), and thence extended to a distance of fifty feet, would indicate a definite point—and beneath this point I thought it at least *possible* that a deposit of value lay concealed."

"All this," I said, "is exceedingly clear, and, although ingenious, still simple and explicit. When you left the Bishop's Hotel, what then?"

"Why, having carefully taken the bearings of the tree, I turned homeward. The instant that I left 'the devil's seat,' however, the circular rift vanished; nor could I get a glimpse of it afterwards, turn as I would. What seems to me the chief ingenuity in this whole business, is the fact (for repeated experiment has convinced me it *is* a fact) that the circular opening in question is visible from no other attainable point of view than that afforded by the narrow ledge on the face of the rock.

"In this expedition to the 'Bishop's Hotel' I had been attended by Jupiter, who had no doubt observed, for some weeks past, the abstraction of my demeanor, and took especial care not to leave me alone. But on the next day, getting up very early, I contrived to give him the slip, and went into the hills in search of the tree. After much toil I found it. When I came home at night my valet proposed to give me a flogging. With the rest of the adventure I believe you are as well acquainted as myself."

"I suppose," said I, "you missed the spot, in the first attempt at digging, through Jupiter's stupidity in letting the bug fall through the right instead of through the left eye of the skull."

"Precisely. This mistake made a difference of about two inches and a half in the 'shot'—that is to say, in the position of the peg nearest the tree; and had the treasure been *beneath* the 'shot,' the error would have been of little moment; but the 'shot,' together with the nearest point of the tree, were merely two points for the establishment of a line of direction; of course the error, however trivial in the beginning, increased as we proceeded with the line, and, by the time we had gone fifty feet, threw us quite off the scent. But for my deep-seated convictions that treasure was here somewhere actually buried, we might have had all our labor in vain."

"I presume the fancy of *the skull*—of letting fall a bullet through the skull's eye—was suggested to Kidd by the piratical flag. No doubt he felt a kind of poetical consistency in recovering his money through this ominous insignium."

"Perhaps so; still, I cannot help thinking that common-sense had quite as much to do with the matter as poetical consistency. To be visible from the devil's seat, it was necessary that the object, if small, should be *white;* and there is nothing like your human skull for retaining and even increasing its whiteness under exposure to all vicissitudes of weather."

"But your grandiloquence, and your conduct in swinging the beetle—how excessively odd! I was sure you were mad. And why did you insist on letting fall the bug, instead of a bullet, from the skull?"

"Why, to be frank, I felt somewhat annoyed by your evident suspicions touching my sanity, and so resolved to punish you quietly, in my own way, by a little bit of sober mystification. For this reason I swung the beetle, and for this reason I let it fall from the tree. An observation of yours about its great weight suggested the latter idea."

"Yes, I perceive; and now there is only one point which puzzles me. What are we to make of the skeletons found in the hole?"

"That is a question I am no more able to answer than yourself. There seems, however, only one plausible way of accounting for them—and yet it is dreadful to believe in such atrocity as my suggestion would imply. It is clear that Kidd—if Kidd indeed secreted this treasure, which I doubt not—it is clear that he must have had assistance in the labor. But, the worst of this labor concluded, he may have thought it expedient to remove all participants in his secret. Perhaps a couple of blows with a mattock were sufficient, while his coadjutors were busy in the pit; perhaps it required a dozen—who shall tell?"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. In discussing "The Masque of the Red Death," in *Junior High School Literature, Book Two,* it was noted that Poe was a leader in the development of the short story. In general, his short stories fall into two classes: first, those in which he aims to produce upon the reader an overwhelming impression of horror or terror; and second, those in which he provides a mystery and its solution. "The Masque of the Red Death" is a type of the former and "The Gold Bug" is one of the best of the latter. "The Gold Bug" has in it a strong element of adventure, but Poe's chief interest was in the mystery, as is shown by the fact that the major climax of the story is reserved for the part in which is related the deciphering of the cryptograph. In general, a short story has an introduction, a main incident, a point of highest interest, or climax, and a conclusion, but in "The Gold Bug" each of the two main divisions of the story has these essential parts.

2. Poe received a prize of one hundred dollars for this story, which was first published in a newspaper. The story is the most famous of the many that have been written about Captain Kidd, the notorious Scottish pirate whose exploits for the most part are associated with the coast of the Carolinas, and who was hanged in London in 1701. Poe is therefore accurate in placing the scene of the story on Sullivan's Island, though his description of the island has been criticized for inaccuracies, in spite of the fact that he was stationed at Fort Moultrie in 1828. For the "gold bug" itself, Poe drew chiefly upon his imagination; there are various so-called "gold" bugs, but the peculiar markings of the bug in this story are not recorded in scientific books. Interest in scientific matters can be found in much of Poe's work. He was an expert in cryptography, and wrote an essay on the subject.

Questions and Topics

1. Tell why the title is a good one. What two distinct parts did you note in the story? Which of these was the more interesting to you? Where does the one end and the other begin?

2. Which paragraphs serve as an introduction? What information do these paragraphs give you? The island is lonely, yet inhabited; is this detail essential to the story? Who is the most important character? What did he like best to do? Who accompanied him on his excursions? Do you feel sure that you understand what sort of man Legrand was? Do any details suggest that he was a trifle unbalanced?

3. In a good short story there are no unnecessary details; account for Poe's emphasis on the chilliness of the weather in the description of the first visit; recount the circumstances by which he leads naturally to the necessity for paper; the friend is chilly and retains his seat by the fire—show that Poe planned this detail; the dog enters and caresses him—show the necessity for this detail; note the long conversation emphasizing Legrand's behavior in reference to the death's-head and give the purpose of this detail. Is this the first hint

of mystery? In your first reading of the story, where did you begin to suspect the object of the expedition? Where is it first mentioned in the story?

4. A good story teller holds interest by arousing curiosity and creating suspense; note in the second visit all the details by which Poe accomplishes these objects. Does it make this part of the story more interesting, or less so, to have the friend and Jupiter (and the reader) left in doubt as to what is in Legrand's mind? What is the most interesting point in the account of the expedition? What devices does Poe use to heighten interest at this important point, from the howlings of the dog to the finding of the treasure? In the conclusion of the first part, an appearance of truth is given by exact statements of number and quantity; what effect had these details upon you at first reading?

5. Is it essential that Poe should make Legrand certain that there had been no figure on the "paper" when he made his drawing? Explain all the steps by which Legrand brought to light the cryptograph on the parchment. Is the presence of the parchment in Legrand's pocket satisfactorily accounted for? Do you think all the details connected with the bringing to light of the original designs and figures upon the parchment are probable? Explain how Legrand determined that the figure *8* of the cryptograph represented the letter *e*. Why are not all the details of the solution given? What is the most interesting point in Legrand's account of how he solved the mystery?

6. The conclusion relates the events following the discovery and verification of the cryptograph, and explains some of the mystifying incidents connected with the discovery of the treasure; in your first reading of the story, what details and incidents puzzled you? Are they all satisfactorily explained?

7. Do all points in the story seem probable to you? For example, does it seem probable that Captain Kidd would have hidden his treasure in the place described? If so, do you think of him as locating the tree from the "devil's seat," or locating the seat from the tree? Does it seem probable to you that the circular rift, or opening, through which the skull could be seen would remain unchanged after such a lapse of time?

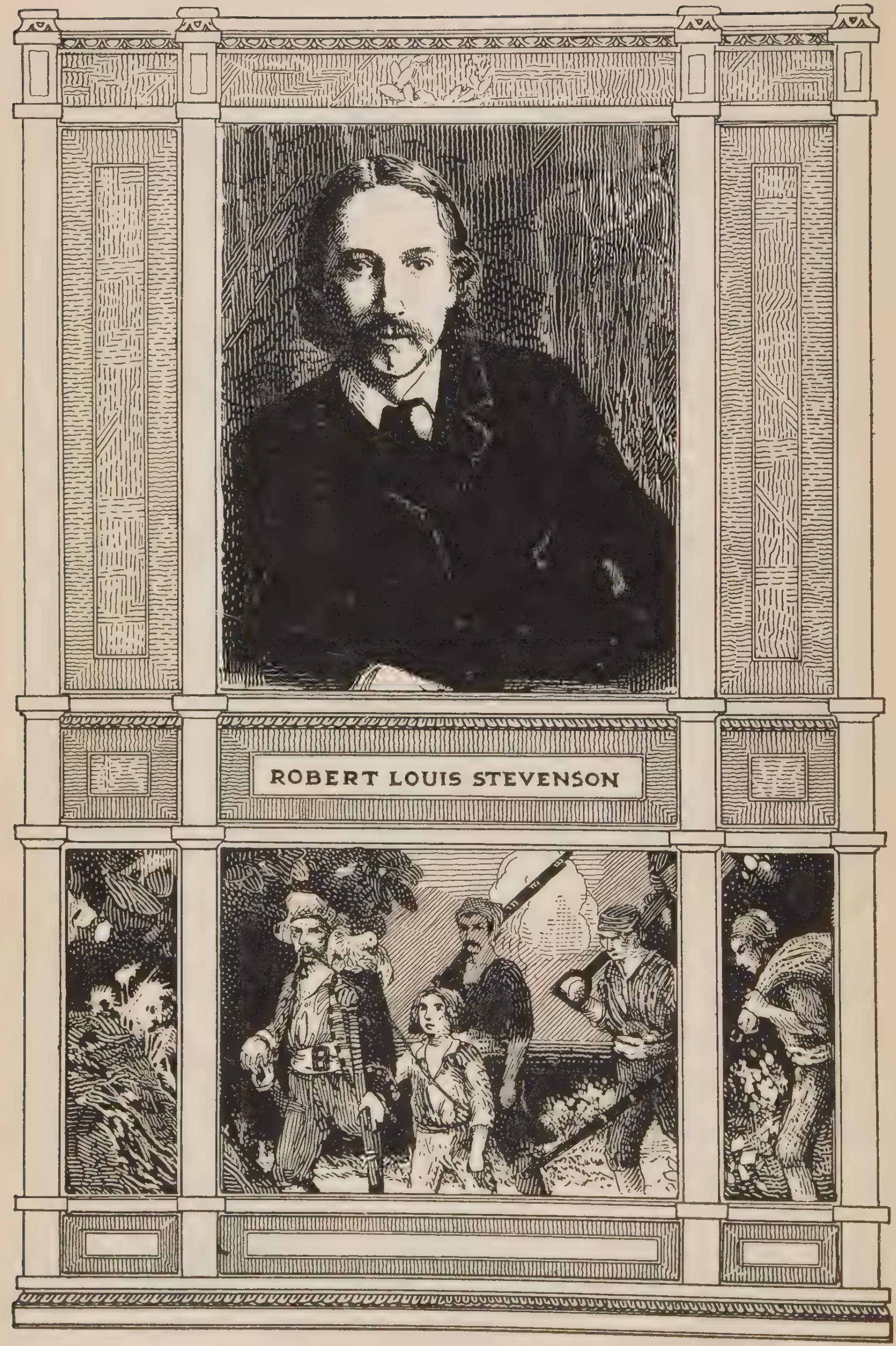
8. Much of the story is made up of conversation; which do you like the better, stories that contain much dialogue or those that are mainly narration? Is the dialogue in this story lifelike? Is Jupiter more or less lifelike in conversation than Legrand and his friend?

9. Did you enjoy the story? Did it mystify you? Did you want to lay it aside before you had finished it? Does this story meet the test of literature about which you read in the Introduction on page 9? What other stories of mystery have you read? How do they compare with this story?

Theme Topics. 1. Hunting Captain Kidd's treasure; 2. What I found in a hermit's cabin.

Class Reading. The first visit; the invitation; the expedition sets out; the finding of the tree; Jupiter climbs the tree; digging for the treasure; the finding of the treasure; how the cryptograph was brought to light.

Library Reading. "The Adventure of The Speckled Band," A. Conan Doyle (in *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*).



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

STEVENSON'S "TREASURE ISLAND"
AN INTRODUCTION

Now and then it is given to a man not only to create, through his books, a world of rich variety and never-ending adventure, but also to live in this world himself and thus to become in a way the hero of his own stories. Such a man was Walter Scott, who re-created in his romances the life of past times and who also became himself a sort of feudal lord, dispensing bounty to his retainers, living the large and generous life of his own heroes. Such a man, also, was the author of *Treasure Island*, who wrote, in his own youth, the story of a boy's wonderful adventures on a mysterious island in search of pirate gold, and at length himself set out in a small yacht to seek and to find hidden treasure of a different kind in the islands of the South Seas.

In a sense, this parallelism between the books and the lives of these two great men is only an illustration of a fact that may be constantly observed. Any great book is the expression of the innermost personality of its author. It reflects his interests, his views of life. *Ivanhoe*, *The Lady of the Lake*, and the rest of Scott's heroic romances are only manifestations of the personality that found another expression in the life at Abbotsford, about which you will read later in this book. And *Treasure Island*, a boy's search for hidden treasure, with its delightful suggestion of the mysterious and all the other qualities that make it the best story of its kind ever written, is just an expression of Stevenson himself. He did not go after pirate's gold, but the whole life of this boy who once studied law in Edinburgh and who, still a young man, died in far-off Samoa, was not unlike the quest on which Jim Hawkins set forth. The great book is an epitome of the great life.

It is not merely an *imitation*, however, this life that seems to parallel the book. For example, it is true that Scott liked to fancy himself a sort of re-incarnation of one of his heroic ancestors centuries before his own time. His letters, and the *Life* by Lockhart, give abundant evidence of this. Outwardly it was as though a man nowadays should try to imitate in his home and his way of living the life led in Colonial or Revolutionary times. But the true parallel is seen in the way in which Scott met life. When disaster came upon him, and he manfully discharged his obligations, like the knight at arms that he was; when in the crisis and indeed throughout his whole life he lived up to his own ideals of the chivalry that he praised in his romances, the parallel between the man and his books became a living thing. It was not a spectacular sort of heroism that he exhibited; it was only the sort of heroism that is another name for duty, that made him sit down to unceasing work in order that innocent people should not suffer through the business failure of his partners. There is a similar connection between the story that you are now to read and the life of its author. Though the hidden treasure that Robert Louis Stevenson sought and found, in a search that took him on a longer journey than Homer's Ulysses ever knew, was not pirate gold, *Treasure Island* is a sort of unconscious prediction of the kind of life its author was destined to lead.

I

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, November 13, 1850. His father and grandfather were civil engineers of distinction, their special work being lighthouse construction, and from his father the young writer learned much about nautical terms and the language that gives raciness to his story of the sea. From his mother, who belonged to a family of scholars and ministers, the boy inherited much of his literary instinct.

As a boy he was handicapped by bad health that made his schooling somewhat irregular and prevented him from joining in the sports of his fellows. He was fond of the out-of-doors, however, and spent much time in the country. He became a great reader, especially of tales of adventure and of English poetry. His instinct toward self-expression showed itself even before he could write. In his sixth year, he dictated a "History of Moses," and at nine was the author of a manuscript to which he gave the title "Travels in Perth." Between his eleventh and sixteenth years he wrote, edited, and illustrated many "magazines." When he was sixteen, he wrote a historical essay which was printed.

This early interest in writing became a dominant force in his life. He tells us that he rarely took a walk without two books in his pocket, one for reading and the other a blank book in which to note down some observation or to write a bit of description. He was especially interested in description, since, as he said, the materials were everywhere. He says that he was ambitious to become a writer, but that the chief thing he wanted was to know how to write. The story of these formative years in the life of a great writer is a convincing proof that skill in the art comes not by birth or by chance, but by incessant practice. The young Stevenson wrote constantly, criticized his own writing severely, published almost nothing. He studied words as if they were jewels. He tried various ways of saying what he thought he had to say, until he could say it as he wanted to say it. In his masterpieces his style is so simple, so easy and graceful, that the reader is apt to forget what long and patient practice preceded the writing of what seems as natural as talking.

In November of 1867 Stevenson entered the University of Edinburgh. He found little in the course of study that attracted him. He described himself as an idler and a truant, but he was making the best possible use of his time in the light of what he was to do. Foreign travel had sharpened his powers of observation; he was curious about life; he made many acquaintances. All the time he kept on with his reading and with his practice of composition. Most of what he wrote he destroyed. He planned a history of Scotland, and in preparation for this made a study of the old documents and other historical materials that served him well in his later stories of Scottish life. In this respect, as in many others, he reminds us of Sir Walter Scott. Like Scott, too, he was finding adventures both in books and in life.

His family expected him to follow his father and grandfather in the profession of engineering, and he carried on his studies in this direction to such effect that in 1871 he won a silver medal given by the Edinburgh Society of Arts for an essay on an improved lighthouse. His interest in the sea and in out-of-doors employment was a point in favor of his choice of engineering as a profession, but he lacked the physical strength for it, and decided upon the law. This study he began in 1871, and four years later he was admitted to the bar.

Stevenson never practiced law. His health was precarious; his law studies had been interrupted because of a nervous attack and trouble with his lungs that necessitated a year of foreign travel. Always he was writing, destroying, writing again. It is interesting to observe that he planned to be an engineer, later studied law and was admitted to practice, and still later was a candidate for a professorship of history at Edinburgh, all of them substantial professions of the sort that would appeal to a young man of parts, but he was not destined to follow any of them. He was gradually drawing nearer to the one thing he had most at heart, and was compelled to follow it by a force outside himself.

In 1876 his career really began. He wrote, 1876-8, a series of essays and short papers for the *Cornhill Magazine.* In the same years three of his best known stories appeared in the magazines: "A Lodging for a Night," "The Sire de Maletroit's Door," and "Will o' the Mill." His first book, *An Inland Voyage*, appeared in 1878 and was followed soon after by *The New Arabian Nights' Entertainment*, and *Travels with a Donkey.* All these—the essays for *Cornhill*, the stories, and the books—were notable experiments in story, description, and essay, the forms of writing in which he excelled. He won no immediate fame, except among a few keen-sighted men who saw that a great new writer was appearing, but this "fit audience, though few," loved his work for the same reason that we love it today, for its rare personal charm, its keen observation, its humor, and its clear and delightful style.

II

And now Stevenson began, like Jim Hawkins, his search for the hidden treasure. In 1879 he made the long journey from Scotland to San Francisco. His love of adventure, satisfying a roving disposition that had been born in him; the thought that he might improve his health, now a source of constant concern; and a desire to be independent, all combined to influence him. He made the journey by emigrant ship and emigrant train, to save money, and also that he might observe life at first hand. He gathered the materials for his book, *The Amateur Emigrant*, and wrote for magazines and for California papers. There is no space here to tell the fascinating story of his adventures: how he was seized by an illness in San Francisco that nearly cost his life; how he came near starving because he would not let his relatives know he was out of money; how great happiness came into his life when, in 1880, he married Mrs. Osbourne. The next year he returned, with his bride, to Edinburgh, and a little later began work upon *Treasure Island.* With this book, which first appeared as a serial and in 1883 was reprinted in book form, he won fame. The story grew out of a suggestion by his step-son, Lloyd Osbourne, and was thus written for a boy and therefore for all boys. It was planned around a map, which you will find reproduced on page 187. To a friend he wrote, while he was developing the story: "Will you be surprised to learn that it is about buccaneers, that it begins in the Admiral Benbow public house on Devon coast, that it's all about a map, and a treasure, and a mutiny, and a derelict ship, and a current, and a fine old squire Trelawney . . . and a doctor, and a sea-cook with one leg, and a sea-song with the chorus 'Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum' (at the third Ho you heave at the capstan bars), which is a real buccaneer's song, only known to the crew of the late Captain Flint?" How deeply fascinated he was by his work appears in another letter: "It's awful fun, boys' stories; you just indulge the pleasure of your heart, that's all; no trouble, no strain."

What made this book a masterpiece, of course, was this zest, this spirit of keen enjoyment, flowing through a pen that had been trained by years of incessant toil. It seemed to write itself, as its author says, but the mastery was the mastery of a man who comes to a tennis match in the perfection of form won through years of practice. Such a player seems unconscious of any effort, any strain; but sight and nerve and muscle work in perfect harmony because of the training they have undergone.

Some account of the plot, the characterization, and the style of this book will be given in connection with your study of it. At this point our story need be interrupted only long enough to show that something besides the writer's craftsmanship comes in to make the book significant.

The story begins, you have just read, "in the Admiral Benbow public-house on Devon coast," and "it is about buccaneers." These words take us back at once to the days of Sir Walter Raleigh, who was a Devon man, and recall his raids on the Spanish treasure ships, his marvelous voyage to Guiana and the equally marvelous account that he wrote of it, and his story of the *Revenge.* Some of this material you doubtless already know. If you like *Treasure Island*, you might read Tennyson's ballad "The Revenge," or Sir Walter's account on which the ballad is based, and you might try to find Raleigh's story of his journey to Guiana. *Treasure Island*, of course, belongs to a later time, but it is all of a piece, in a way, for the buccaneers themselves are related to the times and the adventures in which Raleigh, Drake, and the other Elizabethan "knights errant of the sea" had a part. For the privateers that preyed on Spanish commerce became pirate ships; their crews were called "brethren of the coast." Their chief provision was dried goats' meat, called "boucan," and the name buccaneer comes from this word. In the eighteenth century there were thousands of these pirates in the West Indies and along the Atlantic Coast, degenerate followers of Sir Walter, who had not his patriotic aims; and the stories of Captain Kidd, Morgan, Blackbeard, and Bonnet are illustrations of the extent of this unlawful trade.

Because of its stirring quality, boys of all ages read eagerly *Treasure Island.* It was translated into many languages, and is the most famous of pirate stories. Stevenson immediately set to work upon another boys' story, *Black Arrow,* which appeared in 1883. Two years later a collection of verses for children that grown-ups also like to read was published under the title of *A Child's Garden of Verses,* and has become the classic of its kind. *Kidnapped,* a story of the Highlands, followed in 1886, together with the famous *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* Then this period of intense literary activity was brought to an end by another failure of the author's health and his second and final pilgrimage from home.

III

The winter of 1887-8 was spent at Saranac Lake, in the Adirondacks, where it was hoped that Stevenson might be cured of his lung trouble. He spent the days out-of-doors in the intense cold of a mountain winter. What writing he was able to do was sent to *Scribner's Magazine* and attracted the attention of S. S. McClure, who offered the author $10,000 for a series of letters from the South Seas. And so, a few years after the story of the cruise of the *Hispaniola* had been written, the author of the story was fitting up a small ship in which to sail farther from his Scottish home than Jim Hawkins ever sailed from Devon, to a destination as remote and mysterious, viewed from Edinburgh, as the treasure island itself.

In June, 1888, the yacht *Casco* sailed through the Golden Gate. After a long cruise in the southern Pacific, the Stevensons put in at Honolulu, where, six months later, they took passage in a rough trading schooner en route for the myriads of islands that dot the South Pacific. After visiting several groups of islands, they went to Samoa, and finally to Sydney. Here Stevenson found he could not stay, as the climate aggravated his trouble, so in April of 1890 he returned to Samoa, where he bought four hundred acres above Apia and gave to his estate the name of Vailima. After a few months of further journeying among the islands, he returned, in September, to build the home that he was to occupy for the few remaining years of his life.

Though an exile, he was happy. The natives loved him and his stories. They called him Tusitala, "teller of tales." A new period of intense literary activity began and lasted until his death. He began work at six in the morning, and except for a brief interval at noon, kept at it until four or five o'clock in the afternoon. His letters to English friends show his happiness and his apparent health. One of the books that he worked upon, *Weir of Hermiston,* was the most mature of all the volumes that you see in that long row of books named "The Complete Works of Robert Louis Stevenson," but it was never finished. On the third of December, 1894, after a particularly happy day, the end came without warning and without pain.

IV

Tusitala, teller of tales, was dead. In this far-off country the exile had written books that will be read as long as the English language endures. He had also made himself a sort of divinity to the Samoans. Like the heroes of the old myths and epics, he had told them stories and had taught them the arts of life. He showed them that it was better to work their farms than to spend themselves in feuds and petty wars. He was instrumental in securing the release of a number of old Samoan chiefs who had been imprisoned by Germany, England, and the United States because of an uprising. So great was their love for him that they built a road from Apia through the forests and up the mountain to Vailima. They called it "The Road of the Loving Heart,"

"THE ROAD OF THE LOVING HEART"

and made for it an inscription: "Considering the great love of his Excellency Tusitala in his loving care of us in our tribulation we have made this great gift; it shall never be muddy, it shall go on forever, this road that we have dug."

Is it not like a return of the days of the old heroes, of Ulysses and Aeneas, with their care of their people, their teaching of the ways of peace and honest labor, and their telling of tales?

"It shall go on forever, this road that we have dug."

So this series of hero-stories goes on forever. It is told now of Ulysses, again of Aeneas; again, at the dim beginning of our English race, of Beowulf. It is told of Walter Scott. It is told of Robert Louis Stevenson. It applies, you see, not merely to the stories themselves. "The Complete Works of Robert Louis Stevenson" fill quite a bit of space in our libraries. They fill quite a bit of space in our hearts. But they fill this space because Tusitala lived the life of a hero. Like Ulysses, like Aeneas, he was struck by adverse fates. He was an exile and a wanderer. His life was one long struggle against disease, as theirs were long struggles in war and banishment. Like them, he joyed in the struggle.

And now what was this hidden treasure that Robert Louis Stevenson, like Jim Hawkins, went out to find? The pirates he met were not those that we meet in the story. Rather, they were the same under other names. The hidden treasure was not gold buried under a giant tree, to be found only if you read accurately a queer map. What it was is for you to determine. Some might say it was health, that he found for a few brief years before he died. Some might say that it was fame. It might be adventure, for his life, like his stories, was crowded with adventure: strange cities, strange faces, strange modes of life, and always a battle, cheerfully borne, against the foe that killed him at last. Again, it might be happiness, this hidden treasure.

In a prayer that he wrote, he said that he wished he and those he loved might wake "with morning faces and with morning hearts—eager to labor—eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion—and if the day be marked for sorrow, strong to endure it." There are other answers that might be given. But the story of his life shows how a man may realize himself, that is, how he may make real and concrete the thing that he was born to express. His father and his grandfather were distinguished engineers. Perhaps he would have become an engineer, or a lawyer, or a historian, if it had not been for the seeming handicap of health. In his letters, among the most beautiful in the English language, you may read how bravely he met this handicap. Perhaps it was a blessing in disguise, forcing him into becoming Tusitala instead of engineer or lawyer. There was a hidden treasure for which he searched, always watched by a foe that was more evil than Captain Flint, the Blind Man, or Silver, and this treasure he found.

TREASURE ISLAND

Robert Louis Stevenson

TO THE HESITATING PURCHASER

If sailor tales to sailor tunes,
Storm and adventure, heat and cold,
If schooners, islands, and maroons,
And buccaneers and buried gold,
And all the old romance, retold
Exactly in the ancient way,
Can please, as me they pleased of old,
The wiser youngsters of today—

So be it, and fall on! If not,
If studious youth no longer crave,
His ancient appetites forgot,
Kingston, or Ballantyne the brave,
Or Cooper of the wood and wave—
So be it, also! And may I
And all my pirates share the grave
Where these and their creations lie!

PART I

THE OLD BUCCANEER

CHAPTER I

The Old Sea Dog at the "Admiral Benbow"

Squire Trelawney, Dr. Livesey, and the rest of these gentlemen having asked me to write down the whole particulars about Treasure Island, from the beginning to the end, keeping nothing back but the bearings of the island, and that only because there is still treasure not yet lifted, I take up my pen in the year of grace 17—, and go back to the time when my father kept the "Admiral Benbow" inn, and the brown old seaman, with the saber cut, first took up his lodging under our roof.

I remember him as if it were yesterday, as he came plodding to the inn door, his sea-chest following behind him in a handbarrow; a tall, strong, heavy, nut-brown man; his tarry pigtail falling over the shoulders of his soiled blue coat; his hands ragged and scarred, with black, broken nails; and the saber cut across one cheek, a dirty, livid white. I remember him looking round the cove and whistling to himself as he did so, and then breaking out in that old sea-song that he sang so often afterwards:

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

in the high, old tottering voice that seemed to have been tuned and broken at the capstan bars. Then he rapped on the door with a bit of stick like a handspike that he carried, and when my father appeared, called roughly for a glass of rum. This, when it was brought to him, he drank slowly, like a connoisseur, lingering on the taste, and still looking about him at the cliffs and up at our signboard.

"This is a handy cove," says he, at length; "and a pleasant sittyated grog-shop. Much company, mate?"

My father told him no, very little company, the more was the pity.

"Well, then," said he, "this is the berth for me. Here you, matey,"

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34. broken at the capstan bars, see line 11, page 115.

he cried to the man who trundled the barrow; "bring up alongside and help up my chest. I'll stay here a bit," he continued. "I'm a plain man; rum and bacon and eggs is what I want, and that head up there for to watch ships off. What you mought call me? You mought call me captain. Oh, I see what you're at—there"; and he threw down three or four gold pieces on the threshold. "You can tell me when I've worked through that," says he, looking as fierce as a commander.

And, indeed, bad as his clothes were, and coarsely as he spoke, he had none of the appearance of a man who sailed before the mast; but seemed like a mate or skipper, accustomed to be obeyed or to strike. The man who came with the barrow told us the mail had set him down the morning before at the "Royal George"; that he had inquired what inns there were along the coast, and hearing ours well spoken of, I suppose, and described as lonely, had chosen it from the others for his place of residence. And that was all we could learn of our guest.

He was a very silent man by custom. All day he hung round the cove, or upon the cliffs, with a brass telescope; all evening he sat in a corner of the parlor next the fire, and drank rum and water very strong. Mostly he would not speak when spoken to; only look up sudden and fierce, and blow through his nose like a foghorn; and we and the people who came about our house soon learned to let him be. Every day, when he came back from his stroll, he would ask if any seafaring men had gone by along the road. At first we thought it was the want of company of his own kind that made him ask this question; but at last we began to see he was desirous to avoid them. When a seaman put up at the "Admiral Benbow" (as now and then some did, making by the coast road for Bristol), he would look in at him through the curtained door before he entered the parlor; and he was always sure to be as silent as a mouse when any such was present. For me, at least, there was no secret about the matter; for I was, in a way, a sharer in his alarms. He had taken me aside one day, and promised me a silver fourpenny on the first of every month if I would only keep my "weather-eye open for a seafaring man with one leg," and let him know the moment he appeared. Often enough, when the first of the month came round, and I applied to him for my wage, he would only blow through his nose at me, and stare me down; but before the week was out he was sure to think better of it, bring me my fourpenny piece, and repeat his orders to look out for "the seafaring man with one leg."

How that personage haunted my dreams, I need scarcely tell you. On stormy nights, when the wind shook the four corners of the house, and the surf roared along the cove and up the cliffs, I would see him in a thousand forms, and with a thousand diabolical expressions. Now the leg would be cut off at the knee, now at the hip; now he was a monstrous kind of creature who had never had but the one leg, and that in the middle of his body. To see him leap and run and pursue me over hedge and ditch was the worst of nightmares. And altogether I paid pretty dear for my monthly fourpenny piece, in the shape of these abominable fancies.

But though I was so terrified by the idea of the seafaring man with one leg, I was far less afraid of the captain himself than anybody else who knew him. There were nights when he took a deal more rum and water than his head would carry; and then he would sometimes sit and sing his wicked, old, wild sea-songs, minding nobody; but sometimes he would call for glasses round, and force all the trembling company to listen to his stories or bear a chorus to his singing. Often I have heard the house shaking with "Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum"; all the neighbors joining in for dear life, with the fear of death upon them, and each singing louder than the other, to avoid remark. For in these fits he was the most overriding companion ever known; he would slap his hand on the table for silence all round; he would fly up in a passion of anger at a question, or sometimes because none was put, and so he judged the company was not following his story. Nor would he allow anyone to leave the inn till he had drunk himself sleepy and reeled off to bed.

His stories were what frightened people worst of all. Dreadful stories they were; about hanging, and walking the plank, and storms at sea, and the Dry Tortugas, and wild deeds and places on the Spanish Main. By his own account he must have lived his life among some of the wickedest men that God ever allowed upon the sea; and the language in which he told these stories shocked our plain country people almost as much as the crimes that he described. My father was always saying the inn would be ruined, for people would soon cease coming there to be tyrannized over and put down, and sent shivering to their beds; but I really believe his presence did us good. People were frightened at the time, but on looking back they rather liked it; it was a fine excitement in a quiet country life; and there was even a party of the younger men who pretended to admire him, calling him a "true sea dog," and a "real old salt," and such-like names, and saying there was the sort of man that made England terrible at sea.

In one way, indeed, he bade fair to ruin us; for he kept on staying week after week, and at last month after month, so that all the money had been long exhausted, and still my father never plucked up the heart to insist on having more. If ever he mentioned it, the captain blew through his nose so loudly that you might say he roared, and stared my poor father out of the room. I have seen him wringing his hands after such a rebuff and I am sure the annoyance and the terror he lived in must have greatly hastened his early and unhappy death.

All the time he lived with us the captain made no change whatever in his dress but to buy some stockings from a hawker. One of the cocks of his hat having fallen down, he let it hang from that day forth, though it was a great annoyance when it blew. I remember the appearance of his coat, which he patched himself upstairs in his room, and which, before the end, was nothing but patches. He never wrote or received a letter, and he never spoke with any but the neighbors, and with these, for the most part, only when drunk on rum. The great sea-chest none of us had ever seen open.

He was only once crossed, and that was toward the end, when my poor father was far gone in a decline that took him off. Dr. Livesey came late one afternoon to see the patient, took a bit of dinner from my mother, and went into the parlor to smoke a pipe until his horse should come down from the hamlet, for we had no stabling at the old "Benbow." I followed him in, and I remember observing the contrast the neat, bright doctor, with his powder as white as snow, and his

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25. **walking the plank**, walking blindfold on a plank which tipped the victim into the sea.

96. **powder as white as snow**, an allusion to the custom of powdering the hair or the wig.

bright black eyes and pleasant manners, made with the coltish country folk, and above all, with that filthy, heavy, bleared scarecrow of a pirate of ours, sitting far gone in rum, with his arms on the table. Suddenly he—the captain, that is—began to pipe up his eternal song:

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

At first I had supposed "the dead man's chest" to be that identical big box of his upstairs in the front room, and the thought had been mingled in my nightmares with that of the one-legged seafaring man. But by this time we had all long ceased to pay any particular notice to the song; it was new, that night, to nobody but Dr. Livesey, and on him I observed it did not produce an agreeable effect, for he looked up for a moment quite angrily before he went on with his talk to old Taylor, the gardener, on a new cure for the rheumatics. In the meantime, the captain gradually brightened up at his own music, and at last flapped his hand upon the table before him in a way we all knew to mean—silence. The voices stopped at once, all but Dr. Livesey's; he went on as before, speaking clear and kind, and drawing briskly at his pipe between every word or two. The captain glared at him for a while, flapped his hand again, glared still harder, and at last broke out with a villainous, low oath: "Silence, there, between decks!"

"Were you addressing me, sir?" says the doctor; and when the ruffian had told him, with another oath, that this was so, "I have only one thing to say to you, sir," replies the doctor, "that if you keep on drinking rum, the world will soon be quit of a very dirty scoundrel!"

The old fellow's fury was awful. He sprang to his feet, drew and opened a sailor's clasp-knife, and, balancing it open on the palm of his hand, threatened to pin the doctor to the wall.

The doctor never so much as moved. He spoke to him, as before, over his shoulder, and in the same tone of voice; rather high, so that all in the room might hear, but perfectly calm and steady:

"If you do not put that knife this instant in your pocket, I promise, upon my honor, you shall hang at next assizes."

Then followed a battle of looks between them; but the captain soon knuckled under, put up his weapon, and resumed his seat, grumbling like a beaten dog.

"And now, sir," continued the doctor, "since I now know there's such a fellow in my district, you may count I'll have an eye upon you day and night. I'm not a doctor only; I'm a magistrate; and if I catch a breath of complaint against you, if it's only for a piece of incivility like tonight's, I'll take effectual means to have you hunted down and routed out of this. Let that suffice."

Soon after, Dr. Livesey's horse came to the door, and he rode away; but the captain held his peace that evening, and for many evenings to come.

CHAPTER II

Black Dog Appears and Disappears

It was not very long after this that there occurred the first of the mysterious events that rid us at last of the captain, though not, as you will see, of his affairs. It was a bitter cold winter, with long, hard frosts and heavy gales; and it was plain from the first that my poor father was little likely to see the spring. He sank daily, and my mother and I had all the inn upon our hands; and were kept busy enough, without paying much regard to our unpleasant guest.

It was one January morning, very early—a pinching, frosty morning—the cove all gray with hoarfrost, the ripple lapping softly on the stones, the sun still low and only touching the hill-tops and shining far to seaward. The captain had risen earlier than usual, and set out down the beach, his cutlass swinging under the broad skirts of the old blue coat, his brass telescope under his arm, his hat tilted back upon his head. I remember his breath hanging like smoke in his wake as he strode off, and the last sound I heard of him, as he turned the big rock, was a loud snort of indignation, as though his mind was still running upon Dr. Livesey.

Well, mother was upstairs with father; and I was laying the breakfast-table against the captain's return, when the parlor door opened, and a man stepped in on whom I had never set my eyes before. He was a pale, tallowy creature, wanting two fingers of the left hand; and, though he wore a cutlass, he did not look much like a fighter. I had always my eye open for seafaring men, with one leg or two, and I remember this one puzzled me. He was not sailorly, and yet he had a smack of the sea about him too.

I asked him what was for his service, and he said he would take rum; but as I was going out of the room to fetch it he sat down upon a table and motioned me to draw near. I paused where I was with my napkin in my hand.

"Come here, sonny," says he. "Come nearer here." I took a step nearer.

"Is this here table for my mate Bill?" he asked with a kind of leer.

I told him I did not know his mate Bill; and this was for a person who stayed in our house, whom we called the captain.

"Well," said he, "my mate Bill would be called the captain, as like as not. He has a cut on one cheek, and a mighty pleasant way with him, particularly in drink, has my mate Bill. We'll put it, for argument like, that your captain has a cut on one cheek—and we'll put it, if you like, that that cheek's the right one. Ah, well, I told you. Now, is my mate Bill in this here house?"

I told him he was out walking.

"Which way, sonny? Which way is he gone?"

And when I had pointed out the rock and told him how the captain was likely to return, and how soon, and answered a few other questions, "Ah," said he, "this'll be as good as drink to my mate Bill."

The expression of his face as he said these words was not at all pleasant, and I had my own reasons for thinking that the stranger was mistaken, even supposing he meant what he said. But it was no affair of mine, I thought; and, besides, it was difficult to know what to do. The stranger kept hanging about just inside the inn door, peering round the corner like a cat waiting for a mouse. Once I stepped out myself into the road, but he immediately called me back, and, as I did not obey quick enough for his fancy, a most horrible change came over his tallowy face, and he ordered me in, with an oath that made me jump. As soon as I was back again, he returned to his former manner, half fawning, half sneering, patted me on the shoulder, told me I was a good boy, and he had taken quite a fancy to me. "I have a son of my own," said he, "as like you as two blocks, and he's all the pride of my 'art. But the great thing for boys is discipline, sonny—discipline. Now, if you had sailed along of Bill, you wouldn't have stood there to be spoke to twice—not you. That was never Bill's way, nor the way of sich as sailed with him. And here, sure enough, is my mate Bill, with a spyglass under his arm, bless his old 'art, to be sure. You and me'll just go back into the parlor, sonny, and get behind the door, and we'll give Bill a little surprise—bless his 'art, I say again."

So saying, the stranger backed along with me into the parlor, and put me behind him in the corner, so that we were both hidden by the open door. I was very uneasy and alarmed, as you may fancy, and it rather added to my fears to observe that the stranger was certainly frightened himself. He cleared the hilt of his cutlass and loosened the blade in the sheath; and all the time we were waiting there he kept swallowing as if he felt what we used to call a lump in the throat.

At last in strode the captain, slammed the door behind him, without looking to the right or left, and marched straight across the room to where his breakfast awaited him.

"Bill," said the stranger, in a voice that I thought he had tried to make bold and big. The captain spun round on his heel and fronted us; all the brown had gone out of his face, and even his nose was blue; he had the look of a man who sees a ghost, or the evil one, or something worse, if anything can be; and, upon my word, I felt sorry to see him, all in a moment, turn so old and sick.

"Come, Bill, you know me; you know an old shipmate, Bill, surely," said the stranger.

The captain made a sort of gasp.

"Black Dog!" said he.

"And who else?" returned the other, getting more at his ease. "Black Dog as ever was, come for to see his old shipmate Billy, at the 'Admiral Benbow' inn. Ah, Bill, Bill, we have seen a sight of times, us two, since I lost them two talons," holding up his mutilated hand.

"Now, look here," said the captain; "you've run me down; here I am; well, then, speak up; what is it?"

"That's you, Bill," returned Black Dog; "you're in the right of it, Billy. I'll have a glass of rum from this dear child here, as I've took such a liking to; and we'll sit down, if you please, and talk square, like old shipmates."

When I returned with the rum, they were already seated on either side of the captain's breakfast table—Black Dog next to the door, and sitting sideways, so as to have one eye on his old shipmate, and one, as I thought, on his retreat.

He bade me go, and leave the door wide open. "None of your keyholes for me, sonny," he said; and I left them together, and retired into the bar.

For a long time, though I certainly did my best to listen, I could hear nothing but a low gabbling; but at last the voices began to grow higher, and I could pick up a word or two, mostly oaths, from the captain.

"No, no, no, no; and an end of it!" he cried once. And again, "If it comes to swinging, swing all, say I."

Then all of a sudden there was a tremendous explosion of oaths and other noises—the chair and table went over in a lump, a clash of steel followed, and then a cry of pain, and the next instant I saw Black Dog in full flight, and the captain hotly pursuing, both with drawn cutlasses, and the former streaming blood from the left shoulder. Just at the door the captain aimed at the fugitive one last tremendous cut, which would certainly have split him to the chine had it not been intercepted by our big signboard of Admiral Benbow. You may see the notch on the lower side of the frame to this day.

That blow was the last of the battle. Once out upon the road, Black Dog, in spite of his wound, showed a wonderful clean pair of heels, and disappeared over the edge of the hill in half a minute. The captain, for his part, stood staring at the signboard like a bewildered man. Then he passed his hand over his eyes several times, and at last turned back into the house.

"Jim," says he, "rum"; and as he spoke, he reeled a little, and caught himself with one hand against the wall.

"Are you hurt?" cried I.

"Rum," he repeated. "I must get away from here. Rum! rum!"

I ran to fetch it; but I was quite unsteadied by all that had fallen out, and I broke one glass and fouled the tap, and while I was still getting in my own way, I heard a loud fall in the parlor, and, running in, beheld the captain lying full length upon the floor. At the same instant my mother, alarmed by the cries and fighting, came running downstairs to help me. Between us we raised his head. He was breathing very loud and hard; but his eyes were closed, and his face a horrible color.

"Dear, deary me," cried my mother, "what a disgrace upon the house! And your poor father sick!"

In the meantime, we had no idea what to do to help the captain, nor any other thought but that he had got his death-hurt in the scuffle with the stranger. I got the rum, to be sure, and tried to put it down his throat; but his teeth were tightly shut, and his jaws as strong as iron. It was a happy relief for us when the door opened and Dr. Livesey came in, on his visit to my father.

"Oh, doctor," we cried, "what shall we do? Where is he wounded?"

"Wounded? A fiddle-stick's end!" said the doctor. "No more wounded than you or I. The man has had a stroke, as I warned him. Now, Mrs. Hawkins, just you run upstairs to your husband, and tell him, if possible, nothing about it. For my part, I must do my best to save this fellow's trebly worthless life; and Jim here will get me a basin."

When I got back with the basin, the doctor had already ripped up the captain's sleeve, and exposed his great sinewy arm. It was tattooed in several places. "Here's luck," "A fair wind," and "Billy Bones his fancy," were very neatly and clearly executed on the forearm; and up near the shoulder there was a sketch of a gallows and a man hanging from it—done, as I thought, with great spirit.

"Prophetic," said the doctor, touching this picture with his finger. "And now, Master Billy Bones, if that be your name, we'll have a look at the color of your blood. Jim," he said, "are you afraid of blood?"

"No, sir," said I.

"Well, then," said he, "you hold the basin"; and with that he took his lancet and opened a vein.

A great deal of blood was taken before the captain opened his eyes and looked mistily about him. First he recognized the doctor with an unmistakable frown; then his glance fell upon me, and he looked relieved. But suddenly his color changed, and he tried to raise himself, crying:

"Where's Black Dog?"

"There is no Black Dog here," said

the doctor, "except what you have on your own back. You have been drinking rum; you have had a stroke, precisely as I told you; and I have just, very much against my own will, dragged you headforemost out of the grave. Now, Mr. Bones—"

"That's not my name," he interrupted.

"Much I care," returned the doctor. "It's the name of a buccaneer of my acquaintance; and I call you by it for the sake of shortness, and what I have to say to you is this: one glass of rum won't kill you, but if you take one you'll take another and another, and I stake my wig if you don't break off short, you'll die—do you understand that?—die, and go to your own place, like the man in the Bible. Come, now, make an effort. I'll help you to your bed for once."

Between us, with much trouble, we managed to hoist him upstairs, and laid him on his bed, where his head fell back on the pillow as if he were almost fainting.

"Now, mind you," said the doctor, "I clear my conscience—the name of rum for you is death."

And with that he went off to see my father, taking me with him by the arm.

"This is nothing," he said, as soon as he had closed the door. "I have drawn blood enough to keep him quiet a while; he should lie for a week where he is—that is the best thing for him and you; but another stroke would settle him."

CHAPTER III

THE BLACK SPOT

About noon I stopped at the captain's door with some cooling drinks and medicines. He was lying very much as we had left him, only a little higher, and he seemed both weak and excited.

"Jim," he said, "you're the only one here that's worth anything; and you know I've always been good to you. Never a month but I've given you a silver fourpenny for yourself. And now you see, mate, I'm pretty low, and deserted by all; and Jim, you'll bring me one noggin of rum now, won't you, matey?"

"The doctor—" I began.

But he broke in, cursing the doctor, in a feeble voice, but heartily. "Doctors is all swabs," he said; "and that doctor there, why, what do he know about seafaring men? I been in places as hot as pitch, and mates dropping round with Yellow Jack, and the blessed land a-heaving like the sea with earthquakes—what do the doctor know of lands like that?—and I lived on rum, I tell you. It's been meat and drink, and man and wife, to me; and if I'm not to have my rum now I'm a poor old hulk on a lee shore, my blood'll be on you, Jim, and that Doctor swab"; and he ran on again for a while with curses. "Look, Jim, how my fingers fidges," he continued, in the pleading tone. "I can't keep 'em still, not I. I haven't had a drop this blessed day. That doctor's a fool, I tell you. If I don't have a drain o' rum, Jim, I'll have the horrors; I seen some on 'em already. I seen old Flint in the corner there, behind you; as plain as print, I seen him; and if I get the horrors, I'm a man that has lived rough, and I'll raise Cain. Your doctor hisself said one glass wouldn't hurt me. I'll give you a golden guinea for a noggin, Jim."

He was growing more and more excited, and this alarmed me for my father, who was very low that day,

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20. **like the man in the Bible**, Judas; see Acts i, 25.

59. **swab**, clumsy fellow. 63. **Yellow Jack**, yellow fever.

and needed quiet; besides, I was reassured by the doctor's words, now quoted to me, and rather offended by the offer of a bribe.

"I want none of your money," said I, "but what you owe my father. I'll get you one glass, and no more."

When I brought it to him, he seized it greedily and drank it out.

"Aye, aye," said he, "that's some better, sure enough. And now, matey, did that doctor say how long I was to lie here in this old berth?"

"A week at least," said I.

"Thunder!" he cried. "A week! I can't do that; they'd have the black spot on me by then. The lubbers is going about to get the wind of me this blessed moment; lubbers as couldn't keep what they got, and want to nail what is another's. Is that seamanly behavior, now, I want to know? But I'm a saving soul. I never wasted good money of mine, nor lost it neither; and I'll trick 'em again. I'm not afraid on 'em. I'll shake out another reef, matey, and daddle 'em again."

As he was thus speaking, he had risen from bed with great difficulty, holding to my shoulder with a grip that almost made me cry out, and moving his legs like so much dead weight. His words, spirited as they were in meaning, contrasted sadly with the weakness of the voice in which they were uttered. He paused when he had got into a sitting position on the edge.

"That doctor's done me," he murmured. "My ears is singing. Lay me back."

Before I could do much to help him he had fallen back again to his former place, where he lay for a while silent.

"Jim," he said, at length, "you saw that seafaring man today?"

"Black Dog?" I asked.

"Ah! Black Dog," says he. "*He's* a bad 'un; but there's worse that put him on. Now, if I can't get away nohow, and they tip me the black spot, mind you, it's my old sea-chest they're after; you get on a horse—you can, can't you? Well, then, you get on a horse, and go to—well, yes, I will!—to that eternal Doctor swab, and tell him to pipe all hands—magistrates and sich—and he'll lay 'em aboard at the 'Admiral Benbow'—all old Flint's crew, man and boy, all on 'em that's left. I was first mate, I was, old Flint's first mate, and I'm the on'y one as knows the place. He gave it me at Savannah, when he lay a-dying, like as if I was to now, you see. But you won't peach unless they get the black spot on me, or unless you see that Black Dog again, or a seafaring man with one leg, Jim—him above all."

"But what is the black spot, captain?" I asked.

"That's a summons, mate. I'll tell you if they get that. But you keep your weather-eye open, Jim, and I'll share with you equals, upon my honor."

He wandered a little longer, his voice growing weaker; but soon after I had given him his medicine, which he took like a child, with the remark, "If ever a seaman wanted drugs, it's me," he fell at last into a heavy, swoon-like sleep, in which I left him. What I should have done had all gone well, I do not know. Probably I should have told the whole story to the doctor; for I was in mortal fear lest the captain should repent of his confessions and make an end of me. But as things fell out, my poor father died quite suddenly that evening, which put all other matters on one side. Our natural distress, the visits of the neighbors, the arranging of the funeral, and all the work of the inn to

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58. **pipe all hands**, call the crew together.

be carried on in the meanwhile, kept me so busy that I had scarcely time to think of the captain, far less to be afraid of him.

He got downstairs next morning, to be sure, and had his meals as usual, though he ate little, and had more, I am afraid, than his usual supply of rum, for he helped himself out of the bar, scowling and blowing through his nose, and no one dared to cross him. On the night before the funeral he was as drunk as ever; and it was shocking, in that house of mourning, to hear him singing away at his ugly old sea-song; but, weak as he was, we were all in fear of death for him, and the doctor was suddenly taken up with a case many miles away, and was never near the house after my father's death. I have said the captain was weak; and indeed he seemed rather to grow weaker than regain his strength. He clambered up and down stairs, and went from the parlor to the bar and back again, and sometimes put his nose out of doors to smell the sea, holding on to the walls as he went for support, and breathing hard and fast like a man on a steep mountain. He never particularly addressed me, and it is my belief he had as good as forgotten his confidences; but his temper was more flighty, and, allowing for his bodily weakness, more violent than ever. He had an alarming way now when he was drunk, of drawing his cutlass and laying it bare before him on the table. But, with all that, he minded people less, and seemed shut up in his own thoughts and rather wandering. Once, for instance, to our extreme wonder, he piped up to a different air, a kind of country love-song, that he must have learned in his youth before he had begun to follow the sea.

So things passed until, the day after the funeral, and about three o'clock of a bitter, foggy, frosty afternoon, I was standing at the door for a moment, full of sad thoughts about my father, when I saw someone drawing slowly near along the road. He was plainly blind, for he tapped before him with a stick, and wore a great green shade over his eyes and nose; and he was hunched, as if with age or weakness, and wore a huge old tattered sea-cloak with a hood, that made him appear positively deformed. I never saw in my life a more dreadful looking figure. He stopped a little from the inn, and, raising his voice in an odd singsong, addressed the air in front of him:

"Will any kind friend inform a poor blind man, who has lost the precious sight of his eyes in the gracious defense of his native country, England, and God bless King George!—where or in what part of this country he may now be?"

"You are at the 'Admiral Benbow,' Black Hill Cove, my good man," said I.

"I hear a voice," said he—"a young voice. Will you give me your hand, my kind young friend, and lead me in?"

I held out my hand, and the horrible, soft-spoken, eyeless creature gripped it in a moment like a vise. I was so much startled that I struggled to withdraw; but the blind man pulled me close up to him with a single action of his arm.

"Now, boy," he said, "take me in to the captain."

"Sir," said I, "upon my word I dare not."

"Oh," he sneered, "that's it! Take me in straight, or I'll break your arm."

And he gave it, as he spoke, a wrench that made me cry out.

"Sir," said I, "it is for yourself I mean. The captain is not what he used to be. He sits with a drawn cutlass. Another gentleman—"

"Come, now, march," interrupted he; and I never heard a voice so cruel, and cold, and ugly as that blind man's. It cowed me more than the pain; and I began to obey him at once, walking straight in at the door and toward the parlor, where our sick old buccaneer was sitting, dazed with rum. The blind man clung close to me, holding me in one iron fist, and leaning almost more of his weight on me than I could carry. "Lead me straight up to him, and when I'm in view cry out, 'Here's a friend for you, Bill.' If you don't, I'll do this"; and with that he gave me a twitch that I thought would have made me faint. Between this and that, I was so utterly terrified of the blind beggar that I forgot my terror of the captain, and as I opened the parlor door, cried out the words he had ordered in a trembling voice.

The poor captain raised his eyes, and at one look the rum went out of him, and left him staring sober. The expression of his face was not so much of terror as of mortal sickness. He made a movement to rise, but I do not believe he had enough force left in his body.

"Now, Bill, sit where you are," said the beggar. "If I can't see, I can hear a finger stirring. Business is business. Hold out your left hand. Boy, take his left hand by the wrist, and bring it near to my right."

We both obeyed him to the letter, and I saw him pass something from the hollow of the hand that held his stick into the palm of the captain's, which closed upon it instantly.

"And now that's done," said the blind man; and at the words he suddenly left hold of me, and, with incredible accuracy and nimbleness, skipped out of the parlor and into the road, where, as I still stood motionless, I could hear his stick go tap-tap-tapping into the distance.

It was some time before either I or the captain seemed to gather our senses; but at length, and about at the same moment, I released his wrist, which I was still holding, and he drew in his hand and looked sharply into the palm.

"Ten o'clock!" he cried. "Six hours. We'll do them yet"; and he sprang to his feet.

Even as he did so, he reeled, put his hand to his throat, stood swaying for a moment, and then, with a peculiar sound, fell from his whole height face foremost to the floor.

I ran to him at once, calling to my mother. But haste was all in vain. The captain had been struck dead by thundering apoplexy. It is a curious thing to understand, for I had certainly never liked the man, though of late I had begun to pity him, but as soon as I saw that he was dead, I burst into a flood of tears. It was the second death I had known, and the sorrow of the first was still fresh in my heart.

CHAPTER IV

The Sea-Chest

I lost no time, of course, in telling my mother all that I knew, and perhaps should have told her long before, and we saw ourselves at once in a difficult and dangerous position. Some of the man's money—if he had any—was certainly due to us; but it was not likely that our captain's shipmates, above all the two specimens seen by me, Black Dog and the blind beggar, would be inclined to give up their booty in payment of the dead man's debts. The captain's order to mount at once and ride for Dr.

Livesey would have left my mother alone and unprotected, which was not to be thought of. Indeed, it seemed impossible for either of us to remain much longer in the house; the fall of coals in the kitchen grate, the very ticking of the clock, filled us with alarms. The neighborhood, to our ears, seemed haunted by approaching footsteps; and what between the dead body of the captain on the parlor floor, and the thought of that detestable blind beggar hovering near at hand, and ready to return, there were moments when, as the saying goes, I jumped in my skin for terror. Something must speedily be resolved upon; and it occurred to us at last to go forth together and seek help in the neighboring hamlet. No sooner said than done. Bareheaded as we were, we ran out at once in the gathering evening and the frosty fog.

The hamlet lay not many hundred yards away, though out of view, on the other side of the next cove; and what greatly encouraged me, it was in an opposite direction from that whence the blind man had made his appearance, and whither he had presumably returned. We were not many minutes on the road, though we sometimes stopped to lay hold of each other and hearken. But there was no unusual sound—nothing but the low wash of the ripple and the croaking of the inmates of the wood.

It was already candle-light when we reached the hamlet, and I shall never forget how much I was cheered to see the yellow shine in doors and windows; but that, as it proved, was the best of the help we were likely to get in that quarter. For—you would have thought men would have been ashamed of themselves—no soul would consent to return with us to the "Admiral Benbow." The more we told of our troubles, the more—man, woman, and child—they clung to the shelter of their houses. The name of Captain Flint, though it was strange to me, was well enough known to some there, and carried a great weight of terror. Some of the men who had been to field-work on the far side of the "Admiral Benbow" remembered, besides, to have seen several strangers on the road, and, taking them to be smugglers, to have bolted away; and one at least had seen a little lugger in what we called Kitt's Hole. For that matter, anyone who was a comrade of the captain's was enough to frighten them to death. And the short and the long of the matter was, that while we could get several who were willing enough to ride to Dr. Livesey's, which lay in another direction, not one would help us defend the inn.

They say cowardice is infectious; but then argument is, on the other hand, a great emboldener; and so when each had said his say, my mother made them a speech. She would not, she declared, lose money that belonged to her fatherless boy; "if none of the rest of you dare," she said, "Jim and I dare. Back we will go, the way we came, and small thanks to you big, hulking, chicken-hearted men. We'll have that chest open, if we die for it. And I'll thank you for that bag, Mrs. Crossley, to bring back our lawful money in."

Of course, I said I would go with my mother; and of course they all cried out at our foolhardiness; but even then not a man would go along with us. All they would do was to give me a loaded pistol, lest we were attacked; and to promise to have horses ready saddled, in case we were pursued on our return; while one lad was to ride forward to the doctor's in search of armed assistance.

My heart was beating finely when we two set forth in the cold night upon this dangerous venture. A full moon was beginning to rise and peered redly through the upper edges of the fog, and this increased our haste, for it was plain, before we came forth again, that all would be as bright as day, and our departure exposed to the eyes of any watchers. We slipped along the hedges, noiseless and swift, nor did we see or hear anything to increase our terrors, till, to our relief, the door of the "Admiral Benbow" had closed behind us.

I slipped the bolt at once, and we stood and panted for a moment in the dark, alone in the house with the dead captain's body. Then my mother got a candle in the bar, and, holding each other's hands, we advanced into the parlor. He lay as we had left him, on his back, with his eyes open, and one arm stretched out.

"Draw down the blind, Jim," whispered my mother; "they might come and watch outside. And now," said she, when I had done so, "we have to get the key off *that;* and who's to touch it, I should like to know!" and she gave a kind of sob as she said the words.

I went down on my knees at once. On the floor close to his hand there was a little round of paper, blackened on the one side. I could not doubt that this was the *black spot;* and, taking it up, I found written on the other side, in a very good, clear hand, this short message: "You have till ten tonight."

"He had till ten, mother," said I; and just as I said it, our old clock began striking. This sudden noise startled us shockingly; but the news was good, for it was only six.

"Now, Jim," she said, "that key."

I felt in his pockets, one after another. A few small coins, a thimble, and some thread and big needles, a piece of pigtail tobacco bitten away at the end, his gully with the crooked handle, a pocket compass, and a tinder box, were all that they contained, and I began to despair.

"Perhaps it's round his neck," suggested my mother.

Overcoming a strong repugnance, I tore open his shirt at the neck, and there, sure enough, hanging to a bit of tarry string, which I cut with his own gully, we found the key. At this triumph we were filled with hope, and hurried upstairs, without delay, to the little room where he had slept so long, and where his box had stood since the day of his arrival.

It was like any other seaman's chest on the outside, the initial "B" burned on the top of it with a hot iron, and the corners somewhat smashed and broken as by long, rough usage.

"Give me the key," said my mother; and though the lock was very stiff, she had turned it and thrown back the lid in a twinkling.

A strong smell of tobacco and tar rose from the interior, but nothing was to be seen on the top except a suit of very good clothes, carefully brushed and folded. They had never been worn, my mother said. Under that, the miscellany began—a quadrant, a tin cannikin, several sticks of tobacco, two brace of very handsome pistols, a piece of bar silver, an old Spanish watch, and some other trinkets of little value and mostly of foreign make, a pair of compasses mounted with brass, and five or six curious West Indian shells. I have often wondered since why he should have carried about these shells with him in his wandering, guilty, and hunted life.

In the meantime, we had found nothing of any value but the silver and the trinkets, and neither of these

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50. gully, a kind of sheath-knife.

were in our way. Underneath there was an old boat-cloak, whitened with sea salt on many a harbor-bar. My mother pulled it up with impatience, and there lay before us the last things in the chest, a bundle tied up in oilcloth, and looking like papers, and a canvas bag, that gave forth, at touch, the jingle of gold.

"I'll show these rogues that I'm an honest woman," said my mother. "I'll have my dues, and not a farthing over. Hold Mrs. Crossley's bag." And she began to count over the amount of the captain's store from the sailor's bag into the one that I was holding.

It was a long, difficult business, for the coins were of all countries and sizes—doubloons, and louis d'ors, and guineas, and pieces of eight, and I know not what besides, all shaken together at random. The guineas, too, were about the scarcest, and it was with these only that my mother knew how to make her count.

When we were about halfway through, I suddenly put my hand upon her arm; for I had heard in the silent, frosty air a sound that brought my heart into my mouth—the tap-tapping of the blind man's stick upon the frozen road. It grew nearer and nearer, while we sat holding our breath. Then it struck sharp on the inn door, and then we could hear the handle being turned, and the bolt rattling as the wretched being tried to enter; and then there was a long time of silence both within and without. At last the tapping recommenced, and, to our indescribable joy and gratitude, died slowly away again until it ceased to be heard.

"Mother," said I, "take the whole and let's be going"; for I was sure the bolted door must have seemed suspicious, and would bring the whole hornet's nest about our ears, though how thankful I was that I had bolted it, none could tell who had never met that terrible blind man.

But my mother, frightened as she was, would not consent to take a fraction more than was due to her, and was obstinately unwilling to be content with less. It was not yet seven, she said, by a long way; she knew her rights and she would have them; and she was still arguing with me, when a little low whistle sounded a good way off upon the hill. That was enough, and more than enough, for both of us.

"I'll take what I have," she said, jumping to her feet.

"And I'll take this to square the count," said I, picking up the oilskin packet.

Next moment we were both groping downstairs, leaving the candle by the empty chest; and the next we had opened the door and were in full retreat. We had not started a moment too soon. The fog was rapidly dispersing; already the moon shone quite clear on the high ground on either side; and it was only in the exact bottom of the dell and round the tavern door that a thin veil still hung unbroken to conceal the first steps of our escape. Far less than halfway to the hamlet, very little beyond the bottom of the hill, we must come forth into the moonlight. Nor was this all; for the sound of several footsteps running came already to our ears, and as we looked back in their direction, a light tossing to and fro and still rapidly advancing, showed that one of the newcomers carried a lantern.

"My dear," said my mother suddenly, "take the money and run on. I am going to faint."

This was certainly the end for both of us, I thought. How I cursed the

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1. **in our way**, of interest or value to us.

cowardice of the neighbors; how I blamed my poor mother for her honesty and her greed, for her past foolhardiness and present weakness! We were just at the little bridge, by good fortune; and I helped her, tottering as she was, to the edge of the bank, where, sure enough, she gave a sigh and fell on my shoulder. I do not know how I found the strength to do it at all, and I am afraid it was roughly done; but I managed to drag her down the bank and a little way under the arch. Farther I could not move her, for the bridge was too low to let me do more than crawl below it. So there we had to stay—my mother almost entirely exposed, and both of us within earshot of the inn.

CHAPTER V

The Last of the Blind Man

My curiosity, in a sense, was stronger than my fear; for I could not remain where I was, but crept back to the bank again, whence, sheltering my head behind a bush of broom, I might command the road before our door. I was scarcely in position ere my enemies began to arrive, seven or eight of them, running hard, their feet beating out of time along the road, and the man with the lantern some paces in front. Three men ran together, hand in hand; and I made out, even through the mist, that the middle man of this trio was the blind beggar. The next moment his voice showed me that I was right.

"Down with the door!" he cried.

"Aye, aye, sir!" answered two or three; and a rush was made upon the "Admiral Benbow," the lantern-bearer following; and then I could see them pause, and hear speeches passed in a lower key, as if they were surprised to find the door open. But the pause was brief, for the blind man again issued his commands. His voice sounded louder and higher, as if he were afire with eagerness and rage.

"In, in, in!" he shouted, and cursed them for their delay.

Four or five of them obeyed at once, two remaining on the road with the formidable beggar. There was a pause, then a cry of surprise, and then a voice shouting from the house:

"Bill's dead!"

But the blind man swore at them again for their delay.

"Search him, some of you shirking lubbers, and the rest of you aloft and get the chest," he cried.

I could hear their feet rattling up our old stairs, so that the house must have shook with it. Promptly afterwards, fresh sounds of astonishment arose; the window of the captain's room was thrown open with a slam and a jingle of broken glass; and a man leaned out into the moonlight, head and shoulders, and addressed the blind beggar on the road below him.

"Pew," he cried, "they've been before us. Someone's turned the chest out alow and aloft."

"Is it there?" roared Pew.

"The money's there."

The blind man cursed the money.

"Flint's fist, I mean," he cried.

"We don't see it here nohow," returned the man.

"Here, you below there, is it on Bill?" cried the blind man again.

At that, another fellow, probably he who had remained below to search the captain's body, came to the door of the inn. "Bill's been overhauled a'ready," said he, "nothin's left."

"It's these people of the inn—it's that boy. I wish I had put his eyes out!" cried the blind man, Pew. "They were here no time ago—they had the door bolted when I tried it. Scatter, lads, and find 'em."

"Sure enough, they left their glim here," said the fellow from the window.

"Scatter and find 'em! Rout the house out!" reiterated Pew, striking with his stick upon the road.

Then there followed a great to-do through all our old inn, heavy feet pounding to and fro, furniture thrown over, doors kicked in, until the very rocks reëchoed, and the men came out again, one after another, on the road, and declared that we were nowhere to be found. And just then the same whistle that had alarmed my mother and myself over the dead captain's money was once more clearly audible through the night, but this time twice repeated. I had thought it to be the blind man's trumpet, so to speak, summoning his crew to the assault; but I now found that it was a signal from the hillside toward the hamlet, and, from its effect upon the buccaneers, a signal to warn them of approaching danger.

"There's Dirk again," said one. "Twice! We'll have to budge, mates."

"Budge, you skulk!" cried Pew. "Dirk was a fool and a coward from the first—you wouldn't mind him. They must be close by; they can't be far; you have your hands on it. Scatter and look for them, dogs! Oh, shiver my soul," he cried, "if I had eyes!"

This appeal seemed to produce some effect, for two of the fellows began to look here and there among the lumber, but half-heartedly, I thought, and with half an eye to their own danger all the time, while the rest stood irresolute on the road.

"You have your hands on thousands, you fools, and you hang a leg! You'd be as rich as kings if you could find it, and you know it's here, and you stand there skulking. There wasn't one of you dared face Bill, and I did it—a blind man! And I'm to lose my chance for you! I'm to be a poor, crawling beggar, sponging for rum, when I might be rolling in a coach! If you had the pluck of a weevil in a biscuit you would catch them still."

"Hang it, Pew, we've got the doubloons!" grumbled one.

"They might have hid the blessed thing," said another.

"Take the Georges, Pew, and don't stand here squalling."

Squalling was the word for it, Pew's anger rose so high at these objections; till at last, his passion completely taking the upper hand, he struck at them right and left in his blindness, and his stick sounded heavily on more than one.

These, in their turn, cursed back at the blind miscreant, threatened him in horrid terms, and tried in vain to catch the stick and wrest it from his grasp.

This quarrel was the saving of us; for while it was still raging, another sound came from the top of the hill on the side of the hamlet—the tramp of horses galloping. Almost at the same time a pistol-shot, flash and report, came from the hedge side. And that was plainly the last signal of danger, for the buccaneers turned at once and ran, separating in every direction, one seaward toward the cove, one slant across the hill, and so on, so that in half a minute not a sign of them remained but Pew. Him they had deserted, whether in sheer panic or out of revenge for his ill words and blows, I know not; but there he remained behind, tapping up and down the road in a frenzy, and groping and calling for his comrades. Finally he took the wrong turn, and ran a few steps past me, toward the hamlet, crying:

"Johnny, Black Dog, Dirk," and

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59. **Georges**, guineas (named from the figure of St. George).

other names, "you won't leave old Pew, mates—not old Pew!"

Just then the noise of horses topped the rise, and four or five riders came in sight in the moonlight, and swept at full gallop down the slope.

At this Pew saw his error, turned with a scream, and ran straight for the ditch, into which he rolled. But he was on his feet again in a second, and made another dash, now utterly bewildered, right under the nearest of the coming horses.

The rider tried to save him, but in vain. Down went Pew with a cry that rang high into the night; and the four hoofs trampled and spurned him and passed by. He fell on his side, then gently collapsed upon his face, and moved no more.

I leaped to my feet and hailed the riders. They were pulling up, at any rate, horrified at the accident; and I soon saw what they were. One, tailing out behind the rest, was a lad that had gone from the hamlet to Dr. Livesey's; the rest were revenue officers, whom he had met by the way, and with whom he had had the intelligence to return at once. Some news of the lugger in Kitt's Hole had found its way to Supervisor Dance and set him forth that night in our direction, and to that circumstance my mother and I owed our preservation from death.

Pew was dead, stone dead. As for my mother, when we had carried her up to the hamlet, a little cold water and salts and that soon brought her back again, and she was none the worse for her terror, though she still continued to deplore the balance of the money. In the meantime, the supervisor rode on, as fast as he could, to Kitt's Hole; but his men had to dismount and grope down the dingle, leading, and sometimes supporting, their horses, and in continual fear of ambushes; so it was no great matter for surprise that when they got down to the Hole, the lugger was already under way, though still close in. He hailed her. A voice replied, telling him to keep out of the moonlight, or he would get some lead in him, and at the same time a bullet whistled close by his arm. Soon after, the lugger doubled the point and disappeared. Mr. Dance stood there, as he said, "like a fish out of water," and all he could do was to dispatch a man to B—— to warn the cutter. "And that," said he, "is just about as good as nothing. They've got off clean, and there's an end. Only," he added, "I'm glad I trod on Master Pew's corns"; for by this time he had heard my story.

I went back with him to the "Admiral Benbow," and you cannot imagine a house in such a state of smash; the very clock had been thrown down by these fellows in their furious hunt after my mother and myself; and though nothing had actually been taken away except the captain's money-bag and a little silver from the till, I could see at once that we were ruined. Mr. Dance could make nothing of the scene.

"They got the money, you say? Well, then, Hawkins, what in fortune were they after? More money, I suppose?"

"No, sir; not money, I think," replied I. "In fact, sir, I believe I have the thing in my breast-pocket; and, to tell you the truth, I should like to get it put in safety."

"To be sure, boy; quite right," said he. "I'll take it, if you like."

"I thought, perhaps, Dr. Livesey—" I began.

"Perfectly right," he interrupted, very cheerily, "perfectly right—a gentleman and a magistrate. And, now I come to think of it, I might as well ride round there myself and report to him or squire. Master Pew's dead, when all's done; not that I regret it, but he's dead, you see, and people will make it out against an officer of his Majesty's revenue, if make it out they can. Now, I'll tell you, Hawkins: if you like, I'll take you along."

I thanked him heartily for the offer, and we walked back to the hamlet, where the horses were. By the time I had told mother of my purpose they were all in the saddle.

"Dogger," said Mr. Dance, "you have a good horse; take up this lad behind you."

As soon as I was mounted, holding on to Dogger's belt, the supervisor gave the word, and the party struck out at a bouncing trot on the road to Dr. Livesey's house.

CHAPTER VI

THE CAPTAIN'S PAPERS

We rode hard all the way, till we drew up before Dr. Livesey's door. The house was all dark to the front.

Mr. Dance told me to jump down and knock, and Dogger gave me a stirrup to descend by. The door was opened almost at once by the maid.

"Is Dr. Livesey in?" I asked.

No, she said; he had come home in the afternoon, but had gone up to the Hall to dine and pass the evening with the squire.

"So there we go, boys," said Mr. Dance.

This time, as the distance was short, I did not mount, but ran with Dogger's stirrup-leather to the lodge gates, and up the long, leafless, moonlit avenue to where the white line of the Hall buildings looked on either hand on great old gardens. Here Mr. Dance dismounted, and, taking me along with him, was admitted at a word into the house.

The servant led us down a matted passage, and showed us at the end into a great library, all lined with bookcases, and busts upon the top of them, where the squire and Dr. Livesey sat, pipe in hand, on either side of a bright fire.

I had never seen the squire so near at hand. He was a tall man, over six feet high, and broad in proportion, and he had a bluff, rough-and-ready face, all roughened and reddened and lined in his long travels. His eyebrows were very black, and moved readily, and this gave him a look of some temper, not bad, you would say, but quick and high.

"Come in, Mr. Dance," said he, very stately and condescending.

"Good-evening, Dance," says the doctor, with a nod. "And good-evening to you, friend Jim. What good wind brings you here?"

The supervisor stood up straight and stiff, and told his story like a lesson; and you should have seen how the two gentlemen leaned forward and looked at each other, and forgot to smoke in their surprise and interest. When they heard how my mother went back to the inn, Dr. Livesey fairly slapped his thigh, and the squire cried "Bravo!" and broke his long pipe against the grate. Long before it was done, Mr. Trelawney (that, you will remember, was the squire's name) had got up from his seat, and was striding about the room, and the doctor, as if to hear the better, had taken off his powdered wig, and sat there, looking very strange indeed with his own close-cropped, black poll.

At last Mr. Dance finished the story.

"Mr. Dance," said the squire, "you are a very noble fellow. And as for riding down that black, atrocious miscreant, I regard it as an act of virtue, sir, like stamping on a cockroach.

This lad Hawkins is a trump, I perceive. Hawkins, will you ring that bell? Mr. Dance must have some ale."

"And so, Jim," said the doctor, "you have the thing that they were after, have you?"

"Here it is, sir," said I, and gave him the oilskin packet.

The doctor looked it all over, as if his fingers were itching to open it; but, instead of doing that, he put it quietly in the pocket of his coat.

"Squire," said he, "when Dance has had his ale he must, of course, be off on his Majesty's service; but I mean to keep Jim Hawkins here to sleep at my house, and, with your permission, I propose we should have up the cold pie, and let him sup."

"As you will, Livesey," said the squire; "Hawkins has earned better than cold pie."

So a big pigeon pie was brought in and put on a side-table, and I made a hearty supper, for I was as hungry as a hawk, while Mr. Dance was further complimented, and at last dismissed.

"And now, squire," said the doctor.

"And now, Livesey," said the squire, in the same breath.

"One at a time, one at a time," laughed Dr. Livesey. "You have heard of this Flint, I suppose?"

"Heard of him!" cried the squire. "Heard of him, you say! He was the bloodthirstiest buccaneer that sailed. Blackbeard was a child to Flint. The Spaniards were so prodigiously afraid of him that, I tell you, sir, I was sometimes proud he was an Englishman. I've seen his topsails with these eyes off Trinidad, and the cowardly son of a rum-puncheon that I sailed with put back—put back, sir, into Port of Spain."

"Well, I've heard of him myself, in England," said the doctor. "But the point is, had he money?"

"Money!" cried the squire. "Have you heard the story? What were these villains after but money? What do they care for but money? For what would they risk their rascal carcasses but money?"

"That we shall soon know," replied the doctor. "But you are so confoundedly hot-headed and exclamatory that I cannot get a word in. What I want to know is this: Supposing that I have here in my pocket some clue to where Flint buried his treasure, will that treasure amount to much?"

"Amount, sir!" cried the squire. "It will amount to this: if we have the clue you talk about, I fit out a ship in Bristol dock, and take you and Hawkins here along, and I'll have that treasure if I search a year."

"Very well," said the doctor. "Now, then, if Jim is agreeable, we'll open the packet"; and he laid it before him on the table.

The bundle was sewn together, and the doctor had to get out his instrument-case, and cut the stitches with his medical scissors. It contained two things—a book and a sealed paper.

"First of all we'll try the book," observed the doctor.

The squire and I were both peering over his shoulder as he opened it, for Dr. Livesey had kindly motioned me to come round from the side-table, where I had been eating, to enjoy the sport of the search. On the first page there were only some scraps of writing, such as a man with a pen in his hand might make for idleness or practice. One was the same as the tattoo mark, "Billy Bones his fancy"; then there was "Mr. W. Bones, mate." "No more rum." "Off Palm Key he got itt"; and some other snatches, mostly single words and unintelligible. I could not help wondering who it

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91. **Billy Bones his**, an old mistaken way of writing the possessive, Bones's.

was that had "got itt," and what "itt" was that he got. A knife in his back as like as not.

"Not much instruction there," said Dr. Livesey, as he passed on.

The next ten or twelve pages were filled with a curious series of entries. There was a date at one end of the line, and at the other a sum of money, as in common account-books, but instead of explanatory writing, only a varying number of crosses between the two. On the 12th of June, 1745, for instance, a sum of seventy pounds had plainly become due to someone, and there was nothing but six crosses to explain the cause. In a few cases, to be sure, the name of a place would be added, as "Offe Caraccas"; or a mere entry of latitude and longitude, as "62° 17′ 20″, 19° 2′ 40″."

The record lasted over nearly twenty years, the amount of the separate entries growing larger as time went on, and at the end a grand total had been made out after five or six wrong additions, and these words appended, "Bones, his pile."

"I can't make head or tail of this," said Dr. Livesey.

"The thing is as clear as noonday," cried the squire. "This is the black-hearted hound's account book. These crosses stand for the names of ships or towns that they sank or plundered. The sums are the scoundrel's share, and where he feared an ambiguity you see he added something clearer. 'Offe Caraccas,' now; you see, here was some unhappy vessel boarded off that coast. God help the poor souls that manned her—coral long ago."

"Right!" said the doctor. "See what it is to be a traveler. Right! And the amounts increase, you see, as he rose in rank."

There was little else in the volume but a few bearings of places noted in the blank leaves toward the end, and a table for reducing French, English, and Spanish moneys to a common value.

"Thrifty man!" cried the doctor. "He wasn't the one to be cheated."

"And now," said the squire, "for the other."

The paper had been sealed in several places with a thimble by way of seal; the very thimble, perhaps, that I had found in the captain's pocket. The doctor opened the seals with great care, and there fell out the map of an island, with latitude and longitude, soundings, names of hills, and bays and inlets, and every particular that would be needed to bring a ship to a safe anchorage upon its shores. It was about nine miles long and five across, shaped, you might say, like a fat dragon standing up, and had two fine land-locked harbors, and a hill in the center part marked "The Spyglass." There were several additions of a later date; but, above all, three crosses of red ink—two on the north part of the island, one on the southwest, and, besides this last, in the same red ink, and in a small, neat hand, very different from the captain's tottery characters, these words: "Bulk of treasure here."

Over on the back the same hand had written this further information:

> Tall tree, Spyglass shoulder, bearing a point to the N. of N.N.E.
>
> Skeleton Island E.S.E. and by E.
>
> Ten feet.
>
> The bar silver is in the north cache; you can find it by the trend of the east hummock, ten fathoms south of the black crag with the face on it.
>
> The arms are easy found, in the sand hill, N. point of north inlet cape bearing E. and a quarter N.
>
> J. F.

That was all; but brief as it was, and, to me, incomprehensible, it filled the squire and Dr. Livesey with delight.

"Livesey," said the squire, "you will give up this wretched practice at once. Tomorrow I start for Bristol. In three weeks' time—three weeks!—two weeks—ten days—we'll have the best ship, sir, and the choicest crew in England. Hawkins shall come as cabin-boy. You'll make a famous cabin-boy, Hawkins. You, Livesey, are ship's doctor; I am admiral. We'll take Redruth, Joyce, and Hunter. We'll have favorable winds, a quick passage, and not the least difficulty in finding the spot, and money to eat—to roll in—to play duck and drake with ever after."

"Trelawney," said the doctor, "I'll go with you; and, I'll go bail for it, so will Jim, and be a credit to the undertaking. There's only one man I'm afraid of."

"And who's that?" cried the squire. "Name the dog, sir!"

"You," replied the doctor; "for you cannot hold your tongue. We are not the only men who know of this paper. These fellows who attacked the inn tonight—bold, desperate blades, for sure—and the rest who stayed aboard that lugger, and more, I dare say, not far off, are, one and all, through thick and thin, bound that they'll get that money. We must none of us go alone till we get to sea. Jim and I shall stick together in the meanwhile; you'll take Joyce and Hunter when you ride to Bristol, and, from first to last, not one of us must breathe a word of what we've found."

"Livesey," returned the squire, "you are always in the right of it. I'll be as silent as the grave."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. In his essay "My First Book—*Treasure Island*" Stevenson tells in an intimate fashion the circumstances under which the book was written. While it was not literally his first book, he calls it such because it was his first long story to find favor with "his paymaster," the public. With gentle humor Stevenson confides in the reader that he wrote the book with much pleasure and satisfaction for, he says, "stolen waters are proverbially sweet." He acknowledges a debt of gratitude to the author of *Robinson Crusoe* for the parrot and to Poe for the skeleton. "These useful writers," he says, "had fulfilled the poet's saying: departing they had left behind them

> 'Footprints on the sands of time;
> Footprints that perhaps another'—

and I was the other!" However, his debt to Washington Irving, he owns, really troubled his conscience a bit, as he traced the origin of Billy Bones and his chest, the company in the parlor, and in fact much of the detail of the first chapters, to his earlier reading of the *Tales of a Traveler*, though at the time of writing he was not conscious of the source of his inspiration.

2. In his essay "A Gossip on Romance," in *Memories and Portraits*, the author himself gives the best hint on how to read the story. "We should gloat over a book, be rapt clean out of ourselves, and rise from the perusal, our minds filled with the busiest, kaleidoscopic dance of images, incapable of sleep or of continuous thought. The words, if the book be eloquent, should run thenceforward in our ears like the noise of breakers, and the story, if it be a story, repeat itself in a thousand colored pictures to the eye."

Questions and Topics

1. Stevenson dedicated *Treasure Island* to his thirteen-year-old stepson, Lloyd Osbourne; the boy's enthusiasm for the story was a great inspiration to the author. In a letter to a friend Stevenson writes, "No women in the story, Lloyd's orders"; how was this order carried out? Is Jim or his mother the heroic character in Chapter IV?

2. Notice how the story gains realism by being told in the first person. Where did you first learn Jim Hawkins's name? Remembering clearly his own boyhood and that boys like to imagine themselves the heroes about whom they read, Stevenson does not describe

Jim Hawkins definitely; does this help the reader to imagine himself to be the hero?

3. Note the extreme contrast between the old sea dog and Dr. Livesey. How did the doctor happen to call the old sea captain "Mr. Bones"?

4. *Treasure Island* has been produced as a motion picture; but the story is so full of action and so vividly told that if one has not seen it in scenario form he will have no difficulty in imagining an adaptation for himself. If you were writing a scenario for this story, what incidents would you relate for the following scenes: At the "Admiral Benbow"; At the bridge; At the Hall? Which scene would be particularly effective? Select paragraphs that would be especially useful in telling how the characters of Billy Bones, Black Dog, and the blind beggar Pew should appear on the screen.

Class Reading. Billy Bones's sea chest, Chapter IV.

PART II

THE SEA COOK

CHAPTER VII

I Go to Bristol

It was longer than the squire imagined ere we were ready for the sea, and none of our first plans—not even Dr. Livesey's of keeping me beside him—could be carried out as we intended. The doctor had to go to London for a physician to take charge of his practice; the squire was hard at work at Bristol; and I lived on at the Hall under the charge of old Redruth, the gamekeeper, almost a prisoner, but full of sea-dreams and the most charming anticipations of strange islands and adventures. I brooded by the hour together over the map, all the details of which I well remembered. Sitting by the fire in the housekeeper's room, I approached that island in my fancy, from every possible direction; I explored every acre of its surface; I climbed a thousand times to that tall hill they call the Spyglass, and from the top enjoyed the most wonderful and changing prospects. Sometimes the isle was thick with savages, with whom we fought; sometimes full of dangerous animals that hunted us; but in all my fancies nothing occurred to me so strange and tragic as our actual adventures.

So the weeks passed on, till one fine day there came a letter addressed to Dr. Livesey, with this addition, "To be opened, in the case of his absence, by Tom Redruth or young Hawkins." Obeying this order, we found, or rather, I found—for the gamekeeper was a poor hand at reading anything but print—the following important news:

> *Old Anchor Inn, Bristol, March 1, 17—*
>
> Dear Livesey—As I do not know whether you are at the Hall or still in London, I send this in double to both places.
>
> The ship is bought and fitted. She lies at anchor, ready for sea. You never imagined a sweeter schooner—a child might sail her—two hundred tons; name, *Hispaniola.*
>
> I got her through my old friend, Blandly, who has proved himself throughout the most surprising trump. The admirable fellow literally slaved in my interest, and so, I may say, did everyone in Bristol, as soon as they got wind of the port we sailed for—treasure, I mean.

"Redruth," said I, interrupting the letter, "Dr. Livesey will not like that. The squire has been talking, after all."

"Well, who's a better right?" growled the gamekeeper. "A pretty rum go if squire ain't to talk for Dr. Livesey, I should think."

At that I gave up all attempt at commentary, and read straight on:

Blandly himself found the *Hispaniola*, and by the most admirable management got her for the merest trifle. There is a class of men in Bristol monstrously prejudiced against Blandly. They go the length of declaring that this honest creature would do anything for money, that the *Hispaniola* belonged to him, and that he sold it me absurdly high—the most transparent calumnies. None of them dare, however, to deny the merits of the ship.

So far there was not a hitch. The workpeople, to be sure—riggers and what not—were most annoyingly slow; but time cured that. It was the crew that troubled me.

I wished a round score of men—in case of natives, buccaneers, or the odious French—and I had the worry of the deuce itself to find so much as half a dozen, till the most remarkable stroke of fortune brought me the very man that I required.

I was standing on the dock, when, by the merest accident, I fell in talk with him. I found he was an old sailor, kept a public-house, knew all the seafaring men in Bristol, had lost his health ashore, and wanted a good berth as cook to get to sea again. He had hobbled down there that morning, he said, to get a smell of the salt.

I was monstrously touched—so would you have been—and, out of pure pity, I engaged him on the spot to be ship's cook. Long John Silver, he is called, and has lost a leg; but that I regarded as a recommendation, since he lost it in his country's services, under the immortal Hawke. He has no pension, Livesey. Imagine the abominable age we live in!

Well, sir, I thought I had only found a cook, but it was a crew I had discovered. Between Silver and myself we got together in a few days a company of the toughest old salts imaginable—not pretty to look at, but fellows, by their faces, of the most indomitable spirit. I declare we could fight a frigate.

Long John even got rid of two out of the six or seven I had already engaged. He showed me in a moment that they were just the sort of fresh water swabs we had to fear in an adventure of importance.

I am in the most magnificent health and spirits, eating like a bull, sleeping like a tree, yet I shall not enjoy a moment till I hear my old tarpaulins tramping round the capstan. Seaward ho! Hang the treasure! It's the glory of the sea that has turned my head. So now, Livesey, come post; do not lose an hour if you respect me.

Let young Hawkins go at once to see his mother, with Redruth for a guard; and then both come full speed to Bristol.

JOHN TRELAWNEY

Postscript—I did not tell you that Blandly, who, by the way, is to send a consort after us if we don't turn up by the end of August, had found an admirable fellow for sailing master—a stiff man, which I regret, but, in all other respects, a treasure. Long John Silver unearthed a very competent man for a mate, a man named Arrow. I have a boatswain who pipes, Livesey; so things shall go man-of-war fashion on board the good ship *Hispaniola*.

I forgot to tell you that Silver is a man of substance; I know of my own knowledge that he has a banker's account, which has never been overdrawn. He leaves his wife to manage the inn; and as she is a woman of color, a pair of old bachelors like you and I may be excused for guessing that it is the wife, quite as much as the health, that sends him back to roving. J. T.

P.P.S.—Hawkins may stay one night with his mother. J. T.

You can fancy the excitement into which that letter put me. I was half beside myself with glee; and if ever I despised a man, it was old Tom Redruth, who could do nothing but grumble and lament. Any of the under-gamekeepers would gladly have changed places with him; but such was not the squire's pleasure, and the squire's pleasure was like law among them all. Nobody but old Redruth would have dared so much as even to grumble.

The next morning he and I set out on foot for the "Admiral Benbow," and there I found my mother in good health and spirits. The captain, who had so long been a cause of so much discomfort, was gone where the wicked cease from troubling. The squire had had everything repaired, and the public rooms and the sign repainted, and had added some furniture—above all a beautiful armchair for mother in the bar. He had found her a boy as an apprentice also, so that she should not want help while I was gone.

It was on seeing that boy that I understood, for the first time, my situation. I had thought up to that moment of the adventures before me, not at all of the home that I was leaving; and now, at sight of this clumsy stranger, who was to stay here in my place beside my mother, I had my first attack of tears. I am afraid I led that boy a dog's life; for as he was new to the work, I had a hundred opportunities of setting him right and putting him down, and I was not slow to profit by them.

The night passed, and the next day, after dinner, Redruth and I were afoot again, and on the road. I said good-by to mother and the cove where I had lived since I was born, and the dear old "Admiral Benbow" —since he was repainted, no longer quite so dear. One of my last thoughts was of the captain, who had so often strode along the beach with his cocked hat, his saber-cut cheek, and his old brass telescope. Next moment we had turned the corner, and my home was out of sight.

The mail picked us up about dusk at the "Royal George" on the heath. I was wedged in between Redruth and a stout old gentleman, and in spite of the swift motion and the cold night air, I must have dozed a great deal from the very first, and then slept like a log up hill and down dale through stage after stage; for when I was awakened, at last, it was by a punch in the ribs, and I opened my eyes, to find that we were standing still before a large building in a city street, and that the day had already broken a long time.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"Bristol," said Tom. "Get down."

Mr. Trelawney had taken up his residence at an inn far down the docks, to superintend the work upon the schooner. Thither we had now to walk, and our way, to my great delight lay along the quays and beside the great multitude of ships of all sizes and rigs and nations. In one, sailors were singing at their work; in another, there were men aloft, high over my head, hanging to threads that seemed no thicker than a spider's. Though I had lived by the shore all my life, I seemed never to have been near the sea till then. The smell of the tar and salt was something new. I saw the most wonderful figureheads, that had been far over the ocean. I saw, besides, many old sailors, with rings in their ears, and whiskers curled in ringlets, and tarry pigtails, and their swaggering, clumsy sea-walk; and if I had seen as many kings or archbishops I could not have been more delighted.

And I was going to sea myself; to sea in a schooner, with a piping boatswain, and pigtailed, singing seamen; to sea bound for an unknown island, and to seek for buried treasures!

While I was still in this delightful dream, we came suddenly in front of a large inn, and met Squire Trelawney, all dressed out like a sea-officer, in stout blue cloth, coming out of the door with a smile on his face, and a capital imitation of a sailor's walk.

"Here you are," he cried, "and the doctor came last night from London. Bravo! The ship's company complete!"

"Oh, sir," cried I, "when do we sail?"

"Sail!" says he. "We sail tomorrow!"

CHAPTER VIII

At the Sign of the "Spyglass"

When I had done breakfasting, the squire gave me a note addressed to John Silver, at the sign of the "Spyglass," and told me I should easily find the place by following the line of the docks, and keeping a bright lookout for a little tavern with a large brass telescope for sign. I set off, overjoyed at this opportunity to see more of the ships and seamen, and picked my way among a great crowd of people and carts and bales, for the dock was now at its busiest, until I found the tavern in question.

It was a bright enough little place of entertainment. The sign was newly painted; the windows had neat red curtains; the floor was cleanly sanded. There was a street on either side, and an open door on both, which made the large, low room pretty clear to see in, in spite of clouds of tobacco smoke.

The customers were mostly seafaring men; and they talked so loudly that I hung at the door, almost afraid to enter.

As I was waiting, a man came out of a side room, and, at a glance, I was sure he must be Long John. His left leg was cut off close by the hip, and under the left shoulder he carried a crutch, which he managed with wonderful dexterity, hopping about upon it like a bird. He was very tall and strong, with a face as big as a ham—plain and pale, but intelligent and smiling. Indeed, he seemed in the most cheerful spirits, whistling as he moved about among the tables, with a merry word or a slap on the shoulder for the more favored of his guests.

Now, to tell you the truth, from the very first mention of Long John in Squire Trelawney's letter, I had taken a fear in my mind that he might prove to be the very one-legged sailor whom I had watched for so long at the old "Benbow." But one look at the man before me was enough. I had seen the captain, and Black Dog, and the blind man Pew, and I thought I knew what a buccaneer was like—a very different creature, according to me, from this clean and pleasant-tempered landlord.

I plucked up courage at once, crossed the threshold, and walked right up to the man where he stood, propped on his crutch, talking to a customer.

"Mr. Silver, sir?" I asked, holding out the note.

"Yes, my lad," said he; "such is my name, to be sure. And who may you be?" And then as he saw the squire's letter, he seemed to me to give something almost like a start.

"Oh!" said he, quite loud, and offering his hand, "I see. You are our new cabin-boy; pleased I am to see you."

And he took my hand in his large, firm grasp.

Just then one of the customers at the far side rose suddenly and made for the door. It was close by him, and he was out in the street in a moment. But his hurry had attracted my notice and I recognized him at a glance. It was the tallow-faced man, wanting two fingers, who had come first to the "Admiral Benbow."

"Oh," I cried, "stop him! it's Black Dog!"

"I don't care two coppers who he is," cried Silver. "But he hasn't paid his score. Harry, run and catch him."

One of the others who was nearest the door leaped up, and started in pursuit.

"If he were Admiral Hawke he shall pay his score," cried Silver; and then, relinquishing my hand—"Who did you say he was?" he asked. "Black what?"

"Dog, sir," said I. "Has Mr. Trelawney not told you of the buccaneers? He was one of them."

"So?" cried Silver. "In my house! Ben, run and help Harry. One of those swabs, was he? Was that you drinking with him, Morgan? Step up here."

The man whom he called Morgan—an old, gray-haired, mahogany-faced sailor—came forward pretty sheepishly, rolling his quid.

"Now, Morgan," said Long John, very sternly, "you never clapped your eyes on that Black—Black Dog before, did you, now?"

"Not I, sir," said Morgan, with a salute.

"You didn't know his name, did you?"

"No, sir."

"By the powers, Tom Morgan, it's as good for you!" exclaimed the landlord. "If you had been mixed up with the like of that, you would never have put another foot in my house, you may lay to that. And what was he saying to you?"

"I don't rightly know, sir," answered Morgan.

"Do you call that a head on your shoulders, or a blessed dead-eye?" cried Long John. "Don't rightly know, don't you! Perhaps you don't happen to rightly know who you was speaking to, perhaps? Come now, what was he jawing—v'yages, cap'ns, ships? Pipe up! What was it?"

"We was a-talking of keel-hauling," answered Morgan.

"Keel-hauling, was you? And a mighty suitable thing, too, and you may lay to that. Get back to your place for a lubber, Tom."

And then, as Morgan rolled back to his seat, Silver added to me in a confidential whisper, that was very flattering, as I thought:

"He's quite an honest man, Tom Morgan, on'y stupid. And now," he ran on again, aloud, "let's see—Black Dog? No, I don't know the name, not I. Yet I kind of think I've—yes, I've seen the swab. He used to come here with a blind beggar, he used."

"That he did, you may be sure," said I, "I knew that blind man, too. His name was Pew."

"It was!" cried Silver, now quite excited. "Pew! That were his name for certain. Ah, he looked a shark, he did! If we run down this Black Dog, now, there'll be news for Cap'n Trelawney! Ben's a good runner; few seamen run better than Ben. He should run him down, hand over hand, by the powers! He talked o' keel-hauling, did he? *I'll* keel-haul him!"

All the time he was jerking out these phrases he was stumping up and down the tavern on his crutch, slapping tables with his hand, and giving such a show of excitement as would have convinced an Old Bailey judge or a Bow Street runner. My suspicions had been thoroughly reawakened on finding Black Dog at the "Spyglass," and I watched the cook narrowly. But he was too deep, and too ready, and too clever for me, and by the time the two men had come back out of breath, and confessed that they had lost the track in a crowd, and been scolded like thieves, I would have gone bail for the innocence of Long John Silver.

"See here, now, Hawkins," said he, "here's a blessed hard thing on a man like me, now, ain't it? There's

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42. **keel-hauling**, hauling a person to be punished under the keel with ropes.

78. **Old Bailey**, the principal criminal court of London.

79. **Bow Street runner**, a London policeman; or, more specifically, one of eight famous officers of Bow Street Court.

Cap'n Trelawney—what's he to think? Here I have this confounded son of a Dutchman sitting in my own house, drinking of my own rum! Here you comes and tells me of it plain; and here I let him give us all the slip before my blessed dead-lights! Now, Hawkins, you do me justice with the cap'n. You're a lad, you are, but you're as smart as paint. I see that when you first came in. Now, here it is: What could I do, with this old timber I hobble on? When I was an A B master mariner I'd have come up alongside of him, hand over hand, and broached him to in a brace of old shakes, I would; but now—"

And then, all of a sudden, he stopped, and his jaw dropped as though he had remembered something.

"The score," he burst out. "Three goes o' rum! Why, shiver my timbers, if I hadn't forgotten my score!"

And, falling on a bench, he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. I could not help joining; and we laughed together, peal after peal, until the tavern rang again.

"Why, what a precious old sea-calf I am!" he said, at last wiping his cheeks. "You and me should get on well, Hawkins, for I'll take my davy I should be rated ship's boy. But, come now, stand by to go about. This won't do. Dooty is dooty, messmates. I'll put on my old cocked hat and step along of you to Cap'n Trelawney, and report this here affair. For, mind you, it's serious, young Hawkins; and neither you nor me's come out of it with what I should make so bold as to call credit. Nor you neither, says you; not smart—none of the pair of us smart. But dash my buttons! that was a good 'un about my score."

And he began to laugh again, and that so heartily that, though I did not see the joke as he did, I was again obliged to join him in his mirth.

On our little walk along the quays, he made himself the most interesting companion, telling me about the different ships that we passed by, their rig, tonnage, and nationality, explaining the work that was going forward—how one was discharging, another taking in cargo, and a third making ready for sea; and every now and then telling me some little anecdote of ships or seamen, or repeating a nautical phrase till I had learned it perfectly. I began to see that here was one of the best of possible shipmates.

When we got to the inn, the squire and Dr. Livesey were seated together, finishing a quart of ale with a toast in it, before they should go aboard the schooner on a visit of inspection.

Long John told the story from first to last, with a great deal of spirit and the most perfect truth. "That was how it were, now, weren't it, Hawkins?" he would say, now and again, and I could always bear him entirely out.

The two gentlemen regretted that Black Dog had got away; but we all agreed there was nothing to be done, and after he had been complimented, Long John took up his crutch and departed.

"All hands aboard by four this afternoon," shouted the squire after him.

"Aye, aye, sir," cried the cook, in the passage.

"Well, squire," said Dr. Livesey, "I don't put much faith in your discoveries, as a general thing; but I will say this, John Silver suits me."

"The man's a perfect trump," declared the squire.

"And now," added the doctor, "Jim may come on board with us, may he not?"

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14. A B, able-bodied seaman. **34.** davy, affidavit.

"To be sure he may," says squire. "Take your hat, Hawkins, and we'll see the ship."

CHAPTER IX

Powder and Arms

The *Hispaniola* lay some way out, and we went under the figureheads and round the sterns of many other ships, and their cables sometimes grated underneath our keel, and sometimes swung above us At last, however, we got alongside, and were met and saluted as we stepped aboard by the mate, Mr. Arrow, a brown old sailor, with earrings in his ears and a squint. He and the squire were very thick and friendly, but I soon observed that things were not the same between Mr. Trelawney and the captain.

This last was a sharp-looking man, who seemed angry with everything on board, and was soon to tell us why, for we had hardly got down into the cabin when a sailor followed us.

"Captain Smollett, sir, axing to speak with you," said he.

"I am always at the captain's orders. Show him in," said the squire.

The captain, who was close behind his messenger, entered at once, and shut the door behind him.

"Well, Captain Smollett, what have you to say? All well, I hope; all shipshape and seaworthy?"

"Well, sir," said the captain, "better speak plain, I believe, even at the risk of offense. I don't like this cruise; I don't like the men; and I don't like my officer. That's short and sweet."

"Perhaps, sir, you don't like the ship?" inquired the squire, very angry, as I could see.

"I can't speak as to that, sir, not having seen her tried," said the captain. "She seems a clever craft; more I can't say."

"Possibly, sir, you may not like your employer, either?" says the squire. But here Dr. Livesey cut in.

"Stay a bit," said he, "stay a bit. No use of such questions as that but to produce ill-feeling. The captain has said too much or he has said too little, and I'm bound to say that I require an explanation of his words. You don't, you say, like this cruise. Now, why?"

"I was engaged, sir, on what we call sealed orders, to sail this ship for that gentleman where he should bid me," said the captain. "So far so good. But now I find that every man before the mast knows more than I do. I don't call that fair, now, do you?"

"No," said Dr. Livesey, "I don't."

"Next," said the captain, "I learn we are going after treasure—hear it from my own hands, mind you. Now, treasure is ticklish work; I don't like treasure voyages on any account; and I don't like them, above all, when they are secret, and when (begging your pardon, Mr. Trelawney) the secret has been told to the parrot."

"Silver's parrot?" asked the squire.

"It's a way of speaking," said the captain. "Blabbed, I mean. It's my belief neither of you gentlemen know what you are about; but I'll tell you my way of it—life or death, and a close run."

"That is all clear, and, I daresay, true enough," replied Dr. Livesey. "We take the risk; but we are not so ignorant as you believe us.' Next, you say you don't like the crew. Are they not good seamen?"

"I don't like them, sir," returned Captain Smollett. "And I think I should have had the choosing of my own hands, if you go to that."

"Perhaps you should," replied the doctor. "My friend should, perhaps, have taken you along with him; but the slight, if there be one, was unintentional. And you don't like Mr. Arrow?"

"I don't, sir. I believe he's a good seaman; but he's too free with the crew to be a good officer. A mate should keep himself to himself—shouldn't drink with the men before the mast!"

"Do you mean he drinks?" cried the squire.

"No, sir," replied the captain; "only that he's too familiar."

"Well, now, and the short and long of it, captain?" asked the doctor. "Tell us what you want."

"Well, gentlemen, are you determined to go on this cruise?"

"Like iron," answered the squire.

"Very good," said the captain. "Then, as you've heard me very patiently, saying things that I could not prove, hear me a few words more. They are putting the powder and the arms in the forehold. Now, you have a good place under the cabin; why not put them there?—first point. Then you are bringing four of your own people with you, and they tell me some of them are to be berthed forward. Why not give them the berths here beside the cabin?—second point."

"Any more?" asked Mr. Trelawney.

"One more," said the captain. "There's been too much blabbing already."

"Far too much," agreed the doctor.

"I'll tell you what I've heard myself," continued Captain Smollett; "that you have a map of an island; that there's crosses on the map to show where treasure is; and that the island lies—" And then he named the latitude and longitude exactly.

"I never told that," cried the squire, "to a soul!"

"The hands know it, sir," returned the captain.

"Livesey, that must have been you or Hawkins," cried the squire.

"It doesn't matter much who it was," replied the doctor. And I could see that neither he nor the captain paid much regard to Mr. Trelawney's protestations. Neither did I, to be sure, he was so loose a talker; yet in this case I believe he was really right, and that nobody had told the situation of the island.

"Well, gentlemen," continued the captain, "I don't know who has this map; but I make it a point, it shall be kept secret even from me and Mr. Arrow. Otherwise I would ask you to let me resign."

"I see," said the doctor. "You wish us to keep this matter dark, and to make a garrison of the stern part of the ship, manned with my friend's own people, and provided with all the arms and powder on board. In other words, you fear a mutiny."

"Sir," said Captain Smollett, "with no intention to take offense, I deny your right to put words into my mouth. No captain, sir, would be justified in going to sea at all if he had ground enough to say that. As for Mr. Arrow, I believe him thoroughly honest; some of the men are the same; all may be for what I know. But I am responsible for the ship's safety and the life of every man Jack aboard of her. I see things going, as I think, not quite right. And I ask you to take certain precautions, or let me resign my berth. And that's all."

"Captain Smollett," began the doctor, with a smile, "did ever you hear the fable of the mountain and the mouse? You'll excuse me, I daresay, but you remind me of that fable. When you came in here, I'll stake my wig you meant more than this."

"Doctor," said the captain, "you are smart. When I came in here I meant to get discharged. I had no thought that Mr. Trelawney would hear a word."

"No more I would," cried the squire. "Had Livesey not been here, I should have seen you to the deuce. As it is, I have heard you. I will do as you desire; but I think the worse of you."

"That's as you please, sir," said the captain. "You'll find I do my duty."

And with that he took his leave.

"Trelawney," said the doctor, "contrary to all my notions, I believe you have managed to get two honest men on board with you—that man and John Silver."

"Silver, if you like," cried the squire; "but as for that intolerable humbug, I declare I think his conduct unmanly, unsailorly, and downright un-English."

"Well," says the doctor, "we shall see."

When we came on deck, the men had begun already to take out the arms and powder, yo-ho-ing at their work, while the captain and Mr. Arrow stood by superintending.

The new arrangement was quite to my liking. The whole schooner had been overhauled; six berths had been made astern, out of what had been the after-part of the main hold; and this set of cabins was only joined to the galley and forecastle by a sparred passage on the port side. It had been originally meant that the captain, Mr. Arrow, Hunter, Joyce, the doctor and the squire were to occupy these six berths. Now, Redruth and I were to get two of them, and Mr. Arrow and the captain were to sleep on deck in the companion which had been enlarged on each side till you might almost have called it a roundhouse. Very low it was still, of course; but there was room to swing two hammocks, and even the mate seemed pleased with the arrangement. Even he, perhaps, had been doubtful as to the crew, but that is only guess; for as you shall hear, we had not long the benefit of his opinion.

We were all hard at work, changing the powder and the berths, when the last man or two, and Long John along with them, came off in a shore-boat.

The cook came up the side like a monkey for cleverness, and, as soon as he saw what was doing, "So ho, mates!" says he, "what's this?"

"We're a-changing of the powder, Jack," answers one.

"Why, by the powers," cried Long John, "if we do, we'll miss the morning tide!"

"My orders!" said the captain shortly. "You may go below, my man. Hands will want supper."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the cook; and, touching his forelock, he disappeared at once in the direction of his galley.

"That's a good man, captain," said the doctor.

"Very likely, sir," replied Captain Smollett. "Easy with that, men—easy," he ran on, to the fellows who were shifting the powder; and then suddenly observing me examining the swivel we carried amidships, a long brass nine—"Here, you ship's boy," he cried, "out o' that! Off with you to the cook and get some work."

And then as I was hurrying off I heard him say, quite loudly, to the doctor:

"I'll have no favorites on my ship."

I assure you I was quite of the squire's way of thinking, and hated the captain deeply.

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82. **long brass nine**, a cannon carrying a ball weighing nine pounds.

CHAPTER X

The Voyage

All that night we were in a great bustle getting things stowed in their places, and boatfuls of the squire's friends, Mr. Blandly and the like, coming off to wish him a good voyage and a safe return. We never had a night at the "Admiral Benbow" when I had half the work; and I was dog-tired when, a little before dawn, the boatswain sounded his pipe, and the crew began to man the capstan bars. I might have been twice as weary, yet I would not have left the deck; all was so new and interesting to me—the brief commands, the shrill note of the whistle, the men bustling to their places in the glimmer of the ship's lanterns.

"Now, Barbecue, tip us a stave," cried one voice.

"The old one," cried another.

"Aye, aye, mates," said Long John, who was standing by, with his crutch under his arm, and at once broke out in the air and words I knew so well:

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—

and then the whole crew bore chorus:

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

and at the third "ho!" drove the bars before them with a will.

Even at that exciting moment it carried me back to the old "Admiral Benbow" in a second; and I seemed to hear the voice of the captain piping in the chorus. But soon the anchor was short up; soon it was hanging dripping at the bows; soon the sails began to draw, and the land and shipping to flit by on either side; and before I could lie down to snatch an hour of slumber the *Hispaniola* had begun her voyage to the Isle of Treasure.

I am not going to relate that voyage in detail. It was fairly prosperous. The ship proved to be a good ship, the crew were capable seamen, and the captain thoroughly understood his business. But before we came the length of Treasure Island, two or three things had happened which require to be known.

Mr. Arrow, first of all, turned out even worse than the captain had feared. He had no command among the men, and people did what they pleased with him. But that was by no means the worst of it, for after a day or two at sea he began to appear on deck with hazy eye, red cheeks, stuttering tongue, and other marks of drunkenness. Time after time he was ordered below in disgrace. Sometimes he fell and cut himself; sometimes he lay all day long in his little bunk at one side of the companion; sometimes for a day or two he would be almost sober and attend to his work at least passably.

In the meantime, we could never make out where he got the drink. That was the ship's mystery. Watch him as we pleased, we could do nothing to solve it; and when we asked him to his face, he would only laugh, if he were drunk, and if he were sober, deny solemnly that he ever tasted anything but water.

He was not only useless as an officer, and a bad influence amongst the men, but it was plain that at this rate he must soon kill himself outright; so nobody was much surprised, nor very sorry, when one dark night, with a head sea, he disappeared entirely and was seen no more.

"Overboard!" said the captain. "Well, gentlemen, that saves the trouble of putting him in irons."

But there we were, without a mate; and it was necessary, of course, to advance one of the men. The boatswain, Job Anderson, was the likeliest man aboard, and, though he kept his old title, he served in a way as mate. Mr. Trelawney had followed the sea, and his knowledge made him very useful, for he often took a watch himself in easy weather. And the coxswain, Israel Hands, was a careful, wily, old, experienced seaman, who could be trusted at a pinch with almost anything. He was a great confidant of Long John Silver, and so the mention of his name leads me on to speak of our ship's cook, Barbecue, as the men called him.

Aboard ship he carried his crutch by a lanyard round his neck, to have both hands as free as possible. It was something to see him wedge the foot of the crutch against a bulkhead, and, propped against it, yielding to every movement of the ship, get on with his cooking, like someone safe ashore. Still more strange was it to see him in the heaviest of weather cross the deck. He had a line or two rigged up to help him across the widest spaces—Long John's earrings, they were called; and he would hand himself from one place to another, now using the crutch, now trailing it alongside by the lanyard, as quickly as another man could walk. Yet some of the men who had sailed with him before expressed their pity to see him so reduced.

"He's no common man, Barbecue," said the coxswain to me. "He had good schooling in his young days, and can speak like a book when so minded; and brave—a lion's nothing alongside of Long John! I seen him grapple four, and knock their heads together—him unarmed."

All the crew respected and even obeyed him. He had a way of talking to each, and doing everybody some particular service. To me he was unweariedly kind; and always glad to see me in the galley, which he kept as clean as a new pin; the dishes hanging up burnished and his parrot in a cage in one corner.

"Come away, Hawkins," he would say; "come and have a yarn with John. Nobody more welcome than yourself, my son. Sit you down and hear the news. Here's Cap'n Flint—I calls my parrot Cap'n Flint, after the famous buccaneer—here's Cap'n Flint predicting success to our v'yage. Wasn't you, Cap'n?"

And the parrot would say, with great rapidity, "Pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight!" till you wondered that it was not out of breath, or till John threw his handkerchief over the cage.

"Now, that bird," he would say, "is, maybe, two hundred years old, Hawkins—they lives forever mostly; and if anybody's seen more wickedness, it must be the devil himself. She's sailed with England, the great Cap'n England, the pirate. She's been at Madagascar, and at Malabar, and Surinam, and Providence, and Portobello. She was at the fishing up of the wrecked plate ships. It's there she learned 'Pieces of eight,' and little wonder; three hundred and fifty thousand of 'em, Hawkins! She was at the boarding of the *Viceroy of the Indies* out of Goa, she was; and to look at her you would think she was a babby. But you smelt powder—didn't you, Cap'n?"

"Stand by to go about," the parrot would scream.

"Ah, she's a handsome craft, she is," the cook would say, and give her sugar from his pocket, and then the bird would peck at the bars and swear straight on, passing belief for wickedness. "There," John would add, "you can't touch pitch and not be mucked, lad. Here's this poor old innocent bird o' mine swearing blue

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74. **Madagascar, Malabar,** etc., places especially associated with piracy.

fire, and none the wiser, you may lay to that. She would swear the same, in a manner of speaking, before chaplain." And John would touch his forelock with a solemn way he had, that made me think he was the best of men.

In the meantime, squire and Captain Smollett were still on pretty distant terms with one another. The squire made no bones about the matter; he despised the captain. The captain, on his part, never spoke but when he was spoken to, and then sharp and short and dry, and not a word wasted. He owned, when driven into a corner, that he seemed to have been wrong about the crew, that some of them were as brisk as he wanted to see, and all had behaved fairly well. As for the ship, he had taken a downright fancy to her. "She'll lie a point nearer the wind than a man has a right to expect of his own married wife, sir. But," he would add, "all I say is we're not home again, and I don't like the cruise."

The squire, at this, would turn away and march up and down the deck, chin in air.

"A trifle more of that man," he would say, "and I should explode."

We had some heavy weather, which only proved the qualities of the *Hispaniola.* Every man on board seemed well contented, and they must have been hard to please if they had been otherwise; for it is my belief there was never a ship's company so spoiled since Noah put to sea. Double grog was going on the least excuse; there was duff on odd days, as, for instance, if the squire heard it was any man's birthday; and always a barrel of apples standing broached in the waist, for anyone to help himself that had a fancy.

"Never knew good come of it," the captain said to Dr. Livesey. "Spoil foc's'le hands, make devils. That's my belief."

But good did come of the apple barrel, as you shall hear; for if it had not been for that, we should have had no note of warning, and might all have perished by the hand of treachery.

This was how it came about.

We had run up the trades to get the wind of the island we were after—I am not allowed to be more plain—and now we were running down for it with a bright lookout day and night. It was about the last day of our outward voyage, by the largest computation; some time that night, or, at latest, before noon of the morrow, we should sight the Treasure Island. We were heading S.S.W., and had a steady breeze abeam and a quiet sea. The *Hispaniola* rolled steadily, dipping her bowsprit now and then with a whiff of spray. All was drawing alow and aloft; everyone was in the bravest spirits, because we were now so near an end of the first part of our adventure.

Now, just after sundown, when all my work was over, and I was on my way to my berth, it occurred to me that I should like an apple. I ran on deck. The watch was all forward looking out for the island. The man at the helm was watching the luff of the sail, and whistling away gently to himself; and that was the only sound excepting the swish of the sea against the bows and around the sides of the ship.

In I got bodily into the apple barrel, and found there was scarce an apple left; but, sitting down there in the dark, what with the sound of the waters and the rocking movement of

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46. **broached in the waist,** open in the central part of the ship.

50. **foc's'le,** forecastle—the part of the ship where the crew usually bunked. 59. **trades,** trade winds.

the ship, I had either fallen asleep, or was on the point of doing so, when a heavy man sat down with rather a clash close by. The barrel shook as he leaned his shoulders against it, and I was just about to jump up when the man began to speak. It was Silver's voice, and, before I had heard a dozen words, I would not have shown myself for all the world, but lay there, trembling and listening, in the extreme of fear and curiosity; for from these dozen words I understood that the lives of all the honest men aboard depended upon me alone.

CHAPTER XI

WHAT I HEARD IN THE APPLE BARREL

"No, not I," said Silver. "Flint was cap'n; I was quartermaster, along of my timber leg. The same broadside I lost my leg, old Pew lost his deadlights. It was a master surgeon, him that ampytated me—out of college and all—Latin by the bucket, and what not; but he was hanged like a dog, and sun-dried like the rest, at Corso Castle. That was Roberts' men, that was, and comed of changing names to their ships—*Royal Fortune* and so on. Now, what a ship was christened, so let her stay, I says. So it was with the *Cassandra*, as brought us all safe home from Malabar, after England took the *Viceroy of the Indies;* so it was with the old *Walrus*, Flint's old ship, as I have seen amuck with the red blood and fit to sink with gold."

"Ah!" cried another voice, that of the youngest hand on board, and evidently full of admiration, "he was the flower of the flock, was Flint!"

"Davis was a man too, by all accounts," said Silver. "I never sailed along of him; first with England, then with Flint, that's my story; and now here on my own account, in a manner of speaking. I laid by nine hundred safe, from England, and two thousand after Flint. That ain't bad for a man before the mast—all safe in bank. 'Tain't earning now, it's saving does it, you may lay to that. Where's all England's men now? I dunno. Where's Flint's? Why, most on 'em aboard here, and glad to get the duff—been begging before that, some on 'em. Old Pew, as had lost his sight, and might have thought shame, spends twelve hundred pound in a year, like a lord in Parliament. Where is he now? Well, he's dead now and under hatches; but for two year before that, shiver my timbers! the man was starving. He begged, and he stole, and he cut throats, and starved at that, by the powers!"

"Well, it ain't much use, after all," said the young seaman.

"'Tain't much use for fools, you may lay to it—that, nor nothing," cried Silver. "But now, you look here; you're young, you are, but you're as smart as paint. I see that when I set my eyes on you, and I'll talk to you like a man."

You may imagine how I felt when I heard this abominable old rogue addressing another in the very same words of flattery as he had used to myself. I think, if I had been able, that I would have killed him through the barrel. Meantime, he ran on, little supposing he was overheard.

"Here it is about gentlemen of fortune. They lives rough, and they risk swinging, but they eat and drink like fighting-cocks, and when a cruise is done, why, it's hundreds of pounds instead of hundreds of farthings in their pockets. Now, the most goes for rum and a good fling, and to sea again in their shirts. But that's not the course I lay. I puts it all away, some here, some there, and none too much anywheres, by reason of suspicion. I'm fifty, mark you; once back from this cruise, I set up gentleman in earnest. Time enough, too, says you. Ah, but I've lived easy in the meantime; never denied myself o' nothing heart desires, and slep' soft and ate dainty all my days, but when at sea. And how did I begin? Before the mast, like you!"

"Well," said the other, "but all the other money's gone now, ain't it? You daren't show face in Bristol after this."

"Why, where might you suppose it was?" asked Silver, derisively.

"At Bristol in banks and places," answered his companion.

"It were," said the cook; "it were when we weighed anchor. But my old missus has it all by now. And the 'Spyglass' is sold, lease and goodwill and rigging; and the old girl's off to meet me. I would tell you where, for I trust you; but it 'ud make jealousy among the mates."

"And can you trust your missis?" asked the other.

"Gentlemen of fortune," returned the cook, "usually trusts little among themselves, and right they are, you may lay to it. But I have a way with me, I have. When a mate brings a slip on his cable—one as knows me, I mean—it won't be in the same world with old John. There was some that was feared of Pew, and some that was feared of Flint; but Flint his own self was feared of me. Feared he was, and proud. They was the roughest crew afloat, was Flint's; the devil himself would have been feared to go to sea with them. Well, now, I tell you, I'm not a boasting man, and you seen yourself how easy I keep company; but when I was quartermaster, *lambs* wasn't the word for Flint's old buccaneers. Ah, you may be sure of yourself in old John's ship."

"Well, I tell you now," replied the lad, "I didn't half a quarter like the job till I had this talk with you, John; but there's my hand on it now."

"And a brave lad you were, and smart, too," answered Silver, shaking hands so heartily that all the barrel shook, "and a finer figurehead for a gentleman of fortune I never clapped my eyes on."

By this time I had begun to understand the meaning of their terms. By a "gentleman of fortune" they plainly meant neither more nor less than a common pirate, and the little scene that I had overheard was the last act in the corruption of one of the honest hands—perhaps the last one left aboard. But on this point I was soon to be relieved, for Silver giving a little whistle, a third man strolled up and sat down by the party.

"Dick's square," said Silver.

"Oh, I know'd Dick was square," returned the voice of the coxswain, Israel Hands. "He's no fool, is Dick." And he turned his quid and spat. "But, look here," he went on, "here's what I want to know, Barbecue: how long are we a-going to stand off and on like a blessed bumboat? I've had a'most enough o' Cap'n Smollett; he's hazed me long enough, by thunder! I want to go into that cabin, I do. I want their pickles and wines, and that."

"Israel," said Silver, "your head ain't much account, nor ever was. But you're able to hear, I reckon; leastways, your ears is big enough. Now, here's what I say; you'll berth forward, and you'll live hard, and you'll speak soft, and you'll keep sober, till I give the word; and you may lay to that, my son."

"Well, I don't say no, do I?" growled the coxswain. "What I say is, when? That's what I say."

"When! by the powers!" cried

Silver. "Well, now, if you want to know, I'll tell you when. The last moment I can manage; and that's when. Here's a first-rate seaman, Cap'n Smollett, sails the blessed ship for us. Here's this squire and doctor with a map and such—I don't know where it is, do I? No more do you, says you. Well, then, I mean this squire and doctor shall find the stuff, and help us to get it aboard, by the powers. Then we'll see. If I was sure of you all, sons of double Dutchmen, I'd have Cap'n Smollett navigate us halfway back again before I struck."

"Why, we're all seamen aboard here, I should think," said the lad Dick.

"We're all foc's'le hands, you mean," snapped Silver. "We can steer a course, but who's to set one? That's what all you gentlemen split on, first and last. If I had my way, I'd have Cap'n Smollett work us back into the trades at least; then we'd have no blessed miscalculations and a spoonful of water a day. But I know the sort you are. I'll finish with 'em at the island, as soon's the blunt's on board, and a pity it is. But you're never happy till you're drunk. Split my sides, I've a sick heart to sail with the likes of you!"

"Easy all, Long John," cried Israel. "Who's a-crossin' of you?"

"Why, how many tall ships, think ye, now, have I seen laid aboard? and how many brisk lads drying in the sun at Execution Dock?" cried Silver, "and all for this same hurry and hurry and hurry. You hear me? I seen a thing or two at sea, I have. If you would on'y lay your course, and a p'int to windward, you would ride in carriages, you would. But not you! I know you. You'll have your mouthful of rum tomorrow, and go hang."

"Everybody know'd you was a kind of a chapling, John; but there's others as could hand and steer as well as you," said Israel. "They liked a bit o' fun, they did. They wasn't so high and dry, nohow, but took their fling, like jolly companions every one."

"So?" says Silver. "Well, and where are they now? Pew was that sort, and he died a beggar-man. Flint was, and he died of rum at Savannah. Ah, they was a sweet crew, they was! on'y, where are they?"

"But," asked Dick, "when we do lay 'em athwart, what are we to do with 'em, anyhow?"

"There's the man for me!" cried the cook, admiringly. "That's what I call business. Well, what would you think? Put 'em ashore like maroons? That would have been England's way. Or cut 'em down like that much pork? That would have been Flint's or Billy Bones's."

"Billy was the man for that," said Israel. " 'Dead men don't bite,' says he. Well, he's dead now hisself; he knows the long and short on it now; and if ever a rough hand come to port, it was Billy."

"Right you are," said Silver, "rough and ready. But mark you here: I'm an easy man—I'm quite the gentleman, says you; but this time it's serious. Dooty is dooty, mates. I give my vote—death. When I'm in Parlyment, and riding in my coach, I don't want none of these sea-lawyers in the cabin a-coming home, unlooked for, like the devil at prayers. Wait is what I say; but when the time comes, why let her rip!"

"John," cries the coxswain, "you're a man!"

"You'll say so, Israel, when you see," said Silver. "Only one thing I claim—I claim Trelawney. I'll wring his calf's head off his body with these

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29. **blunt**, a slang term for money. 39. **Execution Dock**, a dock in London where pirates were hanged.

49. **chapling**, chaplain.

hands. Dick!" he added, breaking off, "you just jump up, like a sweet lad, and get me an apple, to wet my pipe like."

You may fancy the terror I was in! I should have leaped out and run for it, if I had found the strength; but my limbs and heart alike misgave me. I heard Dick begin to rise, and then someone seemingly stopped him, and the voice of Hands exclaimed:

"Oh, stow that! Don't you get sucking of that bilge, John. Let's have a go of the rum."

"Dick," said Silver, "I trust you. I've a gauge on the keg, mind. There's the key; you fill a pannikin and bring it up."

Terrified as I was, I could not help thinking to myself that this must have been how Mr. Arrow got the strong waters that destroyed him.

Dick was gone but a little while, and during his absence Israel spoke straight on in the cook's ear. It was but a word or two that I could catch, and yet I gathered some important news; for, besides other scraps that tended to the same purpose, this whole clause was audible: "Not another man of them'll jine." Hence there were still faithful men on board.

When Dick returned, one after another of the trio took the pannikin and drank—one "To luck"; another with a "Here's to old Flint"; and Silver himself saying, in a kind of song, "Here's to ourselves, and hold your luff, plenty of prizes and plenty of duff."

Just then a sort of brightness fell upon me in the barrel, and, looking up, I found the moon had risen, and was silvering the mizzen-top and shining white on the luff of the foresail; and almost at the same time the voice of the lookout shouted "Land ho!"

CHAPTER XII

Council of War

There was a great rush of feet across the deck. I could hear people tumbling up from the cabin and the foc's'le; and, slipping in an instant outside my barrel, I dived behind the foresail, made a double toward the stern, and came out upon the open deck in time to join Hunter and Dr. Livesey in the rush for the weather bow.

There all hands were already congregated. A belt of fog had lifted almost simultaneously with the appearance of the moon. Away to the southwest of us we saw two low hills, about a couple of miles apart, and rising behind one of them a third and higher hill, whose peak was still buried in the fog. All three seemed sharp and conical in figure.

So much I saw, almost in a dream, for I had not yet recovered from my horrid fear of a minute or two before. And then I heard the voice of Captain Smollett issuing orders. The *Hispaniola* was laid a couple of points nearer the wind, and now sailed a course that would just clear the island on the east.

"And now, men," said the captain when all was sheeted home, "has anyone of you ever seen that land ahead?"

"I have, sir," said Silver. "I've watered there with a trader I was cook in."

"The anchorage is on the south, behind an islet, I fancy?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir; Skeleton Island they calls it. It were a main place for pirates

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12. **stow that**, be silent about that. 13. **sucking of that bilge**, eating anything so tame as an apple (bilge water is the foul water in the bottom of the ship). 38. **hold your luff**, keep the vessel close in to the wind.

79. **sheeted home**, the sails hauled so that the corners are as far apart as possible.

once, and a hand we had on board knowed all their names for it. That hill to the nor'ard they call the Foremast Hill; there are three hills in a row running south'ard—fore, main, and mizzen, sir. But the main—that's the big 'un with the cloud on it—they usually calls the Spyglass, by reason of a lookout they kept when they was in anchorage cleaning; for it's there they cleaned their ships, sir, asking your pardon."

"I have a chart here," says Captain Smollett. "See if that's the place."

Long John's eyes burned in his head as he took the chart; but, by the fresh look of the paper, I knew he was doomed to disappointment. This was not the map we found in Billy Bones's chest, but an accurate copy, complete in all things—names and heights and soundings—with the single exception of the red crosses and the written notes. Sharp as must have been his annoyance, Silver had had the strength of mind to hide it.

"Yes, sir," said he, "this is the spot to be sure; and very prettily drawed out. Who might have done that, I wonder? The pirates were too ignorant, I reckon. Aye, here it is: 'Capt. Kidd's Anchorage'—just the name my shipmate called it. There's a strong current runs along the south, and then away nor'ard up the west coast. Right you was, sir," says he, "to haul your wind and keep the weather of the island. Leastways, if such was your intention as to enter and careen, and there ain't no better place for that in these waters."

"Thank you, my man," says Captain Smollett. "I'll ask you, later on, to give us a help. You may go."

I was surprised at the coolness with which John avowed his knowledge of the island; and I own I was half-frightened when I saw him drawing nearer to myself. He did not know, to be sure, that I had overheard his council from the apple barrel, and yet I had, by this time, taken such a horror of his cruelty, duplicity, and power, that I could scarce conceal a shudder when he laid his hand upon my arm.

"Ah," says he, "this here is a sweet spot, this island—a sweet spot for a lad to get ashore on. You'll bathe, and you'll climb trees, and you'll hunt goats, you will; and you'll get aloft on them hills like a goat yourself. Why, it makes me young again. I was going to forget my timber leg, I was. It's a pleasant thing to be young, and have ten toes, and you may lay to that. When you want to go a bit of exploring, you just ask old John, and he'll put up a snack for you to take along."

And clapping me in the friendliest way upon the shoulder, he hobbled off forward and went below.

Captain Smollett, the squire, and Dr. Livesey were talking together on the quarter-deck, and, anxious as I was to tell them my story, I durst not interrupt them openly. While I was still casting about in my thoughts to find some probable excuse, Dr. Livesey called me to his side. He had left his pipe below, and being a slave to tobacco, had meant that I should fetch it; but as soon as I was near enough to speak and not to be overheard, I broke out immediately: "Doctor, let me speak. Get the captain and squire down to the cabin, and then make some pretense to send for me I have terrible news."

The doctor changed countenance a little, but next moment he was master of himself.

"Thank you, Jim," said he, quite loudly, "that was all I wanted to know," as if he had asked me a question.

And with that he turned on his heel and rejoined the other two.

They spoke together for a little, and though none of them started, or raised his voice, or so much as whistled, it was plain enough that Dr. Livesey had communicated my request; for the next thing that I heard was the captain giving an order to Job Anderson, and all hands were piped on deck.

"My lads," said Captain Smollett, "I've a word to say to you. This land that we have sighted is the place we have been sailing for. Mr. Trelawney, being a very open-handed gentleman, as we all know, has just asked me a word or two, and as I was able to tell him that every man on board had done his duty, alow an' aloft, as I never ask to see it done better, why, he and I and the doctor are going below to the cabin to drink *your* health and luck, and you'll have grog served out for you to drink *our* health and luck. I'll tell you what I think of this: I think it handsome. And if you think as I do, you'll give a good sea cheer for the gentleman that does it."

The cheer followed—that was a matter of course; but it rang out so full and hearty that I confess I could hardly believe these same men were plotting for our blood.

"One more cheer for Cap'n Smollett," cried Long John, when the first had subsided.

And this also was given with a will.

On the top of that the three gentlemen went below, and not long after, word was sent forward that Jim Hawkins was wanted in the cabin.

I found them all three seated round the table, a bottle of Spanish wine and some raisins before them, and the doctor smoking away, with his wig on his lap, and that, I knew, was a sign that he was agitated. The stern window was open, for it was a warm night, and you could see the moon shining behind on the ship's wake.

"Now, Hawkins," said the squire, "you have something to say. Speak up."

I did as I was bid, and, short as I could make it, told the whole details of Silver's conversation. Nobody interrupted me till I was done, nor did any one of the three of them make so much as a movement, but they kept their eyes upon my face from first to last.

"Jim," said Dr. Livesey, "take a seat."

And they made me sit down at the table beside them, poured me out a glass of wine, filled my hands with raisins, and all three, one after the other, and each with a bow, drank my good health, and their service to me, for my luck and courage.

"Now, captain," said the squire, "you were right, and I was wrong. I own myself an ass, and I await your orders."

"No more an ass than I, sir," returned the captain. "I never heard of a crew that meant to mutiny but what showed signs before, for any man that had an eye in his head to see the mischief and take steps according. But this crew," he added, "beats me."

"Captain," said the doctor, "with your permission, that's Silver. A very remarkable man."

"He'd look remarkably well from a yardarm, sir," returned the captain. "But this is talk; this don't lead to anything. I see three or four points, and with Mr. Trelawney's permission, I'll name them."

"You, sir, are the captain. It is for you to speak," says Mr. Trelawney, grandly.

"First point," began Mr. Smollett. "We must go on, because we can't turn back. If I gave the word to go about, they would rise at once.

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85. **from a yardarm**, the captain suggests hanging.

Second point, we have time before us—at least, until this treasure's found. Third point, there are faithful hands. Now, sir, it's got to come to blows sooner or later; and what I propose is, to take time by the forelock, as the saying is, and come to blows some fine day when they least expect it. We can count, I take it, on your own home servants, Mr. Trelawney?"

"As upon myself," declared the squire.

"Three," reckoned the captain, "ourselves make seven, counting Hawkins here. Now, about the honest hands?"

"Most likely Trelawney's own men," said the doctor; "those he had picked up for himself, before he lit on Silver." "Nay," replied the squire, "Hands was one of mine."

"I did think I could have trusted Hands," added the captain.

"And to think that they're all Englishmen!" broke out the squire. "Sir, I could find it in my heart to blow the ship up."

"Well, gentlemen," said the captain, "the best that I can say is not much. We must lay to, if you please, and keep a bright lookout. It's trying on a man, I know. It would be pleasanter to come to blows. But there's no help for it till we know our men. Lay to, and whistle for a wind, that's my view."

"Jim here," said the doctor, "can help us more than anyone. The men are not shy with him, and Jim is a noticing lad."

"Hawkins, I put prodigious faith in you," added the squire.

I began to feel pretty desperate at this, for I felt altogether helpless; and yet, by an odd train of circumstances, it was indeed through me that safety came.

In the meantime, talk as we pleased, there were only seven out of the twenty-six on whom we knew we could rely; and out of these seven one was a boy, so that the grown men on our side were six to their nineteen.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. On the walk along the quays Jim Hawkins learned many a nautical phrase from John Silver; what ones have you learned from reading this story? What other names are applied to Silver?

2. What is our first hint that the crew of the *Hispaniola* is not composed entirely of honest men? Give your reasons for thinking that Captain Smollett was justified in his uneasiness. What incident explains all the mysterious hints we have had so far?

3. In writing a scenario for *Treasure Island* mention the incidents that took place: At the Hall; In Bristol; On board the *Hispaniola.* Which incidents would be especially effective on the screen? Would the incident of the apple barrel be as strong in a scenario as in the story?

Class Reading. Jim and John Silver, Chapter VIII. Bring to class and read, "A Ballad of John Silver," Masefield (in *Salt-Water Ballads*).

PART III

MY SHORE ADVENTURE

CHAPTER XIII

How My Shore Adventure Began

The appearance of the island when I came on deck next morning was altogether changed. Although the breeze had now utterly ceased, we had made a great deal of way during the night, and were now lying becalmed about half a mile to the southeast of the low eastern coast. Gray-colored woods covered a large part of the surface. This even tint was indeed broken up by streaks of yellow sandbreak in the lower lands, and by many tall trees of the pine family, out-topping the others—some singly, some in clumps; but the general coloring was uniform and sad. The hills ran up clear above the vegetation in spires of naked rock. All were strangely shaped, and the Spyglass, which was by three or four hundred feet the tallest on the island, was likewise the strangest in configuration, running up sheer from almost every side, and then suddenly cut off at the top like a pedestal to put a statue on.

The *Hispaniola* was rolling scuppers under in the ocean swell. The booms were tearing at the blocks, the rudder was banging to and fro, and the whole ship creaking, groaning, and jumping like a manufactory. I had to cling tight to the backstay, and the world turned giddily before my eyes; for though I was a good enough sailor when there was way on, this standing still and being rolled about like a bottle was a thing I never learned to stand without a qualm or so, above all in the morning, on an empty stomach.

Perhaps it was this—perhaps it was the look of the island, with its gray, melancholy woods, and wild stone spires, and the surf that we could both see and hear foaming and thundering on the steep beach—at least, although the sun shone bright and hot, and the shore birds were fishing and crying all around us, and you would have thought anyone would have been glad to get to land after being so long at sea, my heart sank, as the saying is, into my boots; and from that first look onward, I hated the very thought of Treasure Island.

We had a dreary morning's work before us, for there was no sign of any wind, and the boats had to be got out and manned, and the ship warped three or four miles round the corner of the island, and up the narrow passage to the haven behind Skeleton Island. I volunteered for one of the boats, where I had, of course, no business. The heat was sweltering, and the men grumbled fiercely over their work. Anderson was in command of my boat, and instead of keeping the crew in order, he grumbled as loud as the worst.

"Well," he said, with an oath, "it's not forever."

I thought this was a very bad sign; for, up to that day, the men had gone briskly and willingly about their business; but the very sight of the island had relaxed the cords of discipline.

All the way in, Long John stood by the steersman and conned the ship. He knew the passage like the palm of his hand; and though the man in the chains got everywhere more water than was down in the chart, John never hesitated once.

"There's a strong scour with the

ebb," he said, "and this here passage has been dug out, in a manner of speaking, with a spade."

We brought up just where the anchor was in the chart, about a third of a mile from each shore, the mainland on one side, and Skeleton Island on the other. The bottom was clean sand. The plunge of our anchor sent up clouds of birds wheeling and crying over the woods; but in less than a minute they were down again, and all was once more silent.

The place was entirely landlocked, buried in woods, the trees coming right down to high-water mark, the shores mostly flat, and the hilltops standing round at a distance in a sort of amphitheater, one here, one there. Two little rivers, or, rather, two swamps, emptied out into this pond, as you might call it; and the foliage round that part of the shore had a kind of poisonous brightness. From the ship, we could see nothing of the house or stockade, for they were quite buried among trees; and if it had not been for the chart on the companion, we might have been the first that had ever anchored there since the island arose out of the seas.

There was not a breath of air moving, nor a sound but that of the surf booming half a mile away along the beaches and against the rocks outside. A peculiar stagnant smell hung over the anchorage—a smell of sodden leaves and rotting tree trunks. I observed the doctor sniffing and sniffing, like someone tasting a bad egg.

"I don't know about treasure," he said, "but I'll stake my wig there's fever here."

If the conduct of the men had been alarming in the boat, it became truly threatening when they had come aboard. They lay about the deck growling together in talk. The slightest order was received with a black look, and grudgingly and carelessly obeyed. Even the honest hands must have caught the infection, for there was not one man aboard to mend another. Mutiny, it was plain, hung over us like a thundercloud.

And it was not only we of the cabin party who perceived the danger. Long John was hard at work going from group to group, spending himself in good advice, and as for example no man could have shown a better. He fairly outstripped himself in willingness and civility; he was all smiles to everyone. If an order were given, John would be on his crutch in an instant, with the cheeriest "Aye, aye, sir!" in the world; and when there was nothing else to do, he kept up one song after another, as if to conceal the discontent of the rest.

Of all the gloomy features of that gloomy afternoon, this obvious anxiety on the part of Long John appeared the worst.

We held a council in the cabin.

"Sir," said the captain, "if I risk another order the whole ship'll come about our ears by the run. You see, sir, here it is. I get a rough answer, do I not? Well, if I speak back, pikes will be going in two shakes; if I don't, Silver will see there's something under that, and the game's up. Now, we've only one man to rely on."

"And who is that?" asked the squire.

"Silver, sir," returned the captain; "he's as anxious as you and I to smother things up. This is a tiff; he'd soon talk 'em out of it if he had the chance, and what I propose to do is to give him the chance. Let's allow the men an afternoon ashore. If they all go, why, we'll fight the ship. If they none of them go, well, then, we hold the cabin, and God defend the right. If some go, you mark my words, sir, Silver'll bring 'em aboard again as mild as lambs."

It was so decided; loaded pistols were served out to all the sure men; Hunter, Joyce, and Redruth were taken into our confidence, and received the news with less surprise and a better spirit than we had looked for, and then the captain went on deck and addressed the crew.

"My lads," said he, "we've had a hot day, and are all tired and out of sorts. A turn ashore'll hurt nobody—the boats are still in the water; you can take the gigs, and as many as please can go ashore for the afternoon. I'll fire a gun half an hour before sundown."

I believe the silly fellows must have thought they would break their shins over treasure as soon as they were landed; for they all came out of their sulks in a moment, and gave a cheer that started the echo in a far-away hill, and sent the birds once more flying and squalling round the anchorage.

The captain was too bright to be in the way. He whipped out of sight in a moment, leaving Silver to arrange the party; and I fancy it was as well he did so. Had he been on deck, he could no longer so much as have pretended not to understand the situation. It was as plain as day. Silver was the captain, and a mighty rebellious crew he had of it. The honest hands—and I was soon to see it proved that there were such on board—must have been very stupid fellows. Or, rather, I suppose the truth was this, that all hands were disaffected by the example of the ringleaders—only some more, some less; and a few, being good fellows in the main, could neither be led nor driven any further. It is one thing to be idle and skulk, and quite another to take a ship and murder a number of innocent men.

At last, however, the party was made up. Six fellows were to stay on board, and the remaining thirteen, including Silver, began to embark.

Then it was that there came into my head the first of the mad notions that contributed so much to save our lives. If six men were left by Silver, it was plain our party could not take and fight the ship; and since only six were left, it was equally plain that the cabin party had no present need of my assistance. It occurred to me at once to go ashore. In a jiffy I had slipped over the side, and curled up in the foresheets of the nearest boat; and almost at the same moment she shoved off.

No one took notice of me, only the bow oar saying, "Is that you, Jim? Keep your head down." But Silver, from the other boat, looked sharply over and called out to know if that were me; and from that moment I began to regret what I had done.

The crews raced for the beach; but the boat I was in, having some start, and being at once the lighter and the better manned, shot far ahead of her consort, and the bow had struck among the shore-side trees, and I had caught a branch and swung myself out, and plunged into the nearest thicket, while Silver and the rest were still a hundred yards behind.

"Jim, Jim!" I heard him shouting.

But you may suppose I paid no heed; jumping, ducking, and breaking through, I ran straight before my nose, till I could run no longer.

CHAPTER XIV

The First Blow

I was so pleased at having given the slip to Long John that I began to enjoy myself and look around me with some interest on the strange land that I was in.

I had crossed a marshy tract, full of willows, bulrushes, and odd, outlandish swampy trees; and I had now come out upon the skirts of an open piece of undulating, sandy country, about a mile long, dotted with a few pines, and a great number of contorted trees, not unlike the oak in growth, but pale in the foliage, like willows. On the far side of the open stood one of the hills, with two quaint, craggy peaks, shining vividly in the sun.

I now felt for the first time the joy of exploration. The isle was uninhabited; my shipmates I had left behind, and nothing lived in front of me but dumb brutes and fowls. I turned hither and thither among the trees. Here and there were flowering plants, unknown to me; here and there I saw snakes, and one raised his head from a ledge of rock and hissed at me with a noise not unlike the spinning of a top. Little did I suppose that he was a deadly enemy, and that the noise was the famous rattle.

Then I came to a long thicket of these oak-like trees—live, or evergreen, oaks, I heard afterwards they should be called—which grew low along the sand like brambles, the boughs curiously twisted, the foliage compact like thatch. The thicket stretched down from the top of one of the sandy knolls, spreading and growing taller as it went, until it reached the margin of the broad, reedy fen, through which the nearest of the little rivers soaked its way into the anchorage. The marsh was steaming in the strong sun, and the outline of the Spyglass trembled through the haze.

All at once there began to go a sort of bustle among the bulrushes; a wild duck flew up with a quack, another followed, and soon over the whole surface of the marsh a great cloud of birds hung screaming and circling in the air. I judged at once that some of my shipmates must be drawing near along the borders of the fen. Nor was I deceived; for soon I heard the very distant and low tones of a human voice, which, as I continued to give ear, grew steadily louder and nearer.

This put me in a great fear, and I crawled under cover of the nearest live-oak, and squatted there, hearkening, as silent as a mouse.

Another voice answered; and then the first voice, which I now recognized to be Silver's, once more took up the story, and ran on for a long while in a stream, only now and again interrupted by the other. By the sound they must have been talking earnestly, and almost fiercely; but no distinct word came to my hearing.

At last the speakers seemed to have paused, and perhaps to have sat down; for not only did they cease to draw any nearer, but the birds themselves began to grow more quiet, and to settle again to their places in the swamp.

And now I began to feel that I was neglecting my business; that since I had been so foolhardy as to come ashore with these desperadoes, the least I could do was to overhear them at their councils; and that my plain and obvious duty was to draw as close as I could manage, under the favorable ambush of the crouching trees.

I could tell the direction of the speakers pretty exactly, not only by the sound of their voices, but by the behavior of the few birds that still hung in alarm above the heads of the intruders.

Crawling on all fours, I made steadily but slowly toward them;

till at last, raising my head to an aperture among the leaves, I could see clear down into a little green dell beside the marsh, and closely set about with trees, where long John Silver and another of the crew stood face to face in conversation.

The sun beat full upon them. Silver had thrown his hat beside him on the ground, and his great, smooth, blond face, all shining with heat, was lifted to the other man's in a kind of appeal.

"Mate," he was saying, "it's because I thinks gold dust of you—gold dust, and you may lay to that! If I hadn't took to you like pitch, do you think I'd have been here a-warning of you? All's up—you can't make nor mend; it's to save your neck that I'm a-speaking, and if one of the wild 'uns knew it, where 'd I be, Tom—now, tell me, where 'ud I be?"

"Silver," said the other man—and I observed he was not only red in the face, but spoke as hoarse as a crow, and his voice shook, too, like a taut rope—"Silver," says he, "you're old, and you're honest, or has the name for it; and you've money, too, which lots of poor sailors hasn't; and you're brave, or I'm mistook. And will you tell me you'll let yourself be led away with that kind of a mess of swabs? not you! As sure as God sees me, I'd sooner lose my hand. If I turn agin my dooty—"

And then all of a sudden he was interrupted by a noise. I had found one of the honest hands—well, here, at that same moment, came news of another. Far away out in the marsh there arose, all of a sudden, a sound like the cry of anger, then another on the back of it; and then one horrid, long-drawn scream. The rocks of the Spyglass reëchoed it a score of times; the whole troop of marsh-birds rose again, darkening heaven, with a simultaneous whirr; and long after that death yell was still ringing in my brain, silence had reëstablished its empire, and only the rustle of the redescending birds and the boom of distant surges disturbed the languor of the afternoon.

Tom had leaped at the sound, like a horse at the spur; but Silver had not winked an eye. He stood where he was, resting lightly on his crutch, watching his companion like a snake about to spring.

"John," said the sailor, stretching out his hand.

"Hands off!" cried Silver, leaping back a yard, as it seemed to me with the speed and security of a trained gymnast.

"Hands off, if you like, John Silver," said the other. "It's a black conscience that can make you feared of me. But, in heaven's name, tell me what was that?"

"That?" returned Silver, smiling away, but warier than ever, his eye a mere pin-point in his big face, but gleaming like a crumb of glass. "That! Oh, I reckon that'll be Alan."

And at this poor Tom flashed out like a hero.

"Alan!" he cried. "Then rest his soul for a true seaman! And as for you, John Silver, long you've been a mate of mine, but you're mate of mine no more. If I die like a dog, I die in my dooty. You've killed Alan, have you? Kill me, too, if you can. But I defies you."

And with that, this brave fellow turned his back directly on the cook, and set off walking for the beach. But he was not destined to go far. With a cry, John seized the branch of a tree, whipped the crutch out of his armpit, and sent that uncouth missile hurtling through the air. It struck poor Tom point foremost, and with stunning violence, right between the shoulders in the middle of his back. His hands flew up, he gave a sort of gasp, and fell.

Whether he were injured much or little, none could ever tell. Like enough, to judge from the sound, his back was broken on the spot. But he had no time given him to recover. Silver, agile as a monkey, even without leg or crutch, was on the top of him next moment, and had twice buried his knife up to the hilt in that defenseless body. From my place of ambush, I could hear him pant aloud as he struck the blows.

I do not know what it rightly is to faint, but I do know that for the next little while the whole world swam away from before me in a whirling mist; Silver, and the birds, and the tall Spyglass hilltop, going round and round topsy-turvy before my eyes, and all manner of bells ringing and distant voices shouting in my ear.

When I came again to myself, the monster had pulled himself together, his crutch under his arm, his hat upon his head. Just before him Tom lay motionless upon the sward; but the murderer minded him not a whit, cleansing his bloodstained knife the while upon a wisp of grass. Everything else was unchanged, the sun still shining mercilessly on the steaming marsh and the tall pinnacle of the mountain, and I could scarce persuade myself that murder had been actually done, and a human life cruelly cut short a moment since, before my eyes.

But now John put his hand into his pocket, brought out a whistle, and blew upon it several modulated blasts, that rang far across the heated air. I could not tell, of course, the meaning of the signal; but it instantly awoke my fears. More men would be coming. I might be discovered. They had already slain two of the honest people; after Tom and Alan, might not I come next?

Instantly I began to extricate myself and crawl back again, with what speed and silence I could manage, to the more open portion of the wood. As I did so, I could hear hails coming and going between the old buccaneer and his comrades, and this sound of danger lent me wings.

As soon as I was clear of the thicket, I ran as I never ran before, scarce minding the direction of my flight, so long as it led me from the murderers; and as I ran, fear grew and grew upon me, until it turned into a kind of frenzy.

Indeed, could anyone be more entirely lost than I? When the gun fired, how should I dare to go down to the boats among those fiends, still smoking from their crime? Would not the first of them who saw me wring my neck like a snipe's? Would not my absence itself be an evidence to them of my alarm, and therefore of my fatal knowledge? It was all over, I thought. Good-by to the *Hispaniola;* good-by to the squire, the doctor, and the captain! There was nothing left for me but death by starvation, or death by the hands of the mutineers.

All this while, as I say, I was still running, and without taking any notice, I had drawn near to the foot of the little hill with the two peaks, and had got into a part of the island where the live-oaks grew more widely apart, and seemed more like forest trees in their bearing and dimensions. Mingled with these were a few scattered pines, some fifty, some nearer seventy, feet high. The air, too, smelt more freshly than down beside the marsh.

And here a fresh alarm brought me to a standstill with a thumping heart.

CHAPTER XV

The Man of the Island

From the side of the hill, which was here steep and stony, a spout of gravel was dislodged, and fell rattling and bounding through the trees. My eyes turned instinctively in that direction, and I saw a figure leap with great rapidity behind the trunk of a pine. What it was, whether bear or man or monkey, I could in nowise tell. It seemed dark and shaggy; more I knew not. But the terror of this new apparition brought me to a stand.

I was now, it seemed, cut off upon both sides; behind me the murderers, before me this lurking nondescript. And immediately I began to prefer the dangers that I knew to those I knew not. Silver himself appeared less terrible in contrast with this creature of the woods, and I turned on my heel, and, looking sharply behind me over my shoulder, began to retrace my steps in the direction of the boats.

Instantly the figure reappeared, and making a wide circuit, began to head me off. I was tired, at any rate; but had I been as fresh as when I rose, I could see it was in vain for me to contend in speed with such an adversary. From trunk to trunk the creature flitted like a deer, running manlike on two legs, but unlike any man that I have ever seen, stooping almost double as it ran. Yet a man it was; I could no longer be in doubt about that.

I began to recall what I had heard of cannibals. I was within an ace of calling for help. But the mere fact that he was a man, however wild, had somewhat reassured me, and my fear of Silver began to revive in proportion. I stood still, therefore, and cast about for some method of escape; and as I was so thinking, the recollection of my pistol flashed into my mind. As soon as I remembered I was not defenseless, courage glowed again in my heart; and I set my face resolutely for this man of the island, and walked briskly toward him.

He was concealed by this time, behind another tree trunk; but he must have been watching me closely, for as soon as I began to move in his direction, he reappeared and took a step to meet me. Then he hesitated, drew back, came forward again, and at last, to my wonder and confusion, threw himself on his knees and held out his clasped hands in supplication.

At that I once more stopped.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Ben Gunn," he answered, and his voice sounded hoarse and awkward, like a rusty lock. "I'm poor Ben Gunn, I am; and I haven't spoke with a Christian these three years."

I could now see that he was a white man like myself, and that his features were even pleasing. His skin, wherever it was exposed, was burnt by the sun; even his lips were black; and his fair eyes looked quite startling in so dark a face. Of all the beggar-men that I have seen or fancied, he was the chief for raggedness. He was clothed with tatters of old ship's canvas and old sea cloth; and this extraordinary patchwork was all held together by a system of the most various and incongruous fastenings, brass buttons, bits of stick, and loops of tarry gaskin. About his waist he wore an old brass-buckled leather belt, which was the one thing solid in his whole accouterment.

"Three years!" I cried. "Were you shipwrecked?"

"Nay, mate," said he—"marooned."

I had heard the word, and I knew

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86. **gaskin**, gasking; hemp-fiber used in calking ships' seams.

it stood for a horrible kind of punishment common enough among the buccaneers, in which the offender is put ashore with a little powder and shot, and left behind on some desolate and distant island.

"Marooned three years agone," he continued, "and lived on goats since then, and berries, and oysters. Wherever a man is, says I, a man can do for himself. But, mate, my heart is sore for Christian diet. You mightn't happen to have a piece of cheese about you, now? No? Well, many's the long night I've dreamed of cheese—toasted, mostly—and woke up again, and here I were."

"If ever I can get aboard again," said I, "you shall have cheese by the stone."

All this time he had been feeling the stuff of my jacket, smoothing my hands, looking at my boots, and generally, in the intervals of his speech, showing a childish pleasure in the presence of a fellow creature. But at my last words he perked up into a kind of startled slyness.

"If ever you can get aboard again, says you?" he repeated. "Why, now, who's to hinder you?"

"Not you, I know," was my reply.

"And right you was," he cried. "Now you—what do you call yourself, mate?"

"Jim," I told him.

"Jim, Jim," says he, quite pleased apparently. "Well, now, Jim, I've lived that rough as you'd be ashamed to hear of. Now, for instance, you wouldn't think I had had a pious mother—to look at me?" he asked.

"Why, no, not in particular," I answered.

"Ah, well," said he, "but I had—remarkable pious. And I was a civil, pious boy, and could rattle off my catechism that fast, as you couldn't tell one word from another. And here's what it come to, Jim, and it begun with chuck-farthen on the blessed gravestones! That's what it begun with, but it went further'n that; and so my mother told me, and predicked the whole, she did, the pious woman! But it were Providence that put me here. I've thought it all out in this here lonely island, and I'm back on piety. You don't catch me tasting rum so much; but just a thimbleful for luck, of course, the first chance I have. I'm bound I'll be good, and I see the way, too. And, Jim"—looking all round him, and lowering his voice to a whisper—"I'm rich."

I now felt sure that the poor fellow had gone crazy in his solitude, and I suppose I must have shown the feeling in my face; for he repeated the statement hotly:

"Rich! rich! I says. And I'll tell you what: I'll make a man of you, Jim. Ah, Jim, you'll bless your stars, you will, you was the first that found me!"

And at this there came suddenly a lowering shadow over his face, and he tightened his grasp upon my hand, and raised a forefinger threateningly before my eyes.

"Now, Jim, you tell me true: that ain't Flint's ship?" he asked.

At this I had a happy inspiration. I began to believe that I had found an ally, and I answered him at once.

"It's not Flint's ship, and Flint is dead; but I'll tell you true, as you ask me—there are some of Flint's hands aboard; worse luck for the rest of us."

"Not a man—with one—leg?" he gasped.

"Silver?" I asked.

"Ah, Silver!" says he; "that were his name."

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51. **chuck-farthen**, chuck-farthing, a game similar to pitch-penny.

"He's the cook; and the ringleader, too."

He was still holding me by the wrist, and at that he gave it quite a wring.

"If you was sent by Long John," he said, "I'm as good as pork, and I know it. But where was you, do you suppose?"

I had made my mind up in a moment, and by way of answer told him the whole story of our voyage, and the predicament in which we found ourselves. He heard me with the keenest interest, and when I had done he patted me on the head.

"You're a good lad, Jim," he said, "and you're all in a clove hitch, ain't you? Well, you just put your trust in Ben Gunn—Ben Gunn's the man to do it. Would you think it likely, now, that your squire would prove a liberal-minded one in case of help—him being in a clove hitch, as you remark?"

I told him the squire was the most liberal of men.

"Aye, but you see," returned Ben Gunn, "I didn't mean giving me a gate to keep, and a shuit of livery clothes, and such; that's not my mark, Jim. What I mean is, would he be likely to come down to the toon of, say one thousand pounds out of money that's as good as a man's own already?"

"I am sure he would," said I. "As it was, all hands were to share."

"*And* a passage home?" he added, with a look of great shrewdness.

"Why," I cried, "the squire's a gentleman. And, besides, if we got rid of the others, we should want you to help work the vessel home."

"Ah," said he, "so you would." And he seemed very much relieved.

"Now, I'll tell you what," he went on. "So much I'll tell you, and no more. I were in Flint's ship when he buried the treasure; he and six along—six strong seamen. They were ashore nigh on a week, and us standing off and on in the old *Walrus*. One fine day up went the signal, and here come Flint by himself in a little boat, and his head done up in a blue scarf. The sun was getting up, and mortal white he looked about the cutwater. But, there he was, you mind, and the six all dead—dead and buried. How he done it, not a man aboard us could make out. It was battle, murder, and sudden death, leastways—him against six. Billy Bones was the mate; Long John, he was quartermaster; and they asked him where the treasure was. 'Ah,' says he, 'you can go ashore, if you like, and stay,' he says; 'but as for the ship, she'll beat up for more, by thunder!' That's what he said.

"Well, I was in another ship three years back, and we sighted this island. 'Boys,' said I, 'here's Flint's treasure; let's land and find it.' The cap'n was displeased at that; but my messmates were all of a mind, and landed. Twelve days they looked for it, and every day they had the worst word for me, until one fine morning all hands went aboard. 'As for you, Benjamin Gunn,' says they, 'here's a musket,' they says, 'and a spade, and pickax. You can stay here, and find Flint's money for yourself,' they says.

"Well, Jim, three years have I been here, and not a bite of Christian diet from that day to this. But now, you look here; look at me. Do I look like a man before the mast? No, says you. Nor I wasn't, neither, I says."

And with that he winked and pinched me hard.

"Just you mention them words to

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18. **clove hitch**, a kind of sailor's knot; hence, a tight place.

58. **cutwater**, the fore part of a ship's prow; hence, here, the man's face.

your squire, Jim"—he went on: "Nor he weren't, neither—that's the words. Three years he were the man of this island, light and dark, fair and rain; and sometimes he would, maybe, think upon a prayer (says you), and sometimes he would, maybe, think of his old mother, so be as she's alive (you'll say); but the most part of Gunn's time (this is what you'll say)—the most part of his time was took up with another matter. And then you'll give him a nip, like I do."

And he pinched me again in the most confidential manner.

"Then," he continued—"then you'll up, and you'll say this: Gunn is a good man (you'll say), and he puts a precious sight more confidence—a precious sight, mind that—in a gen'leman born than in these gen'lemen of fortune, having been one hisself."

"Well," I said, "I don't understand one word that you've been saying. But that's neither here nor there; for how am I to get on board?"

"Ah," said he, "that's the hitch, for sure. Well, there's my boat, that I made with my two hands. I keep her under the white rock. If the worst come to the worst, we might try that after dark. Hi!" he broke out, "what's that?"

For just then, although the sun had still an hour or two to run, all the echoes of the island awoke and bellowed to the thunder of a cannon.

"They have begun to fight!" I cried. "Follow me."

And I began to run toward the anchorage, my terrors all forgotten; while, close at my side, the marooned man in his goatskins trotted easily and lightly.

"Left, left," says he; "keep to your left hand, mate Jim! Under the trees with you! There's where I killed my first goat. They don't come down here now; they're all mastheaded on them mountings for the fear of Benjamin Gunn. Ah! and there's the cetemery"—cemetery, he must have meant. "You see the mounds? I come here and prayed, nows and thens, when I thought maybe a Sunday would be about doo. It weren't quite a chapel, but it seemed more solemn-like; and then, says you, Ben Gunn was shorthanded—no chapling, nor so much as a Bible and a flag, you says."

So he kept talking as I ran, neither expecting nor receiving any answer.

The cannon-shot was followed, after a considerable interval, by a volley of small arms.

Another pause, and then, not a quarter of a mile in front of me, I beheld the Union Jack flutter in the air above a wood.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Locate on the map (page 187) the place of landing; what other interesting places do you find on the map?

2. Find passages that show Stevenson's skill in describing scenes with few words.

3. Notice how Stevenson has created interest and suspense in telling the reader only a little at a time about Captain Flint. Are you able to piece together quite a coherent story of the life of the buccaneer, beginning with the mention of his name in Chapter III? What are you expecting from Ben Gunn?

4. Relate the incidents which you would include in your scenario for Part III. Which is the most exciting situation? Which character would interest spectators especially? Select a paragraph for suggestions as to the appearance of Ben Gunn in a moving picture.

Class Reading. Jim's encounter with Ben Gunn, Chapter XV.

PART IV

THE STOCKADE

CHAPTER XVI

NARRATIVE CONTINUED BY THE DOCTOR:

How the Ship Was Abandoned

It was about half-past one—three bells in the sea phrase—that the two boats went ashore from the *Hispaniola*. The captain, the squire, and I were talking matters over in the cabin. Had there been a breath of wind we should have fallen on the six mutineers who were left aboard with us, slipped our cable, and away to sea. But the wind was wanting; and, to complete our helplessness, down came Hunter with the news that Jim Hawkins had slipped into a boat and was gone ashore with the rest.

It never occurred to us to doubt Jim Hawkins; but we were alarmed for his safety. With the men in the temper they were in, it seemed an even chance if we should see the lad again. We ran on deck. The pitch was bubbling in the seams; the nasty stench of the place turned me sick; if ever a man smelled fever and dysentery, it was in that abominable anchorage. The six scoundrels were sitting grumbling under a sail in the forecastle; ashore we could see the gigs made fast, and a man sitting in each, hard by where the river runs in. One of them was whistling "Lillibullero."

Waiting was a strain; and it was decided that Hunter and I should go ashore with the jolly-boat, in quest of information.

The gigs had leaned to their right; but Hunter and I pulled straight in, in the direction of the stockade upon the chart. The two who were left guarding their boats seemed in a bustle at our appearance; "Lillibullero" stopped off, and I could see the pair discussing what they ought to do. Had they gone and told Silver, all might have turned out differently; but they had their orders, I suppose, and decided to sit quietly where they were and hark back again to "Lillibullero."

There was a slight bend in the coast, and I steered so as to put it between us; even before we landed we had thus lost sight of the gigs. I jumped out, and came as near running as I durst, with a big silk handkerchief under my hat for coolness' sake, and a brace of pistols ready primed for safety.

I had not gone a hundred yards when I came on the stockade.

This was how it was: a spring of clear water rose almost at the top of a knoll. Well, on the knoll, and inclosing the spring, they had clapped a stout log-house, fit to hold two score people on a pinch, and loopholed for musketry on every side. All round this they had cleared a wide space, and then the thing was completed by a paling six feet high, without door or opening, too strong to pull down without time and labor, and too open to shelter the besiegers. The people in the log-house had them in every way; they stood quiet in shelter and shot the others like partridges. All they wanted was a good watch and food; for, short of a complete surprise, they might have held the place against a regiment.

What particularly took my fancy was the spring. For, though we had a good enough place of it in the cabin

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30. **Lillibullero**, a very popular song, the tune for which was used as a military march.

of the *Hispaniola*, with plenty of arms and ammunition, and things to eat, and excellent wines, there had been one thing overlooked—we had no water. I was thinking this over, when there came ringing over the island the cry of a man at the point of death. I was not new to violent death—I have served his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, and got a wound myself at Fontenoy—but I knew my pulse went dot and carry one. "Jim Hawkins is gone," was my first thought.

It is something to have been an old soldier, but more still to have been a doctor. There is no time to dilly-dally in our work. And so now I made up my mind instantly, and with no time lost returned to the shore, and jumped on board the jolly-boat.

By good fortune Hunter pulled a good oar. We made the water fly; and the boat was soon alongside, and I aboard the schooner.

I found them all shaken, as was natural. The squire was sitting down, as white as a sheet, thinking of the harm he had led us to, the good soul! and one of the six forecastle hands was little better.

"There's a man," says Captain Smollett, and nodding toward him, "new to this work. He came nigh-hand fainting, doctor, when he heard the cry. Another touch of the rudder and that man would join us."

I told my plan to the captain, and between us we settled on the details of its accomplishment.

We put old Redruth in the gallery between the cabin and the forecastle, with three or four loaded muskets and a mattress for protection. Hunter brought the boat round under the stern-port, and Joyce and I set to work loading her with powder tins, muskets, bags of biscuits, kegs of pork, a cask of cognac, and my invaluable medicine chest.

In the meantime, the squire and the captain stayed on deck, and the latter hailed the coxswain, who was the principal man aboard.

"Mr. Hands," he said, "here are two of us with a brace of pistols each. If any one of you six make a signal of any description, that man's dead."

They were a good deal taken aback; and, after a little consultation, one and all tumbled down the fore companion, thinking, no doubt, to take us on the rear. But when they saw Redruth waiting for them in the sparred gallery, they went about ship at once, and a head popped out again on deck.

"Down, dog!" cries the captain.

And the head popped back again; and we heard no more, for the time, of these six very fainthearted seamen.

By this time, tumbling things in as they came, we had the jolly-boat loaded as much as we dared. Joyce and I got out through the stern-port, and we made for shore again, as fast as oars could take us.

This second trip fairly aroused the watchers along the shore. "Lillibullero" was dropped again; and just before we lost sight of them behind the little point, one of them whipped ashore and disappeared. I had half a mind to change my plan and destroy the boats, but I feared that Silver and the others might be close at hand, and all might very well be lost by trying for too much.

We had soon touched land in the same place as before, and set to provision the block-house. All three made the first journey, heavily laden, and tossed our stores over the palisade. Then, leaving Joyce to guard them—one man, to be sure, but with half a dozen muskets—Hunter and I re-

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10. **Duke of Cumberland**, a son of King George II, who commanded the British at the Battle of Fontenoy in Belgium, 1745.

turned to the jolly-boat and loaded ourselves once more. So we proceeded without pausing to take breath, till the whole cargo was bestowed, when the two servants took up their position in the block-house, and I, with all my power, sculled back to the *Hispaniola.*

That we should have risked a second boat load seems more daring than it really was. They had the advantage of numbers, of course, but we had the advantage of arms. Not one of the men ashore had a musket, and before they could get within range for pistol shooting, we flattered ourselves we should be able to give a good account of a half-dozen at least.

The squire was waiting for me at the stern window, all his faintness gone from him. He caught the painter and made it fast, and we fell to loading the boat for our very lives. Pork, powder, and biscuit was the cargo, with only a musket and a cutlass apiece for the squire and me and Redruth and the captain. The rest of the arms and powder we dropped overboard in two fathoms and a half of water, so that we could see the bright steel shining far below us in the sun, on the clean, sandy bottom.

By this time the tide was beginning to ebb, and the ship was swinging round to her anchor. Voices were heard faintly halloaing in the direction of the two gigs; and though this reassured us for Joyce and Hunter, who were well to the eastward it warned our party to be off.

Redruth retreated from his place in the gallery, and dropped into the boat, which we then brought round to the ship's counter, to be handier for Captain Smollett.

"Now, men," said he, "do you hear me?"

There was no answer from the forecastle.

"It's to you, Abraham Gray—it's to you I am speaking."

Still no reply.

"Gray," resumed Mr. Smollett, a little louder, "I am leaving this ship, and I order you to follow your captain. I know you are a good man at bottom, and I daresay not one of the lot of you's as bad as he makes out. I have my watch here in my hand; I give you thirty seconds to join me in."

There was a pause.

"Come, my fine fellow," continued the captain, "don't hang so long in stays. I'm risking my life, and the lives of these good gentlemen, every second."

There was a sudden scuffle, a sound of blows, and out burst Abraham Gray with a knife-cut on the side of the cheek, and came running to the captain, like a dog to the whistle.

"I'm with you, sir," said he.

And the next moment he and the captain had dropped aboard of us, and we had shoved off and given way.

We were clear out of the ship; but not yet ashore in our stockade.

CHAPTER XVII

NARRATIVE CONTINUED BY THE DOCTOR:

THE JOLLY-BOAT'S LAST TRIP

This fifth trip was quite different from any of the others. In the first place, the little gallipot of a boat that we were in was gravely overloaded. Five grown men, and three of them—Trelawney, Redruth, and the captain—over six feet high, was already more than she was meant to carry. Add to that the powder, pork, and bread-bags. The gunwale was lipping astern. Several times we shipped a little water, and my breeches and the tails of my coat were all soaking wet before we had gone a hundred yards.

The captain made us trim the boat, and we got her to lie a little more evenly. All the same, we were afraid to breathe.

In the second place, the ebb was now making—a strong, rippling current running westward through the basin, and then south'ard and seaward down the straits by which we had entered in the morning. Even the ripples were a danger to our overloaded craft; but the worst of it was that we were swept out of our true course, and away from our proper landing-place behind the point. If we let the current have its way we should come ashore beside the gigs, where the pirates might appear at any moment.

"I cannot keep her head for the stockade, sir," said I to the captain. I was steering, while he and Redruth, two fresh men, were at the oars. "The tide keeps washing her down. Could you pull a little stronger?"

"Not without swamping the boat," said he. "You must bear up, sir, if you please—bear up until you see you're gaining."

I tried, and found by experiment that the tide kept sweeping us westward until I had laid her head due east, or just about right angles to the way we ought to go.

"We'll never get ashore at this rate," said I.

"If it's the only course that we can lie, sir, we must even lie it," returned the captain. "We must keep upstream. You see, sir," he went on, "if once we dropped to leeward of the landing-place, it's hard to say where we should get ashore, besides the chance of being boarded by the gigs; whereas, the way we go the current must slacken, and then we can dodge back along the shore."

"The current's less a'ready, sir," said the man Gray, who was sitting in the fore-sheets; "you can ease her off a bit."

"Thank you, my man," said I, quite as if nothing had happened; for we had all quietly made up our minds to treat him like one of ourselves.

Suddenly the captain spoke up again, and I thought his voice was a little changed. "The gun!" said he.

"I have thought of that," said I, for I made sure he was thinking of a bombardment of the fort. "They could never get the gun ashore, and if they did, they could never haul it through the woods."

"Look astern, doctor," replied the captain.

We had entirely forgotten the long nine; and there, to our horror, were the five rogues busy about her, getting off her jacket, as they called the stout tarpaulin cover under which she sailed. Not only that, but it flashed into my mind at the same moment that the round-shot and the powder for the gun had been left behind, and a stroke with an ax would put it all into the possession of the evil ones aboard.

"Israel was Flint's gunner," said Gray, hoarsely.

At any risk, we put the boat's head direct for the landing-place. By this time we had got so far out of the run of the current that we kept steerage way even at our necessarily gentle rate of rowing, and I could keep her steady for the goal. But the worst of it was that, with the course I now held, we turned our broadside instead of our stern to the *Hispaniola*, and offered a target like a barn door.

I could hear, as well as see, that brandy-faced rascal, Israel Hands, plumping down a round-shot on the deck.

"Who's the best shot?" asked the captain.

"Mr. Trelawney, out and away," said I.

"Mr. Trelawney, will you please pick me off one of these men, sir? Hands, if possible," said the captain.

Trelawney was as cool as steel. He looked to the priming of his gun.

"Now," cried the captain, "easy with that gun, sir, or you'll swamp the boat. All hands stand by to trim her when he aims."

The squire raised his gun, the rowing ceased, and we leaned over to the other side to keep the balance, and all was so nicely contrived that we did not ship a drop.

They had the gun, by this time, slewed round upon the swivel, and Hands, who was at the muzzle with the rammer, was, in consequence, the most exposed. However, we had no luck; for just as Trelawney fired, down he stooped, the ball whistled over him, and it was one of the other four who fell.

The cry he gave was echoed, not only by his companions on board, but by a great number of voices from the shore, and looking in that direction I saw the other pirates trooping out from among the trees and tumbling into their places in the boats.

"Here come the gigs, sir," said I.

"Give way, then," cried the captain. "We mustn't mind if we swamp her now. If we can't get ashore, all's up."

"Only one of the gigs is being manned, sir," I added, "the crew of the other most likely going round by shore to cut us off."

"They'll have a hot run, sir," returned the captain. "Jack ashore, you know. It's not them I mind; it's the round-shot. Carpet bowls! My lady's maid couldn't miss. Tell us, squire, when you see the match, and we'll hold water."

In the meanwhile we had been making headway at a good pace for a boat so overloaded, and we had shipped but little water in the process. We were now close in; thirty or forty strokes and we should beach her; for the ebb had already disclosed a narrow belt of sand below the clustering trees. The gig was no longer to be feared; the little point had already concealed it from our eyes. The ebb-tide, which had so cruelly delayed us, was now making reparation, and delaying our assailants. The one source of danger was the gun.

"If I durst," said the captain, "I'd stop and pick off another man."

But it was plain that they meant nothing should delay their shot. They had never so much as looked at their fallen comrade, though he was not dead, and I could see him trying to crawl away.

"Ready!" cried the squire.

"Hold!" cried the captain, quick as an echo.

And he and Redruth backed with a great heave that sent her stern bodily under water. The report fell in at the same instant of time. This was the first that Jim had heard, the sound of the squire's shot not having reached him. Where the ball passed, not one of us precisely knew; but I fancy it must have been over our heads, and that the wind of it may have contributed to our disaster.

At any rate, the boat sank by the stern, quite gently, in three feet of water, leaving the captain and myself, facing each other, on our feet. The other three took complete headers, and came up again, drenched and bubbling.

So far there was no great harm. No lives were lost, and we could wade ashore in safety. But there were all our stores at the bottom, and, to make things worse, only two guns out of

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45. **carpet bowls**, very easy, like bowling on a carpet.

five remained in a state for service. Mine I had snatched from my knees and held over my head, by a sort of instinct. As for the captain, he had carried his over his shoulder by a bandoleer, and, like a wise man, lock uppermost. The other three had gone down with the boat.

To add to our concern, we heard voices already drawing near us in the woods along shore; and we had not only the danger of being cut off from the stockade in our half-crippled state, but the fear before us whether, if Hunter and Joyce were attacked by half a dozen, they would have the sense and conduct to stand firm. Hunter was steady, that we knew; Joyce was a doubtful case—a pleasant, polite man for a valet, and to brush one's clothes, but not entirely fitted for a man of war.

With all this in our minds, we waded ashore as fast as we could, leaving behind us the poor jolly-boat, and a good half of all our powder and provisions.

CHAPTER XVIII

NARRATIVE CONTINUED BY THE DOCTOR:

END OF THE FIRST DAY'S FIGHTING

We made our best speed across the strip of wood that now divided us from the stockade; and at every step we took, the voices of the buccaneers rang nearer. Soon we could hear their footfalls as they ran, and the cracking of the branches as they breasted across a bit of thicket.

I began to see we should have a brush for it in earnest, and looked to my priming.

"Captain," said I, "Trelawney is the dead shot. Give him your gun; his own is useless."

They exchanged guns, and Trelawney, silent and cool as he had been since the beginning of the bustle, hung a moment on his heel to see that all was fit for service. At the same time, observing Gray to be unarmed, I handed him my cutlass. It did all our hearts good to see him spit in his hand, knit his brows, and make the blade sing through the air. It was plain from every line of his body that our new hand was worth his salt.

Forty paces farther we came to the edge of the wood and saw the stockade in front of us. We struck the enclosure about the middle of the south side, and, almost at the same time, seven mutineers—Job Anderson, the boatswain, at their head—appeared in full cry at the southwestern corner.

They paused, as if taken aback; and before they recovered, not only the squire and I, but Hunter and Joyce from the block-house, had time to fire. The four shots came in rather a scattering volley; but they did the business: one of the enemy actually fell, and the rest, without hesitation, turned and plunged into the trees.

After reloading, we walked down the outside of the palisade to see to the fallen enemy. He was stone dead —shot through the heart.

We began to rejoice over our good success, when just at that moment a pistol cracked in the bush, a ball whistled close past my ear, and poor Tom Redruth stumbled and fell his length on the ground. Both the squire and I returned the shot; but as we had nothing to aim at, it is probable we only wasted powder. Then we reloaded, and turned our attention to poor Tom.

The captain and Gray were already examining him; and I saw with half an eye that all was over.

I believe the readiness of our return volley had scattered the mutineers once more, for we were suffered without further molestation to get the poor old gamekeeper hoisted over the stockade, and carried, groaning and bleeding, into the log-house.

Poor old fellow, he had not uttered one word of surprise, complaint, fear, or even acquiescence, from the very beginning of our troubles till now, when we had laid him down in the log-house to die. He had lain like a Trojan behind his mattress in the gallery; he had followed every order silently, doggedly, and well; he was the oldest of our party by a score of years; and now, sullen, old, serviceable servant, it was he that was to die.

The squire dropped down beside him on his knees and kissed his hand, crying like a child.

"Be I going, doctor?" he asked.

"Tom, my man," said I, "you're going home."

"I wish I had had a lick at them with the gun first," he replied.

"Tom," said the squire, "say you forgive me, won't you?"

"Would that be respectful like, from me to you, squire?" was the answer. "Howsoever, so be it, amen!"

After a little while of silence, he said he thought somebody might read a prayer. "It's the custom, sir," he added, apologetically. And not long after, without another word, he passed away.

In the meantime the captain, whom I had observed to be wonderfully swollen about the chest and pockets, had turned out a great many various stores—the British colors, a Bible, a coil of stoutish rope, pen, ink, the log-book, and pounds of tobacco. He had found a longish fir-tree lying felled and trimmed in the enclosure, and, with the help of Hunter, he had set it up at the corner of the log-house where the trunks crossed and made an angle. Then, climbing on the roof, he had with his own hand bent and run up the colors.

This seemed mightily to relieve him. He reëntered the log-house, and set about counting up the stores, as if nothing else existed. But he had an eye on Tom's passage for all that; and as soon as all was over, he came forward with another flag, and reverently spread it on the body.

"Don't you take on, sir," he said, shaking the squire's hand.

"All's well with him; no fear for a hand that's been shot down in his duty to captain and owner. It mayn't be good divinity, but it's a fact."

Then he pulled me aside.

"Dr. Livesey," he said, "in how many weeks do you and squire expect the consort?"

I told him it was a question, not of weeks, but of months; that if we were not back by the end of August, Blandly was to send to find us; but neither sooner nor later. "You can calculate for yourself," I said.

"Why, yes," returned the captain, scratching his head, "and making a large allowance, sir, for all the gifts of Providence, I should say we were pretty close hauled."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"It's a pity, sir, we lost that second load. That's what I mean," replied the captain. "As for powder and shot, we'll do. But the rations are short, very short—so short, Dr. Livesey, that we're, perhaps, as well without that extra mouth." And he pointed to the dead body under the flag.

Just then, with a roar and a whistle, a round-shot passed high above the roof of the log-house and plumped far beyond us in the wood.

"Oho!" said the captain. "Blaze away! You've little enough powder already, my lads."

At the second trial, the aim was better, and the ball descended inside the stockade, scattering a cloud of sand, but doing no further damage.

"Captain," said the squire, "the house is quite invisible from the ship. It must be the flag they are aiming at. Would it not be wiser to take it in?"

"Strike my colors!" cried the captain. "No, sir, not I"; and, as soon as he said the words, I think we all agreed with him. For it was not only a piece of stout, seamanly, good feeling; it was good policy besides, and showed our enemies that we despised their cannonade.

All through the evening they kept thundering away. Ball after ball flew over or fell short, or kicked up the sand in the enclosure; but they had to fire so high that the shot fell dead and buried itself in the soft sand. We had no ricochet to fear; and though one popped in through the roof of the log-house and out again through the floor, we soon got used to that sort of horseplay, and minded it no more than cricket.

"There is one thing good about all this," observed the captain; "the wood in front of us is likely clear. The ebb has made a good while; our stores should be uncovered. Volunteers to go and bring in pork."

Gray and Hunter were the first to come forward. Well armed, they stole out of the stockade; but it proved a useless mission. The mutineers were bolder than we fancied, or they put more trust in Israel's gunnery. For four or five of them were busy carrying off our stores, and wading out with them to one of the gigs that lay close by, pulling an oar or so to hold her steady against the current. Silver was in the sternsheets in command; and every man of them was now provided with a musket from some secret magazine of their own.

The captain sat down to his log, and here is the beginning of the entry:

"Alexander Smollett. master; David Livesey, ship's doctor; Abraham Gray, carpenter's mate; John Trelawney, owner; John Hunter and Richard Joyce, owner's servants, landsmen—being all that is left faithful of the ship's company—with stores for ten days at short rations, came ashore this day, and flew British colors on the log-house in Treasure Island. Thomas Redruth, owner's servant, landsman, shot by the mutineers; James Hawkins, cabin-boy—"

And at the same time I was wondering over poor Jim Hawkins's fate.

A hail on the land side.

"Somebody hailing us," said Hunter, who was on guard.

"Doctor! squire! captain! Hullo, Hunter, is that you?" came the cries.

And I ran to the door in time to see Jim Hawkins, safe and sound, come climbing over the stockade.

CHAPTER XIX

NARRATIVE RESUMED BY JIM HAWKINS:

THE GARRISON IN THE STOCKADE

As soon as Ben Gunn saw the colors he came to a halt, stopped me by the arm, and sat down.

"Now," said he, "there's your friends, sure enough."

"Far more likely it's the mutineers," I answered.

"That!" he cried. "Why, in a place like this, where nobody puts in but gen'lemen of fortune, Silver would fly the Jolly Roger, you don't make no doubt of that. No; that's your friends. There's been blows, too, and I reckon your friends has had the best of it; and here they are ashore in the old stockade, as was made years and years ago by Flint. Ah, he was the man to have a headpiece, was Flint! Barring rum, his match were never seen. He were afraid of none,

82. **Jolly Roger**, the black pirate flag.

not he; on'y Silver—Silver was that genteel!"

"Well," said I, "that may be so, and so be it; all the more reason that I should hurry on and join my friends."

"Nay, mate," returned Ben, "not you. You're a good boy, or I'm mistook; but you're on'y a boy, all told. Now, Ben Gunn is fly. Rum wouldn't bring me there, where you're going—not rum wouldn't, till I see your born gen'leman, and gets it on his word of honor. And you won't forget my words: 'A precious sight (that's what you'll say), a precious sight more confidence'—and then nips him."

And he pinched me the third time with the same air of cleverness.

"And when Ben Gunn is wanted, you know where to find him, Jim. Just where you found him today. And him that comes is to have a white thing in his hand; and he's to come alone. Oh! and you'll say this: 'Ben Gunn,' says you, 'has reasons of his own.' "

"Well," said I, "I believe I understand. You have something to propose, and you wish to see the squire or the doctor; and you're to be found where I found you. Is that all?"

"And when? says you," he added. "Why, from about noon observation to about six bells."

"Good," said I, "and now may I go?"

"You won't forget?" he inquired anxiously. "Precious sight, and reasons of his own, says you. Reasons of his own; that's the mainstay; as between man and man. Well, then"—still holding me—"I reckon you can go, Jim. And, Jim, if you was to see Silver, you wouldn't go for to sell Ben Gunn? Wild horses wouldn't draw it from you? No, says you. And if them pirates camp ashore, Jim, what would you say but there'd be widders in the morning?"

Here he was interrupted by a loud report, and a cannon ball came tearing through the trees and pitched in the sand, not a hundred yards from where we two were talking. The next moment each of us had taken to his heels in a different direction.

For a good hour to come frequent reports shook the island, and balls kept crashing through the woods. I moved from hiding-place to hiding-place, always pursued, or so it seemed to me, by these terrifying missiles. But toward the end of the bombardment, though still I durst not venture in the direction of the stockade, where the balls fell oftenest, I had begun, in a manner, to pluck up my heart again; and after a long detour to the east, crept down among the shore-side trees.

The sun had just set, the sea breeze was rustling and tumbling in the woods, and ruffling the gray surface of the anchorage; the tide, too, was far out, and great tracts of sand lay uncovered; the air, after the heat of the day, chilled me through my jacket.

The *Hispaniola* still lay where she had anchored; but, sure enough, there was the Jolly Roger—the black flag of piracy—flying from her peak. Even as I looked, there came another red flash and another report, that sent the echoes clattering, and one more round-shot whistled through the air. It was the last of the cannonade.

I lay for some time, watching the bustle which succeeded the attack. Men were demolishing something with axes on the beach near the stockade; the poor jolly-boat, I afterwards discovered. Away, near the mouth of the river, a great fire was glowing among the trees, and between that point and the ship one of the gigs kept coming and going, the men, whom I had seen so gloomy, shouting at the oars like children. But there was a sound in their voices which suggested rum.

At length I thought I might return toward the stockade. I was pretty far down on the low, sandy spit that incloses the anchorage to the east, and is joined at half-water to Skeleton Island; and now, as I rose to my feet, I saw, some distance farther down the spit, and rising from among low bushes, an isolated rock, pretty high, and peculiarly white in color. It occurred to me that this might be the white rock of which Ben Gunn had spoken, and that some day or other a boat might be wanted, and I should know where to look for one.

Then I skirted among the woods until I had regained the rear, or shoreward side, of the stockade, and was soon warmly welcomed by the faithful party.

I had soon told my story, and began to look about me. The log-house was made of unsquared trunks of pine—roof, walls, and floor. The latter stood in several places as much as a foot or a foot and a half above the surface of the sand. There was a porch at the door, and under this porch the little spring welled up into an artificial basin of a rather odd kind—no other than a great ship's kettle of iron, with the bottom knocked out, and sunk "to her bearings," as the captain said, among the sand.

Little had been left besides the framework of the house; but in one corner there was a stone slab laid down by way of hearth, and an old rusty iron basket to contain the fire.

The slopes of the knoll and all the inside of the stockade had been cleared of timber to build the house, and we could see by the stumps what a fine and lofty grove had been destroyed. Most of the soil had been washed away or buried in drift after the removal of the trees; only where the streamlet ran down from the kettle a thick bed of moss and some ferns and little creeping bushes were still green among the sand. Very close around the stockade—too close for defense, they said—the wood still flourished high and dense, all of fir on the land side, but toward the sea with a large admixture of live-oaks.

The cold evening breeze of which I have spoken, whistled through every chink of the rude building, and sprinkled the floor with a continual rain of fine sand. There was sand in our eyes, sand in our teeth, sand in our suppers, sand dancing in the spring at the bottom of the kettle, for all the world like porridge beginning to boil. Our chimney was a square hole in the roof; it was but a little part of the smoke that found its way out, and the rest eddied about the house, and kept us coughing and wiping the eye.

Add to this that Gray, the new man, had his face tied up in a bandage for a cut he had got in breaking away from the mutineers; and poor old Tom Redruth, still unburied, lay along the wall, stiff and stark, under the Union Jack.

If we had been allowed to sit idle, we should all have fallen in the blues, but Captain Smollett was never the man for that. All hands were called up before him, and he divided us into watches. The doctor, and Gray, and I, for one; the squire, Hunter, and Joyce, upon the other. Tired as we all were, two were sent out for firewood; two more were set to dig a grave for Redruth; the doctor was named cook; I was put sentry at the door; and the captain himself went from one to another, keeping up our spirits and lending a hand wherever it was wanted.

From time to time the doctor came to the door for a little air and to rest his eyes, which were almost smoked out of his head; and whenever he did so, he had a word for me.

"That man Smollett," he said once, "is a better man than I am. And when I say that, it means a deal, Jim."

Another time he came and was silent for a while. Then he put his head on one side, and looked at me.

"Is this Ben Gunn a man?" he asked.

"I do not know, sir," said I. "I am not very sure whether he's sane."

"If there's any doubt about the matter, he is," returned the doctor. "A man who has been three years biting his nails on a desert island, Jim, can't expect to appear as sane as you or me. It doesn't lie in human nature. Was it cheese you said he had a fancy for?"

"Yes, sir, cheese," I answered.

"Well, Jim," says he, "just see the good that comes of being dainty in your food. You've seen my snuff-box, haven't you? And you never saw me take snuff; the reason being that in my snuff-box I carry a piece of Parmesan cheese—a cheese made in Italy, very nutritious. Well, that's for Ben Gunn."

Before supper was eaten we buried old Tom in the sand and stood round him for a while bareheaded in the breeze. A good deal of firewood had been got in, but not enough for the captain's fancy; and he shook his head over it, and told us we "must get back to this tomorrow rather livelier." Then, when we had eaten our pork, and each had a stiff glass of brandy grog, the three chiefs got together in a corner to discuss our prospects.

It appears they were at their wits' end what to do, the stores being so low that we must have been starved into surrender long before help came. But our best hope, it was decided, was to kill off the buccaneers until they hauled down their flag or ran away with the *Hispaniola*. From nineteen they were already reduced to fifteen, two others were wounded, and one, at least—the man shot beside the gun—severely wounded, if he were not dead. Every time we had a crack at them, we were to take it, saving our own lives, with the extremest care. And, besides that, we had two able allies—rum and the climate.

As for the first, though we were about half a mile away, we could hear them roaring and singing late into the night; and as for the second, the doctor staked his wig that, camped where they were in the marsh, and unprovided with remedies, the half of them would be on their backs before a week.

"So," he added, "if we are not all shot down first, they'll be glad to be packing in the schooner. It's always a ship, and they can get to buccaneering again, I suppose."

"First ship that ever I lost," said Captain Smollett.

I was dead tired, as you may fancy, and when I got to sleep, which was not till after a great deal of tossing, I slept like a log of wood.

The rest had long been up, and had already breakfasted and increased the pile of firewood by about half as much again, when I was awakened by a bustle and the sound of voices.

"Flag of truce!" I heard someone say; and then, immediately after, with a cry of surprise, "Silver himself!" And, at that, up I jumped, and, rubbing my eyes, ran to a loophole in the wall.

CHAPTER XX

SILVER'S EMBASSY

Sure enough, there were two men just outside the stockade, one of them waving a white cloth; the other, no less a person than Silver himself, standing placidly by.

It was still quite early, and the coldest morning that I think I ever was abroad in; a chill that pierced into the marrow. The sky was bright and cloudless overhead, and the tops of the trees shone rosily in the sun. But where Silver stood with his lieutenant all was still in shadow, and they waded knee deep in a low, white vapor, that had crawled during the night out of the morass. The chill and the vapor taken together told a poor tale of the island. It was plainly a damp, feverish, unhealthy spot.

"Keep indoors, men," said the captain. "Ten to one this is a trick."

Then he hailed the buccaneer.

"Who goes? Stand, or we fire."

"Flag of truce," cried Silver.

The captain was in the porch, keeping himself carefully out of the way of a treacherous shot should any be intended. He turned and spoke to us:

"Doctor's watch on the lookout. Dr. Livesey, take the north side, if you please; Jim, the east; Gray, west. The watch below, all hands to load muskets. Lively, men, and careful."

And then he turned again to the mutineers.

"And what do you want with your flag of truce?" he cried.

This time it was the other man who replied.

"Cap'n Silver, sir, to come on board and make terms," he shouted.

"Cap'n Silver! Don't know him. Who's he?" cried the captain. And we could hear him adding to himself: "Cap'n, is it? My heart, and here's promotion!"

Long John answered for himself.

"Me, sir. These poor lads have chosen me cap'n, after your desertion, sir"—laying a particular emphasis upon the word "desertion." "We're willing to submit, if we can come to terms, and no bones about it. All I ask is your word, Cap'n Smollett, to let me safe and sound out of this here stockade, and one minute to get out o' shot before a gun is fired."

"My man," said Captain Smollett, "I have not the slightest desire to talk to you. If you wish to talk to me, you can come, that's all. If there's any treachery, it'll be on your side, and the Lord help you."

"That's enough, cap'n," shouted Long John, cheerily. "A word from you's enough. I know a gentleman, and you may lay to that."

We could see the man who carried the flag of truce attempting to hold Silver back. Nor was that wonderful, seeing how cavalier had been the captain's answer. But Silver laughed at him aloud, and slapped him on the back, as if the idea of alarm had been absurd. Then he advanced to the stockade, threw over his crutch, got a leg up, and with great vigor and skill succeeded in surmounting the fence and dropping safely to the other side.

I will confess that I was far too much taken up with what was going on to be of the slightest use as sentry; indeed, I had already deserted my eastern loophole, and crept up behind the captain, who had now seated himself on the threshold, with his elbows on his knees, his head in his hands, and his eyes fixed on the water, as it bubbled out of the old iron kettle in the sand. He was whistling to himself, "Come, Lasses and Lads."

Silver had terrible hard work getting up the knoll. What with the steepness of the incline, the thick tree stumps, and the soft sand, he and his crutch were as helpless as a ship in stays. But he stuck to it like a man in silence, and at last arrived before the captain, whom he saluted in the handsomest style. He was tricked out in his best; an immense blue coat, thick with brass buttons, hung as low as to his knees, and a fine laced hat was set on the back of his head.

"Here you are, my man," said the captain, raising his head. "You had better sit down."

"You ain't a-going to let me inside cap'n?" complained Long John. "It's a main cold morning, to be sure, sir, to sit outside upon the sand."

"Why, Silver," said the captain, "if you had pleased to be an honest man, you might have been sitting in your galley. It's your own doing. You're either my ship's cook—and then you were treated handsome—or Cap'n Silver, a common mutineer and pirate, and then you can go hang!"

"Well, well, cap'n," returned the sea cook, sitting down as he was bidden on the sand, "you'll have to give me a hand up again, that's all. A sweet pretty place you have of it here. Ah, there's Jim! The top of the morning to you, Jim—Doctor, here's my service. Why, there you all are together like a happy family, in a manner of speaking."

"If you have anything to say, my man, better say it," said the captain.

"Right you were, Cap'n Smollett," replied Silver. "Dooty is dooty, to be sure. Well, now, you look here, that was a good lay of yours last night. I don't deny it was a good lay. Some of you pretty handy with a handspike-end. And I'll not deny neither but what some of my people was shook—maybe all was shook; maybe I was shook myself; maybe that's why I'm here for terms. But you mark me, cap'n, it won't do twice, by thunder! We'll have to do sentry-go, and ease off a point or so on the rum. Maybe you think we were all a sheet in the wind's eye. But I'll tell you I was sober; I was on'y dog tired; and if I'd awoke a second sooner I'd a caught you at the act, I would. He wasn't dead when I got round to him, not he."

"Well?" says Captain Smollett, as cool as can be.

All that Silver said was a riddle to him, but you would never have guessed it from his tone. As for me, I began to have an inkling. Ben Gunn's last words came back to my mind. I began to suppose that he had paid the buccaneers a visit while they all lay drunk together round their fire, and I reckoned up with glee that we had only fourteen enemies to deal with.

"Well, here it is," said Silver. "We want that treasure, and we'll have it—that's our point! You would just as soon save your lives, I reckon; and that's yours. You have a chart, haven't you?"

"That's as may be," replied the captain.

"Oh, well, you have, I know that," returned Long John. "You needn't be so husky with a man; there ain't a particle of service in that, and you may lay to it. What I mean is, we want your chart. Now, I never meant you no harm, myself."

"That won't do with me, my man," interrupted the captain. "We know exactly what you meant to do, and we don't care; for now, you see, you can't do it."

And the captain looked at him calmly, and proceeded to fill a pipe.

"If Abe Gray—" Silver broke out.

"Avast there!" cried Mr. Smollett. "Gray told me nothing, and I asked him nothing; and what's more I would see you and him and this whole island blown clean out of the water into blazes first. So there's my mind for you, my man, on that."

This little whiff of temper seemed to cool Silver down. He had been growing nettled before, but now he pulled himself together.

"Like enough," said he. "I would set no limits to what gentlemen might consider shipshape, or might not, as the case were. And, seein' as how you are about to take a pipe, Cap'n, I'll make so free as to do likewise."

And he filled a pipe and lighted it; and the two men sat silently smoking for quite a while, now looking each other in the face, now stopping their tobacco, now leaning forward to spit. It was as good as the play to see them.

"Now," resumed Silver, "here it is. You give us the chart to get the treasure by, and drop shooting poor seamen, and stoving of their heads in while asleep. You do that, and we'll offer you a choice. Either you come aboard along of us, once the treasure's shipped, and then I'll give you my affy-davy, upon my word of honor, to clap you somewhere safe ashore. Or, if that ain't to your fancy, some of my hands being rough, and having old scores, on account of hazing, then you can stay here, you can. We'll divide stores with you, man for man; and I'll give my affy-davy, as before, to speak the first ship I sight, and send 'em here to pick you up. Now you'll own that's talking. Handsomer you couldn't look to get, not you. And I hope"—raising his voice—"that all hands in this here block-house will overhaul my words, for what is spoke to one is spoke to all."

Captain Smollett rose from his seat, and knocked out the ashes of his pipe in the palm of his left hand.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Every last word, by thunder!" answered John. "Refuse that, and you've seen the last of me but musket-balls."

"Very good," said the captain. "Now you'll hear me. If you'll come up one by one, unarmed, I'll engage to clap you all in irons and take you home to a fair trial in England. If you won't, my name is Alexander Smollett, I've flown my sovereign's colors, and I'll see you all to Davy Jones. You can't find the treasure. You can't sail the ship—there's not a man among you fit to sail the ship. You can't fight us—Gray, there, got away from five of you. Your ship's in irons, Master Silver; you're on a lee shore, and so you'll find. I stand here and tell you so; and they're the last good words you'll get from me; for, in the name of heaven, I'll put a bullet in your back when next I meet you. Tramp, my lad. Bundle out of this, please, hand over hand, and double quick."

Silver's face was a picture; his eyes started in his head with wrath. He shook the fire out of his pipe.

"Give me a hand up!" he cried.

"Not I," returned the captain.

"Who'll give me a hand up?" he roared.

Not a man among us moved. Growling the foulest imprecations, he crawled along the sand till he got hold of the porch and could hoist himself again upon his crutch. Then he spat into the spring.

"There!" he cried, "that's what I think of ye. Before an hour's out, I'll stove in your old block-house like a rum puncheon. Laugh, by thunder, laugh! Before an hour's out, ye'll laugh upon the other side. Them that die'll be the lucky ones."

And with a dreadful oath he stumbled off, plowed down the sand, was helped across the stockade, after four or five failures, by the man with the flag of truce, and disappeared in an instant afterwards among the trees.

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54. **Davy Jones,** in sailor superstition the evil spirit of the sea, who causes drownings, etc.

CHAPTER XXI

THE ATTACK

As soon as Silver disappeared, the captain, who had been closely watching him, turned toward the interior of the house, and found not a man of us at his post but Gray. It was the first time we had ever seen him angry.

"Quarters!" he roared. And then, as we all slunk back to our places, "Gray," he said, "I'll put your name in the log; you've stood by your duty like a seaman. Mr. Trelawney, I'm surprised at you, sir. Doctor, I thought you had worn the king's coat! If that was how you served at Fontenoy, sir, you'd have been better in your berth."

The doctor's watch were all back at their loopholes, the rest were busy loading the spare muskets, and every one with a red face, you may be certain, and a flea in his ear, as the saying is.

The captain looked on for a while in silence. Then he spoke.

"My lads," said he, "I've given Silver a broadside. I pitched it in red-hot on purpose; and before the hour's out, as he said, we shall be boarded. We're outnumbered, I needn't tell you that, but we fight in shelter; and, a minute ago, I should have said we fought with discipline. I've no manner of doubt that we can drub them, if you choose."

Then he went the rounds, and saw, as he said, that all was clear.

On the two short sides of the house, east and west, there were only two loopholes; on the south side where the porch was, two again; and on the north side, five. There was a round score of muskets for the seven of us; the firewood had been built into four piles—tables, you might say—one about the middle of each side, and on each of these tables some ammunition and four loaded muskets were laid ready to the hand of the defenders. In the middle, the cutlasses lay ranged.

"Toss out the fire," said the captain; "the chill is past, and we mustn't have smoke in our eyes."

The iron fire basket was carried bodily out by Mr. Trelawney, and the embers smothered among the sand.

"Hawkins hasn't had his breakfast. Hawkins, help yourself, and back to your post to eat it," continued Captain Smollett. "Lively, now, my lad, you'll want it before you've done. Hunter, serve out a round of brandy to all hands."

And while this was going on, the captain completed, in his own mind, the plan of the defense.

"Doctor, you will take the door," he resumed. "See, and don't expose yourself; keep within, and fire through the porch. Hunter, take the east side, there. Joyce, you stand by the west, my man. Mr. Trelawney, you are the best shot—you and Gray will take this long north side, with the five loopholes; it's there the danger is. If they can get up to it, and fire in upon us through our own ports, things would begin to look dirty. Hawkins, neither you nor I are much account at the shooting; we'll stand by to load and bear a hand."

As the captain had said, the chill was past. As soon as the sun had climbed above our girdle of trees, it fell with all its force upon the clearing, and drank up the vapors at a draught. Soon the sand was baking, and the resin melting in the logs of the block-house. Jackets and coats were flung aside; shirts thrown open at the neck, and rolled up to the shoulders; and we stood there, each at his post, in a fever of heat and anxiety.

An hour passed away.

"Hang them!" said the captain. "This is as dull as the doldrums. Gray, whistle for a wind."

And just at that moment came the first news of the attack.

"If you please, sir," said Joyce, "if I see anyone am I to fire?"

"I told you so!" cried the captain.

"Thank you, sir," returned Joyce, with the same quiet civility.

Nothing followed for a time; but the remark had set us all on the alert, straining ears and eyes, the musketeers with their pieces balanced in their hands, the captain out in the middle of the block-house, with his mouth very tight and a frown on his face.

So some seconds passed, till suddenly Joyce whipped up his musket and fired. The report had scarcely died away ere it was repeated and repeated from without in a scattering volley, shot behind shot, like a string of geese, from every side of the enclosure. Several bullets struck the log-house, but not one entered; and, as the smoke cleared away and vanished, the stockade and the woods around it looked as quiet and empty as before. Not a bough waved, not the gleam of a musket-barrel betrayed the presence of our foes.

"Did you hit your man?" asked the captain.

"No, sir," replied Joyce. "I believe not, sir."

"Next best thing to tell the truth," muttered Captain Smollett. "Load his gun, Hawkins. How many should you say there were on your side, doctor?"

"I know precisely," said Dr. Livesey. "Three shots were fired on this side. I saw the three flashes—two close together—one farther to the west."

"Three!" repeated the captain. "And how many on yours, Mr. Trelawney?"

But this was not so easily answered. There had come many from the north—seven, by the squire's computation; eight or nine, according to Gray. From the east and west only a single shot had been fired. It was plain, therefore, that the attack would be developed from the north, and that on the other three sides we were only to be annoyed by a show of hostilities. But Captain Smollett made no change in his arrangements. If the mutineers succeeded in crossing the stockade, he argued, they would take possession of any unprotected loophole, and shoot us down like rats in our own stronghold.

Nor had we much time left to us for thought. Suddenly, with a loud huzza, a little cloud of pirates leaped from the woods on the north side, and ran straight on the stockade. At the same moment, the fire was once more opened from the woods, and a rifle ball sang through the doorway, and knocked the doctor's musket into bits.

The boarders swarmed over the fence like monkeys. Squire and Gray fired again and yet again; three men fell, one forwards, into the enclosure, two back on the outside. But of these, one was evidently more frightened than hurt, for he was on his feet again in a crack, and instantly disappeared among the trees.

Two had bit the dust, one had fled, four had made good their footing inside our defenses; while from the shelter of the woods seven or eight men, each evidently supplied with several muskets, kept up a hot though useless fire on the log-house.

The four who had boarded made straight before them for the building, shouting as they ran, and the men among the trees shouted back to encourage them. Several shots were fired; but such was the hurry of the marksmen, that not one appears to have taken effect. In a moment, the four pirates had swarmed up the mound and were upon us.

The head of Job Anderson, the boatswain, appeared at the middle loophole.

"At 'em, all hands—all hands!" he roared, in a voice of thunder.

At the same moment, another pirate grasped Hunter's musket by the muzzle, wrenched it from his hands, plucked it through the loophole, and, with one stunning blow, laid the poor fellow senseless on the floor. Meanwhile a third, running unharmed all round the house, appeared suddenly in the doorway, and fell with his cutlass on the doctor.

Our position was utterly reversed. A moment since we were firing, under cover, at an exposed enemy; now it was we who lay uncovered, and could not return a blow.

The log-house was full of smoke, to which we owed our comparative safety. Cries and confusion, the flashes and reports of pistol shots, and one loud groan rang in my ears.

"Out, lads, out, and fight 'em in the open! Cutlasses!" cried the captain.

I snatched a cutlass from the pile, and someone, at the same time snatching another, gave me a cut across the knuckles which I hardly felt. I dashed out of the door into the clear sunlight. Someone was close behind, I knew not whom. Right in front, the doctor was pursuing his assailant down the hill, and, just as my eyes fell upon him, beat down his guard, and sent him sprawling on his back, with a great slash across the face.

"Round the house, lads! round the house!" cried the captain; and even in the hurly-burly I perceived a change in his voice.

Mechanically I obeyed, turned eastwards, and with my cutlass raised, ran round the corner of the house. Next moment I was face to face with Anderson. He roared aloud, and his hanger went up above his head, flashing in the sunlight. I had not time to be afraid, but, as the blow still hung impending, leaped in a trice upon one side, and missing my foot in the soft sand, rolled headlong down the slope.

When I had first sallied from the door, the other mutineers had been already swarming up the palisade to make an end of us. One man in a red nightcap, with his cutlass in his mouth, had even got upon the top, and thrown a leg across. Well, so short had been the interval that when I found my feet again all was in the same posture, the fellow with the red nightcap still halfway over, another still just showing his head above the top of the stockade. And yet, in this breath of time, the fight was over, and the victory was ours.

Gray, following close behind me, had cut down the big boatswain ere he had time to recover from his last blow. Another had been shot at a loophole in the very act of firing into the house, and now lay in agony, the pistol still smoking in his hand. A third, as I had seen, the doctor had disposed of at a blow. Of the four who had scaled the palisade, one only remained unaccounted for, and he, having left his cutlass on the field, was now clambering out again with the fear of death upon him.

"Fire—fire from the house!" cried the doctor.

"And you, lads, back into cover."

But his words were unheeded, no shot was fired, and the last boarder made good his escape, and disappeared with the rest into the wood. In three seconds nothing remained of the attacking party but the five who had fallen, four on the inside, and one on the outside, of the palisade.

The doctor and Gray and I ran full speed for shelter. The survivors would soon be back where they had left their muskets, and at any moment the fire might recommence.

The house was by this time somewhat cleared of smoke, and we saw at a glance the price we had paid for victory. Hunter lay beside his loophole, stunned; Joyce by his, shot through the head, never to move again; while right in the center, the squire was supporting the captain, one as pale as the other.

"The captain's wounded," said Mr. Trelawney.

"Have they run?" asked Mr. Smollett.

"All that could, you may be bound," returned the doctor; "but there's five of them will never run again."

"Five!" cried the captain. "Come, that's better. Five against three leaves us four to nine. That's better odds than we had at starting. We were seven to nineteen then, or thought we were, and that's as bad to bear."*

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*The mutineers were soon only eight in number, for the man shot by Mr. Trelawney on board the schooner died the same evening of his wound, but this was, of course, not known till after by the faithful party. (Note by Stevenson.)

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Why is the narrative taken up by the doctor in Chapters XVI, XVII, and XVIII? Do you notice any difference in style between Jim's writing and that of the doctor?

2. What kind of boy are you discovering Jim Hawkins to be? Relate incidents in which Jim is the central figure and which are turning points in the story. What qualities does he display in relating his adventure?

3. In your scenario of *Treasure Island* would you relate the incidents in the same order as they appear in the book? If not, how would you relate incidents happening at the same time? Write an insert which would explain to spectators the overlapping of incidents. What is the most exciting moment in Part IV?

Class Reading. Silver's embassy to Captain Smollett, Chapter XX.

PART V

MY SEA ADVENTURE

CHAPTER XXII

How My Sea Adventure Began

There was no return of the mutineers—not so much as another shot out of the woods. They had "got their rations for that day," as the captain put it, and we had the place to ourselves and a quiet time to overhaul the wounded and get dinner. Squire and I cooked outside in spite of the danger, and even outside we could hardly tell what we were at, for horror of the loud groans that reached us from the doctor's patients. Out of the eight men who had fallen in action, only three still breathed—that one of the pirates who had been shot at the loophole, Hunter, and Captain Smollett; and of these the first two were as good as dead; the mutineer, indeed, died under the doctor's knife, and Hunter, do what we could, never recovered consciousness in this world. He lingered all day, breathing loudly like the old buccaneer at home in his apoplectic fit; but the bones of his chest had been crushed by the blow and his skull fractured in falling, and some time in the following night, without sign or sound, he went to his Maker.

As for the captain, his wounds were grievous indeed, but not dangerous. No organ was fatally injured. Anderson's ball—for it was Job that shot him first—had broken his shoulder blade and touched the lung, not badly; the second had only torn and displaced some muscles in the calf. He was sure to recover, the doctor said, but, in the meantime and for weeks to come, he must not walk nor move his arm, nor so much as speak when he could help it.

My own accidental cut across the knuckles was a flea bite. Dr. Livesey patched it up with plaster, and pulled my ears for me into the bargain.

After dinner the squire and the doctor sat by the captain's side a while in consultation; and when they had talked to their hearts' content, it being then a little past noon, the doctor took up his hat and pistols, girt on a cutlass, put the chart in his pocket, and with a musket over his shoulder, crossed the palisade on the north side, and set off briskly through the trees.

Gray and I were sitting together at the far end of the block-house, to be out of earshot of our officers consulting; and Gray took his pipe out of his mouth and fairly forgot to put it back again, so thunderstruck he was at this occurrence.

"Why, in the name of Davy Jones," said he, "is Dr. Livesey mad?"

"Why, no," says I. "He's about the last of this crew for that, I take it."

"Well, shipmate," said Gray, "mad he may not be; but if *he's* not, you mark my words, I am."

"I take it," replied I, "the doctor has his idea; and if I am right, he's going now to see Ben Gunn."

I was right, as appeared later; but, in the meantime, the house being stifling hot, and the little patch of sand inside the palisade ablaze with midday sun, I began to get another thought into my head, which was not by any means so right. What I began to do was to envy the doctor, walking in the cool shadow of the woods, with the birds about him, and the pleasant smell of the pines, while I sat grilling, with my clothes stuck to the hot resin, and so much blood about me, and so many poor dead bodies lying all around, that I took a disgust of the place that was almost as strong as fear.

All the time I was washing out the block-house, and then washing up the things from dinner, this disgust and envy kept growing stronger and stronger, till at last, being near a bread-bag, and no one then observing me, I took the first step toward my escape, and filled both pockets of my coat with biscuit.

I was a fool, if you like, and certainly I was going to do a foolish, overbold act; but I was determined to do it with all the precautions in my power. These biscuits, should anything befall me, would keep me, at least from starving till far on in the next day.

The next thing I laid hold of was a brace of pistols, and as I already had a powderhorn and bullets, I felt myself well supplied with arms.

As for the scheme I had in my head, it was not a bad one in itself. I was to go down the sandy spit that divides the anchorage on the east from the open sea, find the white rock I had observed last evening, and ascertain whether it was there or not that Ben Gunn had hidden his boat; a thing quite worth doing, as I still believe. But as I was certain I should not be allowed to leave the inclosure, my only plan was to take French leave, and slip out when nobody was watching; and that was so bad a way of doing it as made the thing itself wrong. But I was only a boy, and I had made my mind up.

Well, as things at last fell out, I found an admirable opportunity. The squire and Gray were busy helping the captain with his bandages; the coast was clear; I made a bolt for it over the stockade and into the thickest of the trees, and before my absence was observed I was out of cry of my companions.

This was my second folly, far worse than the first, as I left but two sound men to guard the house; but like the first, it was a help toward saving all of us.

I took my way straight for the east coast of the island, for I was determined to go down the sea side of the spit to avoid all chance of observation from the anchorage. It was already late in the afternoon, although still warm and sunny. As I continued to thread the tall woods, I could hear from far before me not only the continuous thunder of the surf, but a certain tossing of foliage and grinding of boughs which showed me the sea breeze had set in higher than usual. Soon cool draughts of air began to reach me; and a few steps farther I came forth into the open borders of the grove, and saw the sea lying blue and sunny to the horizon, and the surf tumbling and tossing its foam along the beach.

I have never seen the sea quiet round Treasure Island. The sun might blaze overhead, the air be without a breath, the surface smooth and blue, but still these great rollers would be running along all the external coast, thundering and thundering by day and night; and I scarce believe there is one spot in the island where a man would be out of earshot of their noise.

I walked along beside the surf with great enjoyment, till, thinking I was now got far enough to the south, I took the cover of some thick bushes, and crept warily up to the ridge of the spit.

Behind me was the sea, in front the anchorage. The sea breeze, as though it had the sooner blown itself out by its unusual violence, was already at an end; it had been succeeded by light, variable airs from the south and southeast, carrying great banks of fog; and the anchorage, under lee of Skeleton Island, lay still and leaden as when first we entered it. The *Hispaniola*, in that unbroken mirror, was exactly portrayed from the truck to the waterline, the Jolly Roger hanging from her peak.

Alongside lay one of the gigs, Silver in the stern-sheets—him I could always recognize—while a couple of men were leaning over the stern bulwarks, one of them with a red cap—the very rogue that I had seen some hours before stride-legs upon the palisade. Apparently they were talking and laughing, though at that distance—upwards of a mile—I could, of course, hear no word of what was said. All at once there began the most horrid, unearthly screaming, which at first startled me badly, though I had soon remembered the voice of Captain Flint, and even thought I could make out the bird by her bright plumage as she sat perched upon her master's wrist.

Soon after the jolly-boat shoved off and pulled for shore, and the man with the red cap and his comrade went below by the cabin companion.

Just about the same time the sun had gone down behind the Spyglass, and as the fog was collecting rapidly, it began to grow dark in earnest. I saw I must lose no time if I were to find the boat that evening.

The white rock, visible enough

above the brush, was still some eighth of a mile farther down the spit, and it took me a goodish while to get up with it, crawling, often on all-fours, among the scrub. Night had almost come when I laid my hand on its rough sides. Right below it there was an exceedingly small hollow of green turf, hidden by banks and a thick underwood about knee-deep, that grew there very plentifully; and in the center of the dell, sure enough, a little tent of goatskins, like what the gypsies carry about with them in England.

I dropped into the hollow, lifted the side of the tent, and there was Ben Gunn's boat—homemade if ever anything was homemade: a rude, lopsided framework of tough wood, and stretched upon that a covering of goatskin, with the hair inside. The thing was extremely small, even for me, and I could hardly imagine that it could have floated with a full-sized man. There was one thwart, set as low as possible, a kind of stretcher in the bows, and a double paddle for propulsion.

I had not then seen a coracle, such as the ancient Britons made, but I have seen one since, and I can give you no fairer idea of Ben Gunn's boat than by saying it was like the first and the worst coracle ever made by man. But the advantage of the coracle it certainly possessed, for it was exceedingly light and portable.

Well, now that I had found the boat, you would have thought I had had enough of truantry for once; but, in the meantime, I had taken another notion, and become so obstinately fond of it that I would have carried it out, I believe, in the teeth of Captain Smollett himself. This was to slip out under cover of the night, cut the *Hispaniola* adrift, and let her go ashore where she fancied. I had quite made up my mind that the mutineers, after their repulse of the morning, had nothing nearer their hearts than to up anchor and away to sea; this, I thought, it would be a fine thing to prevent; and now that I had seen how they left their watchmen unprovided with a boat, I thought it might be done with little risk.

Down I sat to wait for darkness, and made a hearty meal of biscuit. It was a night out of ten thousand for my purpose. The fog had now buried all heaven. As the last rays of daylight dwindled and disappeared, absolute blackness settled down on Treasure Island. And when, at last, I shouldered the coracle, and groped my way stumblingly out of the hollow where I had supped, there were but two points visible on the whole anchorage.

One was the great fire on shore, by which the defeated pirates lay carousing in the swamp. The other, a mere blur of light upon the darkness, indicated the position of the anchored ship. She had swung round to the ebb—her bow was now toward me—the only lights on board were in the cabin; and what I saw was merely a reflection on the fog of the strong rays that flowed from the stern window.

The ebb had already run some time, and I had to wade through a long belt of swampy sand, where I sank several times above the ankle, before I came to the edge of the retreating water, and wading a little way in, with some strength and dexterity, set my coracle, keel downward, on the surface.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Ebb Tide Runs

The coracle—as I had ample reason to know before I was done with her—was a very safe boat for a person of my height and weight, both buoyant and clever in a seaway; but she was the most cross-grained, lopsided craft to manage. Do as you pleased, she always made more leeway than anything else, and turning round and round was the maneuver she was best at. Even Ben Gunn himself has admitted that she was "queer to handle till you knew her way."

Certainly I did not know her way. She turned in every direction but the one I was bound to go; the most part of the time we were broadside on, and I am very sure I never should have made the ship at all but for the tide. By good fortune, paddle as I pleased, the tide was still sweeping me down; and there lay the *Hispaniola* right in the fairway, hardly to be missed.

First she loomed before me like a blot of something yet blacker than darkness, then her spars and hull began to take shape, and the next moment, as it seemed (for, the farther I went, the brisker grew the current of the ebb), I was alongside of her hawser, and had laid hold.

The hawser was as taut as a bowstring, and the current so strong she pulled upon her anchor. All round the hull, in the blackness, the rippling current bubbled and chattered like a little mountain stream. One cut with my sea-gully, and the *Hispaniola* would go humming down the tide.

So far so good; but it next occurred to my recollection that a taut hawser, suddenly cut, is a thing as dangerous as a kicking horse. Ten to one, if I were so foolhardy as to cut the *Hispaniola* from her anchor, I and the coracle would be knocked clean out of the water.

This brought me to a full stop, and if fortune had not again particularly favored me, I should have had to abandon my design. But the light airs which had begun blowing from the southeast and south had hauled round after nightfall into the southwest. Just while I was meditating, a puff came, caught the *Hispaniola*, and forced her up into the current; and to my great joy, I felt the hawser slacken in my grasp, and the hand by which I held it dip for a second under water.

With that I made my mind up, took out my gully, opened it with my teeth, and cut one strand after another, till the vessel swung only by two. Then I lay quiet, waiting to sever these last when the strain should be once more lightened by a breath of wind.

All this time I had heard the sound of loud voices from the cabin; but, to say truth, my mind had been so entirely taken up with other thoughts that I had scarcely given ear. Now, however, when I had nothing else to do, I began to pay more heed.

One I recognized for the coxswain's, Israel Hands, that had been Flint's gunner in former days. The other was, of course, my friend of the red nightcap. Both men were plainly the worse of drink, and they were still drinking; for, even while I was listening, one of them, with a drunken cry, opened the stern window and threw out something, which I divined to be an empty bottle. But they were not only tipsy; it was plain that they were furiously angry. Oaths flew like hailstones, and every now and then there came forth such an explosion as I thought was sure to end in blows. But each time the quarrel passed off, and the voices grumbled lower for a while, until the next crisis came, and, in its turn, passed away without result.

On shore, I could see the glow of the great camp fire burning warmly through the shore-side trees. Someone was singing, a dull, old, droning sailor's song, with a droop and a quaver at the end of every verse, and seemingly no end to it at all but the patience of the singer. I had heard it on the voyage more than once, and remembered these words:

> But one man of her crew alive,
> What put to sea with seventy-five.

And I thought it was a ditty rather too dolefully appropriate for a company that had met such cruel losses in the morning. But, indeed, from what I saw, all these buccaneers were as callous as the sea they sailed on.

At last the breeze came; the schooner sidled and drew nearer in the dark; I felt the hawser slacken once more, and with a good, tough effort, cut the last fibers through.

The breeze had but little action on the coracle, and I was almost instantly swept against the bows of the *Hispaniola.* At the same time the schooner began to turn upon her heel, spinning slowly, end for end, across the current.

I wrought like a fiend, for I expected every moment to be swamped; and since I found I could not push the coracle directly off, I now shoved straight astern. At length I was clear of my dangerous neighbor; and just as I gave the last impulsion, my hands came across a light cord that was trailing overboard across the stern bulwarks. Instantly I grasped it.

Why I should have done so I can hardly say. It was at first mere instinct; but once I had it in my hands and found it fast, curiosity began to get the upper hand, and I determined I should have one look through the cabin window. I pulled in hand over hand on the cord, and, when I judged myself near enough, rose at infinite risk to about half my height, and thus commanded the roof and a slice of the interior of the cabin.

By this time the schooner and her little consort were gliding pretty swiftly through the water; indeed, we had already fetched up level with the camp fire. The ship was talking, as sailors say, loudly, treading the innumerable ripples with an incessant weltering splash; and until I got my eye above the window-sill I could not comprehend why the watchmen had taken no alarm. One glance, however, was sufficient; and it was only one glance that I durst take from that unsteady skiff. It showed me Hands and his companion locked together in deadly wrestle, each with a hand upon the other's throat.

I dropped upon the thwart again, none too soon, for I was near overboard. I could see nothing for the moment but these two furious, encrimsoned faces, swaying together under the smoky lamp; and I shut my eyes to let them grow once more familiar with the darkness.

The endless ballad had come to an end at last, and the whole diminished company about the camp fire had broken into the chorus I had heard so often:

> Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
>   Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
> Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
>   Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

I was just thinking how busy drink and the devil were at that very moment in the cabin of the *Hispaniola,* when I was surprised by a sudden lurch of the coracle. At the same moment she yawed sharply and seemed to change her course. The speed in the meantime had strangely increased.

I opened my eyes at once. All round me were little ripples, combing over with a sharp, bristling sound and slightly phosphorescent. The *His-*

paniola herself, a few yards in whose wake I was still being whirled along, seemed to stagger in her course, and I saw her spars toss a little against the blackness of the night; nay, as I looked longer, I made sure she also was wheeling to the southward.

I glanced over my shoulder, and my heart jumped against my ribs. There, right behind me, was the glow of the camp fire. The current had turned at right angles, sweeping round along with it the tall schooner and the little dancing coracle; ever quickening, ever bubbling higher, ever muttering louder, it went spinning through the narrows for the open sea.

Suddenly the schooner in front of me gave a violent yaw, turning, perhaps, through twenty degrees; and almost at the same moment one shout followed another from on board; I could hear feet pounding on the companion ladder; and I knew that the two drunkards had at last been interrupted in their quarrel and awakened to a sense of their disaster.

I lay down flat in the bottom of that wretched skiff, and devoutly recommended my spirit to its Maker. At the end of the straits, I made sure we must fall into some bar of raging breakers, where all my troubles would be ended speedily; and though I could, perhaps, bear to die, I could not bear to look upon my fate as it approached.

So I must have lain for hours, continually beaten to and fro upon the billows, now and again wetted with flying sprays, and never ceasing to expect death at the next plunge. Gradually weariness grew upon me; a numbness, an occasional stupor, fell upon my mind even in the midst of my terrors; until sleep at last supervened, and in my sea-tossed coracle I lay and dreamed of home and the old "Admiral Benbow."

CHAPTER XXIV

THE CRUISE OF THE CORACLE

It was broad day when I awoke, and found myself tossing at the southwest end of Treasure Island. The sun was up, but was still hid from me behind the great bulk of the Spyglass, which on this side descended almost to the sea in formidable cliffs.

Haulbowline Head and Mizzenmast Hill were at my elbow; the hill bare and dark, the head bound with cliffs forty or fifty feet high, and fringed with great masses of fallen rock. I was scarce a quarter of a mile to seaward, and it was my first thought to paddle in and land.

That notion was soon given over. Among the fallen rocks the breakers spouted and bellowed; loud reverberations, heavy sprays flying and falling, succeeded one another from second to second; and I saw myself, if I ventured nearer, dashed to death upon the rough shore, or spending my strength in vain to scale the beetling crags.

Nor was that all; for crawling together on flat tables of rock, or letting themselves drop into the sea with loud reports, I beheld huge, slimy monsters—soft snails, as it were, of incredible bigness—two or three score of them together, making the rocks to echo with their barkings.

I have understood since that they were sea lions, and entirely harmless. But the look of them, added to the difficulty of the shore and the high running of the surf, was more than enough to disgust me of that landing-place. I felt willing rather to starve at sea than to confront such perils.

In the meantime I had a better chance, as I supposed, before me. North of Haulbowline Head, the land runs in a long way, leaving, at low tide, a long stretch of yellow sand.

To the north of that, again, there comes another cape—Cape of the Woods, as it was marked upon the chart—buried in tall, green pines, which descended to the margin of the sea.

I remembered what Silver had said about the current that sets northward along the whole west coast of Treasure Island; and seeing from my position that I was already under its influence, I preferred to leave Haulbowline Head behind me, and reserve my strength for an attempt to land upon the kindlier-looking Cape of the Woods.

There was a great, smooth swell upon the sea. The wind blowing steady and gentle from the south, there was no contrariety between that and the current, and the billows rose and fell unbroken.

Had it been otherwise, I must long ago have perished; but as it was, it is surprising how easily and securely my little and light boat could ride. Often, as I still lay at the bottom, and kept no more than an eye above the gunwale, I would see a big blue summit heaving close above me; yet the coracle would but bounce a little, dance as if on springs, and subside on the other side into the trough as lightly as a bird.

I began after a little to grow very bold, and sat up to try my skill at paddling. But even a small change in the disposition of the weight will produce violent changes in the behavior of a coracle. And I had hardly moved before the boat, giving up at once her gentle, dancing movement, ran straight down a slope of water so steep that it made me giddy, and struck her nose, with a spout of spray, deep into the side of the next wave.

I was drenched and terrified, and fell instantly back into my old position, whereupon the coracle seemed to find her head again, and led me as softly as before among the billows. It was plain she was not to be interfered with, and at that rate, since I could in no way influence her course, what hope had I left of reaching land?

I began to be horribly frightened, but I kept my head, for all that. First, moving with all care, I gradually baled out the coracle with my sea-cup; then getting my eye once more above the gunwale, I set myself to study how it was she managed to slip so quietly through the rollers.

I found each wave, instead of the big, smooth, glossy mountain it looks from shore, or from a vessel's deck, was for all the world like any range of hills on the dry land, full of peaks and smooth places and valleys. The coracle, left to herself, turning from side to side, threaded, so to speak, her way through these lower parts, and avoided the steep slopes and higher, toppling summits of the wave.

"Well, now," thought I to myself, "it is plain I must lie where I am, and not disturb the balance; but it is plain, also, that I can put the paddle over the side, and from time to time, in smooth places, give her a shove or two toward land." No sooner thought upon than done. There I lay on my elbows, in the most trying attitude, and every now and again gave a weak stroke or two to turn her head to shore.

It was very tiring, and slow work, yet I did visibly gain ground; and, as we drew near the Cape of the Woods, though I saw I must infallibly miss that point, I had still made some hundred yards of easting. I was, indeed, close in. I could see the cool, green tree-tops swaying together in the breeze, and I felt sure I should make the next promontory without fail.

It was high time, for I now began to be tortured with thirst. The glow of the sun from above, its thousand-fold reflection from the waves, the sea-water that fell and dried upon me, caking my very lips with salt, combined to make my throat burn and my brain ache. The sight of the trees so near at hand had almost made me sick with longing; but the current had soon carried me past the point; and, as the next reach of sea opened out, I beheld a sight that changed the nature of my thoughts.

Right in front of me, not half a mile away, I beheld the *Hispaniola* under sail. I made sure, of course, that I should be taken; but I was so distressed for want of water that I scarce knew whether to be glad or sorry at the thought; and, long before I had come to a conclusion, surprise had taken entire possession of my mind, and I could do nothing but stare and wonder.

The *Hispaniola* was under her mainsail and two jibs, and the beautiful white canvas shone in the sun like snow or silver. When I first sighted her, all her sails were drawing; she was lying a course about northwest; and I presumed the men on board were going round the island on their way back to the anchorage. Presently she began to fetch more and more to the westward, so that I thought they had sighted me and were going about in chase. At last, however, she fell right into the wind's eye, was taken dead aback, and stood there a while helpless, with her sails shivering.

"Clumsy fellows," said I; "they must still be drunk as owls." And I thought how Captain Smollett would have set them skipping.

Meanwhile the schooner gradually fell off, and filled again upon another tack, sailed swiftly for a minute or so, and brought up once more dead in the wind's eye. Again and again was this repeated. To and fro, up and down, north, south, east, and west, the *Hispaniola* sailed by swoops and dashes, and at each repetition ended as she had begun, with idly-flapping canvas. It became plain to me that nobody was steering. And, if so, where were the men? Either they were dead drunk, or had deserted her, I thought, and perhaps if I could get on board, I might return the vessel to her captain.

The current was bearing coracle and schooner southward at an equal rate. As for the latter's sailing, it was so wild and intermittent, and she hung each time so long in irons, that she certainly gained nothing, if she did not even lose. If only I dared to sit up and paddle, I made sure that I could overhaul her. The scheme had an air of adventure that inspired me, and the thought of the water-breaker beside the fore-companion doubled my growing courage.

Up I got, was welcomed almost instantly by another cloud of spray, but this time stuck to my purpose; and set myself, with all my strength and caution, to paddle after the unsteered *Hispaniola*. Once I shipped a sea so heavy that I had to stop and bail, with my heart fluttering like a bird; but gradually I got into the way of the thing, and guided my coracle among the waves, with only now and then a blow upon her bows and a dash of foam in my face.

I was now gaining rapidly on the schooner; I could see the brass glisten on the tiller as it banged about; and still no soul appeared upon decks. I could not choose but suppose she was deserted. If not, the men were lying drunk below, where I might batten them down, perhaps, and do what I chose with the ship.

For some time she had been doing the worst thing possible for me—

71. **fore-companion**, the companion-way in the fore part of the ship.

standing still. She headed nearly due south, yawing, of course, all the time. Each time she fell off, her sails partly filled, and these brought her, in a moment, right to the wind again. I have said this was the worst thing possible for me; for, helpless as she looked in this situation, with the canvas cracking like cannon, and the blocks trundling and banging on the deck, she still continued to run away from me, not only with the speed of the current, but by the whole amount of her leeway, which was naturally great.

But now, at last, I had my chance. The breeze fell, for some seconds, very low, and the current gradually turning her, the *Hispaniola* revolved slowly round her center, and at last presented me her stern, with the cabin window still gaping open, and the lamp over the table still burning on into the day. The mainsail hung drooped like a banner. She was stock-still but for the current.

For the last little while I had even lost; but now redoubling my efforts, I began once more to overhaul the chase.

I was not a hundred yards from her when the wind came again in a clap; she filled on the port tack, and was off again, stooping and skimming like a swallow.

My first impulse was one of despair, but my second was toward joy. Round she came, till she was broad side on to me—round still till she had covered a half, and then two-thirds, and then three-quarters of the distance that separated us. I could see the waves boiling white under her forefoot. Immensely tall she looked to me from my low station in the coracle.

And then, of a sudden, I began to comprehend. I had scarce time to think—scarce time to act and save myself. I was on the summit of one swell when the schooner came stooping over the next. The bowsprit was over my head. I sprang to my feet, and leaped, stamping the coracle under water. With one hand I caught the jib-boom, while my foot was lodged between the stay and the brace; and as I still clung there panting, a dull blow told me that the schooner had charged down upon and struck the coracle, and that I was left without retreat on the *Hispaniola*.

CHAPTER XXV

I Strike the Jolly Roger

I had scarce gained a position on the bowsprit, when the flying jib flapped and filled upon the other tack, with a report like a gun. The schooner trembled to her keel under the reverse, but next moment, the other sails still drawing, the jib flapped back again, and hung idle.

This had nearly tossed me off into the sea; and now I lost no time, crawled back along the bowsprit, and tumbled head foremost on the deck.

I was on the lee side of the forecastle, and the mainsail, which was still drawing, concealed from me a certain portion of the after-deck. Not a soul was to be seen. The planks, which had not been swabbed since the mutiny, bore the print of many feet; and an empty bottle, broken by the neck, tumbled to and fro like a live thing in the scuppers.

Suddenly the *Hispaniola* came right into the wind. The jibs behind me cracked aloud; the rudder slammed to; the whole ship gave a sickening heave and shudder, and at the same moment the main-boom swung inboard, the sheet groaning in the blocks, and showed me the lee after-deck.

There were the two watchmen, sure enough: red-cap on his back, as stiff as a handspike, with his arms stretched out like those of a crucifix, and his teeth showing through his open lips; Israel Hands propped against the bulwarks, his chin on his chest, his hands lying open before him on the deck, his face as white, under its tan, as a tallow candle.

For a while the ship kept bucking and sidling like a vicious horse, the sails filling, now on one tack, now on another, and the boom swinging to and fro till the mast groaned aloud under the strain. Now and again, too, there would come a cloud of light sprays over the bulwark, and a heavy blow of the ship's bows against the swell; so much heavier weather was made of it by this great rigged ship than by my homemade lopsided coracle, now gone to the bottom of the sea.

At every jump of the schooner, red-cap slipped to and fro; but—what was ghastly to behold—neither his attitude nor his fixed, teeth-disclosing grin was anyway disturbed by this rough usage. At every jump, too, Hands appeared still more to sink into himself and settle down upon the deck, his feet sliding ever the farther out, and the whole body canting toward the stern, so that his face became, little by little, hid from me; and at last I could see nothing beyond his ear and the frayed ringlet of one whisker.

At the same time, I observed, around both of them, splashes of dark blood upon the planks, and began to feel sure that they had killed each other in their drunken wrath.

While I was thus looking and wondering, in a calm moment, when the ship was still, Israel Hands turned partly round, and, with a low moan, writhed himself back to the position in which I had seen him first. The moan, which told of pain and deadly weakness, and the way in which his jaw hung open, went right to my heart. But when I remembered the talk I had overheard from the apple barrel, all pity left me.

I walked aft until I reached the mainmast.

"Come aboard, Mr. Hands," I said ironically.

He rolled his eyes round heavily; but he was too far gone to express surprise. All he could do was to utter one word, "Brandy."

It occurred to me there was no time to lose; and, dodging the boom as it once more lurched across the deck, I slipped aft, and down the companion stairs into the cabin.

It was such a scene of confusion as you can hardly fancy. All the lockfast places had been broken open in quest of the chart. The floor was thick with mud, where ruffians had sat down to drink or consult after wading in the marshes round their camp. The bulkheads, all painted in clear white, and beaded round with gilt, bore a pattern of dirty hands. Dozens of empty bottles clinked together in corners to the rolling of the ship. One of the doctor's medical books lay open on the table, half of the leaves gutted out, I suppose, for pipelights. In the midst of all this the lamp still cast a smoky glow, obscure and brown as umber.

I went into the cellar; all the barrels were gone, and of the bottles a most surprising number had been drunk out and thrown away. Certainly, since the mutiny began, not a man of them could ever have been sober.

Foraging about, I found a bottle with some brandy left, for Hands; and for myself I routed out some biscuit, some pickled fruits, a great bunch of raisins, and a piece of cheese. With these I came on deck, put down my own stock behind the rudder-head, and well out of the coxswain's reach, went forward to the water breaker, and had a good, deep drink of water, and then, and not till then, gave Hands the brandy.

He must have drunk a gill before he took the bottle from his mouth.

"Aye," said he, "by thunder, but I wanted some o' that!"

I had sat down already in my own corner and begun to eat.

"Much hurt?" I asked him.

He grunted, or, rather, I might say, barked.

"If that doctor was aboard," he said, "I'd be right enough in a couple of turns; but I don't have no manner of luck, you see, and that's what's the matter with me. As for that swab, he's good and dead, he is," he added, indicating the man with the red cap. "He warn't no seaman, anyhow. And where mought you have come from?"

"Well," said I, "I've come aboard to take possession of this ship, Mr. Hands; and you'll please regard me as your captain until further notice."

He looked at me sourly enough, but said nothing. Some of the color had come back into his cheeks, though he still looked very sick, and still continued to slip out and settle down as the ship banged about.

"By-the-by," I continued, "I can't have these colors, Mr. Hands; and, by your leave, I'll strike 'em. Better none than these."

And, again dodging the boom, I ran to the color lines, handed down their cursed black flag and chucked it overboard.

"God save the king!" said I, waving my cap; "and there's an end to Captain Silver!"

He watched me keenly and slyly, his chin all the while on his breast. "I reckon," he said at last—"I reckon, Cap'n Hawkins, you'll kind of want to get ashore, now. S'pose we talks."

"Why, yes," says I, "with all my heart, Mr. Hands. Say on." And I went back to my meal with a good appetite.

"This man," he began, nodding feebly at the corpse—"O'Brien were his name—a rank Irelander—this man and me got the canvas on her, meaning for to sail her back. Well, *he's* dead now, he is—as dead as bilge; and who's to sail this ship, I don't see. Without I gives you a hint, you ain't that man, as far's I can tell. Now, look here, you gives me food and drink, and a old scarf or ankecher to tie my wound up, you do; and I'll tell you how to sail her; and that's about square all round, I take it."

"I'll tell you one thing," says I; "I'm not going back to Captain Kidd's anchorage. I mean to get into North Inlet, and beach her quietly there."

"To be sure you did," he cried. "Why, I ain't sich an infernal lubber, after all. I can see, can't I? I've tried my fling, I have, and I've lost, and it's you has the wind of me. North Inlet? Why, I have no ch'ice, not I! I'd help you sail her up to Execution Dock, by thunder! so I would."

Well, as it seemed to me, there was some sense in this. We struck our bargain on the spot. In three minutes I had the *Hispaniola* sailing easily before the wind along the coast of Treasure Island, with good hopes of turning the northern point ere noon, and beating down again as far as North Inlet before high water, when we might beach her safely, and wait till the subsiding tide permitted us to land.

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64. **bilge**, see note for line 13, page 121.

Then I lashed the tiller and went below to my own chest, where I got a soft silk handkerchief of my mother's. With this, and with my aid, Hands bound up the great bleeding stab he had received in the thigh, and after he had eaten a little and had a swallow or two more of the brandy, he began to pick up visibly, sat straighter up, spoke louder and clearer, and looked in every way another man.

The breeze served us admirably. We skimmed before it like a bird, the coast of the island flashing by, and the view changing every minute. Soon we were past the highlands and bowling beside low, sandy country, sparsely dotted with dwarf pines, and soon we were beyond that again, and had turned the corner of the rocky hill that ends the island on the north.

I was greatly elated with my new command, and pleased with the bright, sunshiny weather and these different prospects of the coast. I had now plenty of water and good things to eat, and my conscience, which had smitten me hard for my desertion, was quieted by the great conquest I had made. I should, I think, have had nothing left me to desire but for the eyes of the coxswain as they followed me derisively about the deck, and the odd smile that appeared continually on his face. It was a smile that had in it something both of pain and weakness—a haggard, old man's smile; but there was, besides that, a grain of derision, a shadow of treachery, in his expression as he craftily watched, and watched, and watched me at my work.

CHAPTER XXVI

Israel Hands

The wind, serving us to a desire, now hauled into the west. We could run so much the easier from the north-east corner of the island to the mouth of the North Inlet. Only, as we had no power to anchor, and dared not beach her till the tide had flowed a good deal farther, time hung on our hands. The coxswain told me how to lay the ship to; after a good many trials I succeeded, and we both sat in silence, over another meal.

"Cap'n," said he, at length, with that same uncomfortable smile, "here's my old shipmate, O'Brien; s'pose you was to heave him overboard. I ain't partic'lar as a rule, and I don't take no blame for settling his hash; but I don't reckon him ornamental, now, do you?"

"I'm not strong enough, and I don't like the job; and there he lies, for me," said I.

"This here's an unlucky ship—this *Hispaniola*, Jim," he went on, blinking. "There's a power of men been killed in this *Hispaniola*—a sight o' poor seamen dead and gone since you and me took ship to Bristol. I never seen sich dirty luck, not I. There was this here O'Brien, now—he's dead, ain't he? Well, now, I'm no scholar, and you're a lad as can read and figure; and to put it straight, do you take it as a dead man is dead for good, or do he come alive again?"

"You can kill the body, Mr. Hands, but not the spirit; you must know that already," I replied. "O'Brien there is in another world, and may be watching us."

"Ah!" says he. "Well, that's unfort'nate—appears as if killing parties was a waste of time. Howsomever, sperrits don't reckon for much, by what I've seen. I'll chance it with the sperrits, Jim. And now, you've spoke up free, and I'll take it kind if you'd step down into that there cabin and get me a—well, a—shiver my timbers! I can't hit the name on't; well, you get me a bottle of wine, Jim—this here brandy's too strong for my head."

Now, the coxswain's hesitation seemed to be unnatural; and as for the notion of his preferring wine to brandy, I entirely disbelieved it. The whole story was a pretext. He wanted me to leave the deck—so much was plain; but with what purpose I could in no way imagine. His eyes never met mine; they kept wandering to and fro, up and down, now with a look to the sky, now with a flitting glance upon the dead O'Brien. All the time he kept smiling, and putting his tongue out in the most guilty, embarrassed manner, so that a child could have told that he was bent on some deception. I was prompt with my answer, however, for I saw where my advantage lay; and that with a fellow so densely stupid I could easily conceal my suspicions to the end.

"Some wine?" I said. "Far better. Will you have white or red?"

"Well, I reckon it's about the blessed same to me, shipmate," he replied; "so it's strong, and plenty of it, what's the odds?"

"All right," I answered. "I'll bring you port, Mr. Hands. But I'll have to dig for it."

With that I scuttled down the companion with all the noise I could, slipped off my shoes, ran quietly along the sparred gallery, mounted the forecastle ladder, and popped my head out of the fore companion. I knew he would not expect to see me there; yet I took every precaution possible; and certainly the worst of my suspicions proved too true.

He had risen from his position to his hands and knees; and, though his leg obviously hurt him pretty sharply when he moved—for I could hear him stifle a groan—yet it was at a good, rattling rate that he trailed himself across the deck. In half a minute he had reached the port scuppers, and picked, out of a coil of rope, a long knife, or rather a short dirk, discolored to the hilt with blood. He looked upon it for a moment, thrusting forth his under jaw, tried the point upon his hand, and then, hastily concealing it in the bosom of his jacket, trundled back again into his old place against the bulwark.

This was all that I required to know. Israel could move about; he was now armed; and if he had been at so much trouble to get rid of me, it was plain that I was meant to be the victim. What he would do afterwards—whether he would try to crawl right across the island from North Inlet to the camp among the swamps, or whether he would fire Long Tom, trusting that his own comrades might come first to help him, was, of course, more than I could say.

Yet I felt sure that I could trust him in one point, since in that our interests jumped together, and that was in the disposition of the schooner. We both desired to have her stranded safe enough, in a sheltered place, and so that, when the time came, she could be got off again with as little labor and danger as might be; and until that was done I considered that my life would certainly be spared.

While I was thus turning the business over in my mind, I had not been idle with my body. I had stolen back to the cabin, slipped once more into my shoes, and laid my hand at random on a bottle of wine, and now, with this for an excuse, I made my reappearance on the deck.

Hands lay as I had left him, all fallen together in a bundle, and with his eyelids lowered, as though he were too weak to bear the light. He looked up, however, at my coming, knocked the neck off the bottle, like a man who had done the same thing often, and took a good swig, with his favorite toast of "Here's luck!" Then he lay quiet for a little, and then, pulling out a stick of tobacco, begged me to cut him a quid.

"Cut me a junk o' that," says he, "for I haven't no knife, and hardly strength enough, so be as I had. Ah, Jim, Jim, I reckon I've missed stays! Cut me a quid, as'll likely be the last, lad; for I'm for my long home, and no mistake."

"Well," said I, "I'll cut you some tobacco; but if I was you and thought myself so badly, I would go to my prayers, like a Christian man."

"Why?" said he. "Now, you tell me why."

"Why?" I cried. "You were asking me just now about the dead. You've broken your trust; you've lived in sin and lies and blood; there's a man you killed lying at your feet this moment; and you ask me why! For God's mercy, Mr. Hands, that's why."

I spoke with a little heat, thinking of the bloody dirk he had hidden in his pocket, and designed, in his ill thoughts, to end me with. He, for his part, took a great draught of the wine, and spoke with the most unusual solemnity.

"For thirty years," he said, "I've sailed the seas, and seen good and bad, better and worse, fair weather and foul, provisions running out, knives going, and what not. Well, now I tell you, I never seen good come o' goodness yet. Him as strikes first is my fancy; dead men don't bite; them's my views—amen, so be it. And now, you look here," he added, suddenly changing his tone, "we've had about enough of this foolery. The tide's made good enough by now. You just take my orders, Cap'n Hawkins, and we'll sail slap in and be done with it."

All told, we had scarce two miles to run; but the navigation was delicate, the entrance to this northern anchorage was not only narrow and shoal, but lay east and west, so that the schooner must be nicely handled to be got in. I think I was a good, prompt subaltern, and I am very sure that Hands was an excellent pilot; for we went about and about, and dodged in, shaving the banks, with a certainty and a neatness that were a pleasure to behold.

Scarcely had we passed the heads before the land closed around us. The shores of North Inlet were as thickly wooded as those of the southern anchorage; but the space was longer and narrower, and more like, what in truth it was, the estuary of a river. Right before us, at the southern end, we saw the wreck of a ship in the last stages of dilapidation. It had been a great vessel of three masts, but had lain so long exposed to the injuries of the weather that it was hung about with great webs of dripping seaweed, and on the deck of it shore bushes had taken root, and now flourished thick with flowers. It was a sad sight, but it showed us that the anchorage was calm.

"Now," said Hands, "look there; there's a pet bit for to beach a ship in. Fine flat sand, never a catspaw, trees all around of it, and flowers a-blowing like a garding on that old ship."

"And once beached," I inquired, "how shall we get her off again?"

"Why, so," he replied: "you take a line ashore there on the other side at low water; take a turn about one o' them big pines; bring it back, take

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11. missed stays, failed in going from one tack to another.

86. catspaw, a light current of air.

a turn round the capstan, and lie-to for the tide. Come high water, all hands take a pull upon the line, and off she comes as sweet as natur'. And now, boy, you stand by. We're near the bit now, and she's too much way on her. Starboard a little—so—steady—starboard—larboard a little—steady—steady!"

So he issued his commands, which I breathlessly obeyed, till, all of a sudden, he cried, "Now, my hearty, luff!" And I put the helm hard up, and the *Hispaniola* swung round rapidly, and ran stem on for the low, wooded shore.

The excitement of these last maneuvers had somewhat interfered with the watch I had kept hitherto, sharply enough, upon the coxswain. Even then I was still so much interested, waiting for the ship to touch, that I had quite forgot the peril that hung over my head, and stood craning over the starboard bulwarks and watching the ripples spreading wide before the bows. I might have fallen without a struggle for my life, had not a sudden disquietude seized upon me, and made me turn my head. Perhaps I had heard a creak, or seen his shadow moving with the tail of my eye; perhaps it was an instinct like a cat's; but, sure enough, when I looked round, there was Hands, already halfway toward me, with the dirk in his right hand.

We must both have cried out aloud when our eyes met; but while mine was the shrill cry of terror, his was a roar of fury like a charging bull's. At the same instant he threw himself forward, and I leaped sideways toward the bows. As I did so, I let go of the tiller, which sprang sharp to leeward; and I think this saved my life, for it struck Hands across the chest, and stopped him, for the moment, dead.

Before he could recover, I was safe out of the corner where he had me trapped, with all the deck to dodge about. Just forward of the mainmast, I stopped, drew a pistol from my pocket, took a cool aim, though he had already turned and was once more coming directly after me, and drew the trigger. The hammer fell, but there followed neither flash nor sound; the priming was useless with sea water. I cursed myself for my neglect. Why had not I, long before, reprimed and reloaded my only weapons? Then I should not have been, as now, a mere fleeing sheep before this butcher.

Wounded as he was, it was wonderful how fast he could move, his grizzled hair tumbling over his face, and his face itself as red as a red ensign with his haste and fury. I had no time to try my other pistol, nor, indeed, much inclination, for I was sure it would be useless. One thing I saw plainly: I must not simply retreat before him, or he would speedily hold me boxed into the bows, as a moment since he had so nearly boxed me in the stern. Once so caught, and nine or ten inches of the blood-stained dirk would be my last experience on this side of eternity. I placed my palms against the mainmast, which was of a goodish bigness, and waited, every nerve upon the stretch.

Seeing that I meant to dodge, he also paused; and a moment or two passed in feints on his part, and corresponding movements upon mine. It was such a game as I had often played at home about the rocks of Black Hill Cove; but never before, you may be sure, with such a wildly beating heart as now. Still, as I say, it was a boy's game, and I thought I could hold my own at it, against an elderly seaman with a wounded thigh. Indeed, my courage had begun to rise so high that

I allowed myself a few darting thoughts on what would be the end of the affair; and while I saw certainly that I could spin it out for long, I saw no hope of any ultimate escape.

Well, while things stood thus, suddenly the *Hispaniola* struck, staggered, ground for an instant in the sand, and then, swift as a blow, canted over to the port side, till the deck stood at an angle of forty-five degrees, and about a puncheon of water splashed into the scupper holes, and lay, in a pool, between the deck and bulwark.

We were both of us capsized in a second, and both of us rolled, almost together, into the scuppers; the dead red-cap, with his arms still spread out, tumbling stiffly after us. So near were we, indeed, that my head came against the coxswain's foot with a crack that made my teeth rattle. Blow and all, I was the first afoot again; for Hands had got involved with the dead body. The sudden canting of the ship had made the deck no place for running on; I had to find some new way of escape, and that upon the instant, for my foe was almost touching me. Quick as thought I sprang into the mizzen shrouds, rattled up hand over hand, and did not draw a breath till I was seated on the crosstrees.

I had been saved by being prompt; the dirk had struck not half a foot below me, as I pursued my upward flight; and there stood Israel Hands with his mouth open and his face upturned to mine, a perfect statue of surprise and disappointment.

Now that I had a moment to myself, I lost no time in changing the priming of my pistol, and then, having one ready for service, and to make assurance doubly sure, I proceeded to draw the load of the other, and recharge it afresh from the beginning.

My new employment struck Hands all of a heap; he began to see the dice going against him; and after an obvious hesitation, he also hauled himself heavily into the shrouds, and, with the dirk in his teeth, began slowly and painfully to mount. It cost him no end of time and groans to haul his wounded leg behind him; and I had quietly finished my arrangements before he was much more than a third of the way up. Then, with a pistol in either hand, I addressed him.

"One more step, Mr. Hands," said I, "and I'll blow your brains out! Dead men don't bite, you know," I added with a chuckle.

He stopped instantly. I could see by the working of his face that he was trying to think, and the process was so slow and laborious that, in my newfound security, I laughed aloud. At last, with a swallow or two, he spoke, his face still wearing the same expression of extreme perplexity. In order to speak he had to take the dagger from his mouth, but, in all else, he remained unmoved.

"Jim," says he, "I reckon we're fouled, you and me, and we'll have to sign articles. I'd have had you but for that there lurch; but I don't have no luck, not I; and I reckon I'll have to strike, which comes hard, you see, for a master mariner to a ship's younker like you, Jim."

I was drinking in his words, and smiling away, as conceited as a cock upon a wall, when, all in a breath, back went his right hand over his shoulder. Something sang like an arrow through the air; I felt a blow and then a sharp pang, and there I was pinned by the shoulder to the mast. In the horrid pain and surprise of the moment—I scarce can say it was by my own volition, and I am

84. **strike**, strike my flag, give in.

sure it was without a conscious aim—both my pistols went off, and both escaped out of my hands. They did not fall alone; with a choked cry, the coxswain loosed his grasp upon the shrouds, and plunged head first into the water.

CHAPTER XXVII

"Pieces of Eight"

Owing to the cant of the vessel, the masts hung far out over the water, and from my perch on the crosstrees I had nothing below me but the surface of the bay. Hands, who was not so far up, was, in consequence, nearer to the ship, and fell between me and the bulwarks. He rose once to the surface in a lather of foam and blood, and then sank again for good. As the water settled, I could see him lying huddled together on the clean, bright sand in the shadow of the vessel's sides. A fish or two whipped past his body. Sometimes, by the quivering of the water, he appeared to move a little, as if he were trying to rise. But he was dead enough, for all that, being both shot and drowned, and was food for fish in the very place where he had designed my slaughter.

I was no sooner certain of this than I began to feel sick, faint, and terrified. The hot blood was running over my back and chest. The dirk, where it had pinned my shoulder to the mast, seemed to burn like a hot iron; yet it was not so much these real sufferings that distressed me, for these, it seemed to me, I could bear without a murmur; it was the horror I had upon my mind of falling from the crosstrees into that still, green water, beside the body of the coxswain.

I clung with both hands till my nails ached, and I shut my eyes as if to cover up the peril. Gradually my mind came back again, my pulses quieted down to a more natural time, and I was once more in possession of myself.

It was my first thought to pluck forth the dirk; but either it stuck too hard or my nerve failed me; and I desisted with a violent shudder. Oddly enough, that very shudder did the business. The knife, in fact, had come the nearest in the world to missing me altogether; it held me by a mere pinch of skin, and this the shudder tore away. The blood ran down the faster, to be sure; but I was my own master again, and only tacked to the mast by my coat and shirt.

These last I broke through with a sudden jerk, and then regained the deck by the starboard shrouds. For nothing in the world would I have again ventured, shaken as I was, upon the overhanging port shrouds, from which Israel had so lately fallen.

I went below, and did what I could for my wound; it pained me a good deal, and still bled freely; but it was neither deep nor dangerous, nor did it greatly gall me when I used my arm. Then I looked around me, and as the ship was now, in a sense, my own, I began to think of clearing it from its last passenger—the dead man, O'Brien.

He had pitched, as I have said, against the bulwarks, where he lay like some horrible, ungainly sort of puppet; life-size, indeed, but how different from life's color or life's comeliness! In that position, I could easily have my way with him; and as the habit of tragical adventures had worn off almost all my terror for the dead, I took him by the waist as if he had been a sack of bran, and with one good heave, tumbled him overboard. He went in with a sounding plunge; the red cap came off, and remained floating on the surface; and as soon as the splash subsided, I could see him and Israel lying side by side, both wavering with the tremulous movement of the water. O'Brien, though still quite a young man, was very bald. There he lay, with that bald head across the knees of the man who had killed him, and the quick fishes steering to and fro over both.

I was now alone upon the ship; the tide had just turned. The sun was within so few degrees of setting that already the shadow of the pines upon the western shore began to reach right across the anchorage, and fall in patterns on the deck. The evening breeze had sprung up, and though it was well warded off by the hill with the two peaks upon the east, the cordage had begun to sing a little softly to itself and the idle sails to rattle to and fro.

I began to see a danger to the ship. The jibs I speedily doused and brought tumbling to the deck; but the mainsail was a harder matter. Of course, when the schooner canted over, the boom had swung outboard, and the cap of it and a foot or two of sail hung even under water. I thought this made it still more dangerous; yet the strain was so heavy that I half feared to meddle. At last I got my knife and cut the halyards. The peak dropped instantly, a great belly of loose canvas floated broad upon the water; and since, pull as I liked, I could not budge the downhaul, that was the extent of what I could accomplish. For the rest, the *Hispaniola* must trust to luck, like myself.

By this time the whole anchorage had fallen into shadow—the last rays, I remember, falling through a glade of the wood, and shining bright as jewels, on the flowery mantle of the wreck. It began to be chill; the tide was rapidly fleeting seaward, the schooner settling more and more on her beam-ends.

I scrambled forward and looked over. It seemed shallow enough, and holding the cut hawser in both hands for a last security, I let myself drop softly overboard. The water scarcely reached my waist; the sand was firm and covered with ripple marks, and I waded ashore in great spirits, leaving the *Hispaniola* on her side, with her mainsail trailing wide upon the surface of the bay. About the same time the sun went fairly down, and the breeze whistled low in the dusk among the tossing pines.

At least, and at last, I was off the sea, nor had I returned thence empty-handed. There lay the schooner, clear at last from buccaneers and ready for our own men to board and get to sea again. I had nothing nearer my fancy than to get home to the stockade and boast of my achievements. Possibly I might be blamed a bit for my truantry, but the recapture of the *Hispaniola* was a clenching answer, and I hoped that even Captain Smollett would confess I had not lost my time.

So thinking, and in famous spirits, I began to set my face homeward for the block-house and my companions. I remembered that the most easterly of the rivers which drain into Captain Kidd's anchorage ran from the two-peaked hill upon my left; and I bent my course in that direction that I might pass the stream while it was small. The wood was pretty open and keeping along the lower spurs, I had soon turned the corner of that hill, and not long after waded to the mid-calf across the water-course.

This brought me near to where I had encountered Ben Gunn, the maroon; and I walked more circumspectly, keeping an eye on every side. The dusk had come nigh hand completely, and, as I opened out the cleft between the two peaks, I became aware of a wavering glow against the sky, where, as I judged, the man of the island was cooking his supper before a roaring fire. And yet I wondered, in my heart, that he should show himself so careless. For if I could see this radiance, might it not reach the eyes of Silver himself where he camped upon the shore among the marshes?

Gradually the night fell blacker; it was all I could do to guide myself even roughly toward my destination; the double hill behind me and the Spyglass on my right hand loomed faint and fainter; the stars were few and pale; and in the low ground where I wandered I kept tripping among bushes and rolling into sandy pits.

Suddenly a kind of brightness fell about me. I looked up; a pale glimmer of moonbeams had alighted on the summit of the Spyglass, and soon after I saw something broad and silvery moving low down behind the trees, and knew the moon had risen.

With this to help me, I passed rapidly over what remained to me of my journey; and, sometimes walking, sometimes running, impatiently drew near to the stockade. Yet, as I began to thread the grove that lies before it, I was not so thoughtless but that I slacked my pace and went a trifle warily. It would have been a poor end of my adventures to get shot down by my own party in mistake.

The moon was climbing higher and higher; its light began to fall here and there in masses through the more open districts of the wood; and right in front of me a glow of a different color appeared among the trees. It was red and hot, and now and again it was a little darkened—as it were the embers of a bonfire smoldering.

For the life of me, I could not think what it might be.

At last I came right down upon the borders of the clearing. The western end was already steeped in moonshine; the rest, and the blockhouse itself, still lay in a black shadow, checkered with long, silvery streaks of light. On the other side of the house an immense fire had burned itself into clear embers and shed a steady, red reverberation, contrasted strongly with the mellow paleness of the moon. There was not a soul stirring, nor a sound besides the noises of the breeze.

I stopped, with much wonder in my heart, and perhaps a little terror also. It had not been our way to build great fires; we were, indeed, by the captain's orders, somewhat niggardly of firewood; and I began to fear that something had gone wrong while I was absent.

I stole round by the eastern end, keeping close in shadow, and at a convenient place, where the darkness was thickest, crossed the palisade.

To make assurance surer, I got upon my hands and knees, and crawled, without a sound, toward the corner of the house. As I drew nearer, my heart was suddenly and greatly lightened. It is not a pleasant noise in itself, and I have often complained of it at other times; but just then it was like music to hear my friends snoring together so loud and peaceful in their sleep. The sea cry of the watch, that beautiful "All's well," never fell more reassuringly on my ear.

In the meantime, there was no doubt of one thing; they kept an

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3. **nigh hand**, almost, nearly.

infamous bad watch. If it had been Silver and his lads that were now creeping in on them, not a soul would have seen daybreak. That was what it was, thought I, to have the captain wounded; and again I blamed myself sharply for leaving them in that danger with so few to mount guard.

By this time I had got to the door and stood up. All was dark within, so that I could distinguish nothing by the eye. As for sounds, there was the steady drone of the snorers, and a small, occasional noise, a flickering or pecking that I could in no way account for.

With my arms before me I walked steadily in. I should lie down in my own place (I thought, with a silent chuckle) and enjoy their faces when they found me in the morning.

My foot struck something yielding —it was a sleeper's leg; and he turned and groaned, but without awaking.

And then, all of a sudden, a shrill voice broke forth out of the darkness:

"Pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight!" and so forth, without pause or change, like the clacking of a tiny mill.

Silver's green parrot, Captain Flint! It was she whom I had heard pecking at a piece of bark; it was she, keeping better watch than any human being, who thus announced my arrival with her wearisome refrain.

I had no time left me to recover. At the sharp, clipping tone of the parrot, the sleepers awoke and sprang up; and with a mighty oath, the voice of Silver cried:

"Who goes?"

I turned to run, struck violently against one person, recoiled, and ran full into the arms of a second, who, for his part, closed upon and held me tight.

"Bring a torch, Dick," said Silver, when my capture was thus assured.

And one of the men left the log-house and presently returned with a lighted brand.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Stevenson says that the map was, if not the whole plot, at least most of it; beginning with Part I, show how the map figures in the story. Locate on the map (page 187) the North Inlet.

2. Notice that Jim's sea adventure in Part V begins and ends in the stockade, but that between these two scenes there is opportunity in a moving picture for showing a scene of much natural beauty. There is the added interest also of Jim's athletic prowess in sailing the coracle, climbing into the *Hispaniola*, and eluding the coxswain on board. What is the real climax of this part?

Class Reading. The end of Jim's sea-adventure, Chapter XXVII.

PART VI

CAPTAIN SILVER

CHAPTER XXVIII

In the Enemy's Camp

The red glare of the torch, lighting up the interior of the block-house, showed me the worst of my apprehensions realized. The pirates were in possession of the house and stores: there was the cask of cognac, there were the pork and bread, as before; and, what tenfold increased my horror, not a sign of any prisoner. I could only judge that all had perished, and my heart smote me sorely that I had not been there to perish with them.

There were six of the buccaneers, all told; not another man was left alive. Five of them were on their feet, flushed and swollen, suddenly called out of the first sleep of drunkenness. The sixth had only risen upon his elbow: he was deadly pale, and the bloodstained bandage round his head told that he had recently been wounded, and still more recently dressed. I remembered the man who had been shot, and had run back among the woods in the great attack, and doubted not that this was he.

The parrot sat, preening her plumage, on Long John's shoulder. He himself, I thought, looked somewhat paler and more stern than I was used to. He still wore the fine broadcloth suit in which he had fulfilled his mission, but it was bitterly the worse for wear, daubed with clay and torn with the sharp briers of the wood.

"So," said he, "here's Jim Hawkins, shiver my timbers! dropped in, like, eh? Well, come, I take that friendly." And thereupon he sat down across the brandy cask, and began to fill a pipe.

"Give me a loan of the link, Dick," said he; and then, when he had a good light, "that'll do, lad," he added; "stick the glim in the wood heap; and you, gentlemen, bring yourselves to!—you needn't stand up for Mr. Hawkins; *he'll* excuse you, you may lay to that. And so, Jim"—stopping the tobacco—"here you were, and quite a pleasant surprise for poor old John. I see you were smart when first I set my eyes on you; but this here gets away from me clean, it do."

To all this, as may be well supposed, I made no answer. They had set me with my back against the wall; and I stood there, looking Silver in the face, pluckily enough, I hope, to all outward appearance, but with black despair in my heart.

Silver took a whiff or two of his pipe with great composure, and then ran on again.

"Now, you see, Jim, so be as you *are* here," says he, "I'll give you a piece of my mind. I've always liked you, I have, for a lad of spirit, and the picter of my own self when I was young and handsome. I always wanted you to jine and take your share, and die a gentleman, and now, my cock, you've got to. Cap'n Smollett's a fine seaman, as I'll own up to any day, but stiff on discipline. 'Dooty is dooty,' says he, and right he is. Just you keep clear of the cap'n. The doctor himself is gone dead again you—'ungrateful scamp' was what he said; and the short and the long of the whole story is about here: you can't go back to your own lot, for they won't have you; and without you start a third ship's company all by yourself, which might be lonely, you'll have to jine with Cap'n Silver."

So far so good. My friends, then, were still alive, and though I partly believed the truth of Silver's statement, that the cabin party were incensed at me for my desertion, I was more relieved than distressed by what I heard.

"I don't say nothing as to your being in our hands," continued Silver, "though there you are, and you may lay to it I'm all for argyment; I never seen good come out o' threatening. If you like the service, well, you'll jine; and if you don't, Jim, why, you're free to answer no—free and welcome, shipmate; and if fairer can be said by mortal seaman, shiver my sides!"

"Am I to answer, then?" I asked, with a very tremulous voice. Through all this sneering talk, I was made to feel the threat of death that overhung me, and my cheeks burned and my heart beat painfully in my breast.

"Lad," said Silver, "no one's a-pressing of you. Take your bearings. None of us won't hurry you, mate; time goes so pleasant in your company, you see."

"Well," says I, growing a bit bolder, "if I'm to choose, I declare I have a right to know what's what, and why you're here, and where my friends are."

"Wot's wot?" repeated one of the buccaneers, in a deep growl. "Ah, he'd be a lucky one as knowed that!"

"You'll, perhaps, batten down your hatches till you're spoke, my friend," cried Silver truculently to this speaker. And then, in his first gracious tones, he replied to me: "Yesterday morning, Mr. Hawkins," said he, "in the dogwatch, down came Dr. Livesey with a flag of truce. Says he, 'Cap'n Silver, you're sold out. Ship's gone.' Well, maybe we'd been taking a glass, and a song to help it round. I won't say no. Leastways none of us had looked out. We looked out, and, by thunder! the old ship was gone. I never seen a pack o' fools look fishier; and you may lay to that, if I tells you that looked the fishiest. 'Well,' says the doctor, 'let's bargain.' We bargained, him and I, and here we are: stores, brandy, block-house, the firewood you was thoughtful enough to cut, and, in a manner of speaking, the whole blessed boat, from crosstrees to keelson. As for them, they've tramped; I don't know where's they are."

He drew again quietly at his pipe.

"And lest you should take it into that head of yours," he went on, "that you was included in the treaty, here's the last word that was said: 'How many are you,' says I, 'to leave?' 'Four,' says he—'four, and one of us wounded. As for that boy, I don't know where he is, confound him,' says he, 'nor I don't much care. We're about sick of him.' These was his words."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Well, it's all that you're to hear, my son," returned Silver.

"And now I am to choose?"

"And now you are to choose, and you may lay to that," said Silver.

"Well," said I, "I'm not such a fool but I know pretty well what I have to look for. Let the worst come to the worst, it's little I care. I've seen too many die since I fell in with you. But there's a thing or two I have to tell you," I said, and by this time I was quite excited; "and the first is this: here you are, in a bad way: ship lost, treasure lost, men lost; your whole business gone to wreck; and if you want to know who did it—it was I—I was in the apple barrel the night we sighted land, and I heard you, John, and you, Dick Johnson, and Hands, who is now at the bottom of the sea, and told every word you said

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37. batten down your hatches, keep still.

before the hour was out. And as for the schooner, it was I who cut her cable, and it was I that killed the men you had aboard of her, and it was I who brought her where you'll never see her more, not one of you. The laugh's on my side; I've had the top of this business from the first; I no more fear you than I fear a fly. Kill me, if you please, or spare me. But one thing I'll say, and no more; if you spare me, bygones are bygones, and when you fellows are in court for piracy, I'll save you all I can. It is for you to choose. Kill another and do yourselves no good, or spare me and keep a witness to save you from the gallows."

I stopped, for, I tell you, I was out of breath, and, to my wonder, not a man of them moved, but all sat staring at me like as many sheep. And while they were still staring, I broke out again:

"And now, Mr. Silver," I said, "I believe you're the best man here, and if things go to the worst, I'll take it kind of you to let the doctor know the way I took it."

"I'll bear it in mind," said Silver, with an accent so curious that I could not, for the life of me, decide whether he were laughing at my request, or had been favorably affected by my courage.

"I'll put one to that," cried the old mahogany-faced seaman—Morgan by name—whom I had seen in Long John's public-house upon the quays of Bristol. "It was him that knowed Black Dog."

"Well, and see here," added the sea cook. "I'll put another again to that, by thunder! for it was this same boy that faked the chart from Billy Bones. First and last, we've split upon Jim Hawkins!"

"Then here goes!" said Morgan, with an oath.

And he sprang up, drawing his knife as if he had been twenty.

"Avast there!" cried Silver. "Who are you, Tom Morgan? Maybe you thought you was cap'n here, perhaps. By the powers, but I'll teach you better! Cross me, and you'll go where many a good man's gone before you, first and last, these thirty year back—some to the yardarm, shiver my timbers! and some by the board, and all to feed the fishes. There's never a man looked me between the eyes and seen a good day a'terwards, Tom Morgan, you may lay to that."

Morgan paused; but a hoarse murmur rose from the others.

"Tom's right," said one.

"I stood hazing long enough from one," added another. "I'll be hanged if I'll be hazed by you, John Silver."

"Did any of you gentlemen want to have it out with *me?*" roared Silver, bending far forward from his position on the keg, with his pipe still glowing in his right hand. "Put a name on what you're at; you ain't dumb, I reckon. Him that wants shall get it. Have I lived this many years, and a son of a rum puncheon cock his hat athwart my hawse at the latter end of it? You know the way; you're all gentlemen o' fortune, by your account. Well, I'm ready. Take a cutlass, him that dares, and I'll see the color of his inside, crutch and all, before that pipe's empty."

Not a man stirred; not a man answered.

"That's your sort, is it?" he added, returning his pipe to his mouth. "Well, you're a gay lot to look at, anyway. Not much worth to fight, you ain't. P'r'aps you can understand King George's English. I'm cap'n here by 'lection. I'm cap'n here because I'm the best man by a long

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80. athwart my hawse, nautical slang equivalent to "in my face."

sea-mile. You won't fight, as gentlemen o' fortune should; then, by thunder, you'll obey, and you may lay to it! I like that boy, now; I never seen a better boy than that. He's more a man than any pair of rats like you in this here house, and what I say is this: let me see him that'll lay a hand on him—that's what I say, and you may lay to it."

There was a long pause after this. I stood straight up against the wall, my heart still going like a sledge hammer, but with a ray of hope now shining in my bosom. Silver leaned back against the wall, his arms crossed, his pipe in the corner of his mouth, as calm as though he had been in church; yet his eye kept wandering furtively, and he kept the tail of it on his unruly followers. They, on their part, drew gradually together toward the far end of the block-house, and the low hiss of their whispering sounded in my ear continuously, like a stream.

One after another they would look up, and the red light of the torch would fall for a second on their nervous faces; but it was not toward me, it was toward Silver that they turned their eyes.

"You seem to have a lot to say," remarked Silver, spitting far into the air. "Pipe up and let me hear it, or lay to."

"Ax your pardon, sir," returned one of the men, "you're pretty free with some of the rules; maybe you'll kindly keep an eye upon the rest. This crew's dissatisfied; this crew don't vally bullying a marlinspike; this crew has its rights like other crews, I'll make so free as that; and by your own rules, I take it we can talk together. I ax your pardon, sir, acknowledging you to be capting at this present; but I claim my right, and steps outside for a council."

And with an elaborate sea-salute, this fellow, a long, ill-looking, yellow-eyed man of five-and-thirty, stepped coolly toward the door and disappeared out of the house. One after another, the rest followed his example; each making a salute as he passed; each adding some apology. "According to rules," said one. "Fo'c's'le council," said Morgan. And so with one remark or another, all marched out, and left Silver and me alone with the torch.

The sea cook instantly removed his pipe.

"Now, look you here, Jim Hawkins," he said, in a steady whisper, that was no more than audible, "you're within half a plank of death, and, what's a long sight worse, of torture. They're going to throw me off. But, you mark, I stand by you through thick and thin. I didn't mean to; no, not till you spoke up. I was about desperate to lose that much blunt, and be hanged into the bargain. But I see you was the right sort. I says to myself: You stand by Hawkins, John, and Hawkins'll stand by you. You're his last card, and, by the living thunder, John, he's yours! Back to back, says I. You save your witness, and he'll save your neck!"

I began dimly to understand.

"You mean all's lost?" I asked.

"Aye, by gum, I do!" he answered. "Ship gone, neck gone—that's the size of it. Once I looked into that bay, Jim Hawkins, and seen no schooner—well, I'm tough, but I gave out. As for that lot and their council, mark me, they're outright fools and cowards. I'll save your life—if so be as I can—from them. But, see here,

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42. **vally bullying a marlinspike**, care a cent for bullying (vally = value).

75. **blunt**, money.

Jim—tit for tat—you save Long John from swinging."

I was bewildered; it seemed a thing so hopeless he was asking—he, the old buccaneer, the ringleader throughout.

"What I can do, that I'll do," I said.

"It's a bargain!" cried Long John. "You speak up plucky, and, by thunder! I've a chance."

He hobbled to the torch, where it stood propped among the firewood, and took a fresh light to his pipe.

"Understand me, Jim," he said, returning. "I've a head on my shoulders, I have. I'm on squire's side now. I know you've got that ship safe somewheres. How you done it, I don't know, but safe it is. I guess Hands and O'Brien turned soft. I never much believed in neither of *them.* Now you mark me. I ask no questions, nor I won't let others. I know when a game's up, I do; and I know a lad that's stanch. Ah, you that's young—you and me might have done a power of good together!"

He drew some cognac from the cask into a tin cannikin.

"Will you taste, messmate?" he asked; and when I had refused: "Well, I'll take a drain myself, Jim," said he. "I need a calker, for there's trouble on hand. And, talking o' trouble, why did the doctor give me the chart, Jim?"

My face expressed a wonder so unaffected that he saw needlessness of further questions.

"Ah, well, he did, though," said he. "And there's something under that, no doubt—something, surely, under that, Jim—bad or good."

And he took another swallow of the brandy, shaking his great fair head like a man who looks forward to the worst.

CHAPTER XXIX

The Black Spot Again

The council of the buccaneers had lasted some time when one of them reëntered the house, and with a repetition of the same salute, which had in my eyes an ironical air, begged for a moment's loan of the torch. Silver briefly agreed; and this emissary retired again, leaving us together in the dark.

"There's a breeze coming, Jim," said Silver, who had, by this time, adopted quite a friendly and familiar tone.

I turned to the loophole nearest me and looked out. The embers of the great fire had so far burned themselves out, and now glowed so low and duskily that I understood why these conspirators desired a torch. About halfway down the slope to the stockade, they were collected in a group; one held the light; another was on his knees in their midst, and I saw the blade of an open knife shine in his hand with varying colors, in the moon and torchlight. The rest were all somewhat stooping, as though watching the maneuvers of this last. I could just make out that he had a book as well as a knife in his hand; and was still wondering how anything so incongruous had come in their possession, when the kneeling figure rose once more to his feet, and the whole party began to move together toward the house.

"Here they come," said I; and I returned to my former position, for it seemed beneath my dignity that they should find me watching them.

"Well, let 'em come, lad—let 'em come," said Silver, cheerily. "I've still a shot in my locker."

The door opened, and the five men, standing huddled together, just inside, pushed one of their number forward. In any other circumstances it would have been comical to see his slow advance, hesitating as he set down each foot, but holding his closed right hand in front of him.

"Step up, lad," cried Silver. "I won't eat you. Hand it over, lubber. I know the rules, I do; I won't hurt a depytation."

Thus encouraged, the buccaneer stepped forth more briskly, and having passed something to Silver, from hand to hand, slipped yet more smartly back again to his companions.

The sea cook looked at what had been given him. "The black spot! I thought so," he observed.

"Where might you have got the paper? Why, hillo! look here, now: this ain't lucky! You've gone and cut this out of a Bible. What fool's cut a Bible?"

"Ah, there!" said Morgan—"there! Wot did I say? No good'll come o' that, I said."

"Well, you've about fixed it now, among you," continued Silver. "You'll all swing now, I reckon. What soft-headed lubber had a Bible?"

"It was Dick," said one.

"Dick, was it? Then Dick can get to prayers," said Silver. "He's seen his slice of luck, has Dick, and you may lay to that."

But here the long man with the yellow eyes struck in.

"Belay that talk, John Silver," he said. "This crew has tipped you the black spot in full council, as in dooty bound; just you turn it over, as in dooty bound, and see what's wrote there. Then you can talk."

"Thanky, George," replied the sea cook. "You always was brisk for business, and has the rules by heart, George, as I'm pleased to see. Well, what is it, anyway? Ah! 'Deposed'—that's it, is it? Very pretty wrote, to be sure; like print, I swear. Your hand o' write, George? Why, you was gettin' quite a leadin' man in this here crew. You'll be cap'n next, I shouldn't wonder. Jest oblige me with that torch again, will you? This pipe don't draw."

"Come, now," said George, "you don't fool this crew no more. You're a funny man, by your account; but you're over now, and you'll maybe step down off that barrel, and help vote."

"I thought you said you knowed the rules," returned Silver, contemptuously. "Leastways, if you don't, I do; and I wait here—and I'm still your cap'n, mind—till you outs with your grievances, and I reply; in the meantime, your black spot ain't worth a biscuit. After that, we'll see."

"Oh," replied George, "you don't be under no kind of apprehension; *we're* all square, we are. First, you've made a hash of this cruise—you'll be a bold man to say no to that. Second, you let the enemy out o' this here trap for nothing. Why did they want out? I dunno; but it's pretty plain they wanted it. Third, you wouldn't let us go at them upon the march. Oh, we see through you, John Silver; you want to play booty, that's what's wrong with you. And then, fourth, there's this here boy."

"Is that all?" asked Silver, quietly.

"Enough, too," retorted George. "We'll all swing and sun-dry for your bungling."

"Well, now, look here, I'll answer these four p'ints; one after another I'll answer 'em. I made a hash o' this cruise, did I? Well, now, you all know what I wanted; and you all know, if that had been done, that we'd 'a' been aboard the *Hispaniola* this night as ever was, every man of us alive, and fit, and full of good plum-

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82. **play booty**, play dishonestly in order to get booty.

duff, and the treasure in the hold of her, by thunder! Well, who crossed me? Who forced my hand, as was the lawful cap'n? Who tipped me the black spot the day we landed, and began this dance? Ah, it's a fine dance—I'm with you there—and looks mighty like a hornpipe in a rope's end at Execution Dock by London town, it does. But who done it? Why, it was Anderson, and Hands, and you, George Merry! And you're the last above board of that same meddling crew; and you have the Davy Jones's insolence to up and stand for cap'n over me—you, that sank the lot of us! By the powers! but this tops the stiffest yarn to nothing."

Silver paused, and I could see by the faces of George and his late comrades that these words had not been said in vain.

"That's for number one," cried the accused, wiping the sweat from his brow, for he had been talking with a vehemence that shook the house. "Why, I give you my word, I'm sick to speak to you. You've neither sense nor memory, and I leave it to fancy where your mothers was that let you come to sea. Sea! Gentlemen o' fortune! I reckon tailors is your trade."

"Go on, John," said Morgan. "Speak up to the others."

"Ah, the others!" returned John. "They're a nice lot, ain't they? You say this cruise is bungled. Ah! by gum, if you could understand how bad it's bungled, you would see! We're that near the gibbet that my neck's stiff with thinking on it. You've seen 'em, maybe, hanged in chains, birds about 'em, seamen p'inting 'em out as they go down with the tide. 'Who's that?' says one. 'That? Why, that's John Silver. I knowed him well,' says another. And you can hear the chains a-jangle as you go about and reach for the other buoy. Now, that's about where we are, every mother's son of us, thanks to him, and Hands, and Anderson, and other ruination fools of you. And if you want to know about number four, and that boy, why, shiver my timbers! isn't he a hostage? Are we a-going to waste a hostage? No, not us; he might be our last chance, and I shouldn't wonder. Kill that boy? Not me, mates! And number three? Ah, well, there's a deal to say to number three. Maybe you don't count it nothing to have a real college doctor come to see you every day—you, John, with your head broke—or you, George Merry, that had the ague shakes upon you not six hours agone, and has your eyes the color of lemon peel to this same moment on the clock? And maybe, perhaps, you didn't know there was a consort coming, either? But there is; and not so long till then; and we'll see who'll be glad to have a hostage when it comes to that. And as for number two, and why I made a bargain—well, you came crawling on your knees to me to make it—on your knees you came, you was that downhearted—and you'd have starved, too, if I hadn't—but that's a trifle! you look there—that's why!"

And he cast down upon the floor a paper that I instantly recognized—none other than the chart on yellow paper, with the three red crosses, that I had found in the oilcloth at the bottom of the captain's chest. Why the doctor had given it to him was more than I could fancy.

But if it were inexplicable to me, the appearance of the chart was incredible to the surviving mutineers. They leaped upon it like cats upon a mouse. It went from hand to hand, one tearing it from another; and by the oaths and the cries and the childish laughter with which they accompanied their examination, you would have thought, not only they were fingering the very gold, but were at sea with it, besides, in safety.

"Yes," said one, "that's Flint sure enough. J. F., and a score below, with a clove-hitch to it; so he done ever."

"Mighty pretty," said George. "But how are we to get away with it, and us no ship?"

Silver suddenly sprang up, and supporting himself with a hand against the wall: "Now I give you warning, George," he cried. "One more word of your sauce, and I'll call you down and fight you. How? Why, do I know? You had ought to tell me that—you and the rest, that lost me my schooner, with your interference, burn you! But not you, you can't; you hain't got the invention of a cockroach. But civil you can speak, and shall, George Merry, you may lay to that."

"That's fair enow," said the old man Morgan.

"Fair! I reckon so," said the sea cook. "You lost the ship; I found the treasure. Who's the better man at that? And now I resign, by thunder! Elect whom you please to be your cap'n; I'm done with it."

"Silver!" they cried. "Barbecue for ever! Barbecue for cap'n!"

"So that's the toon, is it?" cried the cook. "George, I reckon you'll have to wait another turn, friend; and lucky for you as I'm not a revengeful man. But that was never my way. And now, shipmates, this black spot? 'Tain't much good now, is it? Dick's crossed his luck and spoiled his Bible, and that's about all."

"It'll do to kiss the book on still, won't it?" growled Dick, who was evidently uneasy at the curse he had brought upon himself.

"A Bible with a bit cut out!" returned Silver, derisively. "Not it. It don't bind no more'n a ballad-book."

"Don't it, though?" cried Dick, with a sort of joy. "Well, I reckon that's worth having, too."

"Here, Jim—here's a cur'osity for you," said Silver; and he tossed me the paper.

It was a round about the size of a crown piece. One side was blank, for it had been the last leaf; the other contained a verse or two of Revelation—these words among the rest, which struck sharply home upon my mind: "Without are dogs and murderers." The printed side had been blackened with wood ash, which already began to come off and soil my fingers; on the blank side had been written with the same material the one word "Depposed." I have that curiosity beside me at this moment; but not a trace of writing now remains beyond a single scratch, such as a man might make with his thumbnail.

That was the end of the night's business. Soon after, with a drink all round, we lay down to sleep, and the outside of Silver's vengeance was to put George Merry up for sentinel, and threaten him with death if he should prove unfaithful.

It was long ere I could close an eye, and Heaven knows I had matter enough for thought in the man whom I had slain that afternoon, in my own most perilous position, and, above all, in the remarkable game that I saw Silver now engaged upon—keeping the mutineers together with one hand, and grasping, with the other, after every means, possible and impossible, to make his peace and save his miserable life. He himself slept peacefully, and snored aloud; yet my heart was sore for him, wicked as he was, to think on the dark perils that environed, and the shameful gibbet that awaited him.

CHAPTER XXX

On Parole

I was wakened—indeed, we were all wakened, for I could see even the sentinel shake himself together from where he had fallen against the door-post—by a clear, hearty voice hailing us from the margin of the wood:

"Block-house, ahoy!" it cried. "Here's the doctor."

And the doctor it was. Although I was glad to hear the sound, yet my gladness was not without admixture. I remembered with confusion my insubordinate and stealthy conduct; and when I saw where it had brought me—among what companions and surrounded by what dangers—I felt ashamed to look him in the face.

He must have risen in the dark, for the day had hardly come; and when I ran to a loophole and looked out, I saw him standing, like Silver once before, up to the midleg in creeping vapor.

"You, doctor! Top o' the morning to you, sir!" cried Silver, broad awake and beaming with good-nature in a moment. "Bright and early, to be sure; and it's the early bird, as the saying goes, that gets the rations. George, shake up your timbers, son, and help Dr. Livesey over the ship's side. All a-doin' well, your patients was—all well and merry."

So he pattered on, standing on the hilltop, with his crutch under his elbow, and one hand upon the side of the log-house—quite the old John, in voice, manner, and expression.

"We've quite a surprise for you, too, sir," he continued. "We've a little stranger here—he! he! A noo boarder and lodger, sir, and looking fit and taut as a fiddle; slep' like a supercargo, he did, right alongside of John—stem to stem we was, all night."

Dr. Livesey was by this time across the stockade and pretty near the cook; and I could hear the alteration in his voice as he said—

"Not Jim?"

"The very same Jim as ever was," says Silver.

The doctor stopped outright, although he did not speak, and it was some seconds before he seemed able to move on.

"Well, well," he said, at last, "duty first and pleasure afterwards, as you might have said yourself, Silver. Let us overhaul these patients of yours."

A moment afterwards he had entered the block-house, and with one grim nod to me, proceeded with his work among the sick. He seemed under no apprehension, though he must have known that his life, among these treacherous demons, depended on a hair; and he rattled on to his patients as if he were paying an ordinary professional visit in a quiet English family. His manner, I suppose, reacted on the men; for they behaved to him as if nothing had occurred—as if he was still ship's doctor, and they still faithful hands before the mast.

"You're doing well, my friend," he said to the fellow with the bandaged head, "and if ever any person had a close shave, it was you; your head must be as hard as iron. Well, George, how goes it? You're a pretty color, certainly; why, your liver, man, is upside down. Did you take that medicine? Did he take that medicine, men?"

"Aye, aye, sir, he took it, sure enough," returned Morgan.

"Because, you see, since I am mutineers' doctor, or prison doctor, as I prefer to call it," says Dr. Livesey, in his pleasantest way, "I make it a point of honor not to lose a man for King George (God bless him!) and the gallows."

The rogues looked at each other, but swallowed the home-thrust in silence.

"Dick don't feel well, sir," said one.

"Don't he?" replied the doctor. "Well, step up here, Dick, and let me see your tongue. No, I should be surprised if he did! The man's tongue is fit to frighten the French. Another fever."

"Ah, there," said Morgan, "that comed of sp'iling Bibles."

"That comed—as you call it—of being arrant asses," retorted the doctor, "and not having sense enough to know honest air from poison, and the dry land from a vile, pestiferous slough. I think it most probable—though, of course, it's only an opinion—that you'll all have the deuce to pay before you get that malaria out of your systems. Camp in a bog, would you? Silver, I'm surprised at you. You're less of a fool than many, take you all around; but you don't appear to me to have the rudiments of a notion of the rules of health."

"Well," he added, after he had dosed them round, and they had taken his prescriptions, with really laughable humility, more like charity school children than blood-guilty mutineers and pirates—"well, that's done for today. And now I should wish to have a talk with that boy, please." And he nodded his head in my direction carelessly.

George Merry was at the door, spitting and spluttering over some bad-tasting medicine; but at the first word of the doctor's proposal he swung round with a deep flush, and cried "No!" and swore. Silver struck the barrel with his open hand.

"Si-lence!" he roared, and looked about him positively like a lion. "Doctor," he went on, in his usual tones, "I was a-thinking of that, knowing as how you had a fancy for the boy. We're all humbly grateful for your kindness, and, as you see, puts faith in you, and takes the drugs down like that much grog. And I take it, I've found a way as'll suit all. Hawkins, will you give me your word of honor as a young gentleman—for a young gentleman you are, although poor born—your word of honor not to slip your cable?"

I readily gave the pledge required.

"Then, doctor," said Silver, "you just step outside o' that stockade, and once you're there, I'll bring the boy down on the inside, and I reckon you can yarn through the spars. Good-day to you, sir, and all our dooties to the squire and Cap'n Smollett."

The explosion of disapproval, which nothing but Silver's black looks had restrained, broke out immediately the doctor had left the house. Silver was roundly accused of playing double—of trying to make a separate peace for himself—of sacrificing the interests of his accomplices and victims; and, in one word, of the identical, exact thing that he was doing. It seemed to me so obvious, in this case, that I could not imagine how he was to turn their anger. But he was twice the man the rest were; and his last night's victory had given him a huge preponderance on their minds. He called them all the fools and dolts you can imagine, said it was necessary I should talk to the doctor, fluttered the chart in their faces, asked them if they could afford to break the treaty the very day they were bound a-treasure-hunting.

"No, by thunder!" he cried, "it's us must break the treaty when the time comes; and till then I'll gammon that

97. **gammon**, mislead, deceive.

doctor, if I have to ile his boots with brandy."

And then he bade them get the fire lit, and stalked out upon his crutch, with his hand on my shoulder, leaving them in a disarray, and silenced by his volubility rather than convinced.

"Slow, lad, slow," he said. "They might round upon us in a twinkle of an eye, if we was seen to hurry."

Very deliberately, then, did we advance across the sand to where the doctor awaited us on the other side of the stockade, and as soon as we were within easy speaking distance, Silver stopped.

"You'll make a note of this here also, doctor," says he, "and the boy'll tell you how I saved his life, and were deposed for it, too, and you may lay to that. Doctor, when a man's steering as near the wind as me—playing chuck-farthing with the last breath in his body, like—you wouldn't think it too much, mayhap, to give him one good word? You'll please bear in mind it's not my life only now—it's that boy's into the bargain; and you'll speak me fair, doctor, and give me a bit o' hope to go on, for the sake of mercy."

Silver was a changed man, once he was out there and had his back to his friends and the block-house; his cheeks seemed to have fallen in, his voice trembled; never was a soul more dead in earnest.

"Why, John, you're not afraid?" asked Dr. Livesey.

"Doctor, I'm no coward; no, not I—not *so* much!" and he snapped his fingers. "If I was I wouldn't say it. But I'll own up fairly, I've the shakes upon me for the gallows. You're a good man and a true; I never seen a better man! And you'll not forget what I done good, not any more than you'll forget the bad, I know. And I step aside—see here—and leave you and Jim alone. And you'll put that down for me, too, for it's a long stretch, is that!"

So saying, he stepped back a little way, till he was out of earshot, and there sat down upon a tree-stump and began to whistle; spinning round now and again upon his seat so as to command a sight, sometimes of me and the doctor, and sometimes of his unruly ruffians as they went to and fro in the sand, between the fire—which they were busy rekindling—and the house, from which they brought forth pork and bread to make the breakfast.

"So, Jim," said the doctor sadly, "here you are. As you have brewed, so shall you drink, my boy. Heaven knows, I cannot find it in my heart to blame you; but this much I will say, be it kind or unkind: when Captain Smollett was well, you dared not have gone off; and when he was ill, and couldn't help it, by George, it was downright cowardly!"

I will own that I here began to weep. "Doctor," I said, "you might spare me. I have blamed myself enough; my life's forfeit anyway, and I should have been dead by now, if Silver hadn't stood for me; and, doctor, believe this, I can die—and I daresay I deserve it—but what I fear is torture. If they come to torture me—"

"Jim," the doctor interrupted, and his voice was quite changed, "Jim, I can't have this. Whip over, and we'll run for it."

"Doctor," said I, "I passed my word."

"I know, I know," he cried. "We can't help that, Jim, now. I'll take it on my shoulders, holus bolus, blame and shame, my boy; but stay here, I cannot let you. Jump! One jump, and you're out, and we'll run for it like antelopes."

"No," I replied, "you know right

well you wouldn't do the thing yourself; neither you, nor squire, nor captain; and no more will I. Silver trusted me; I passed my word, and back I go. But, doctor, you did not let me finish. If they come to torture me, I might let slip a word of where the ship is; for I got the ship, part by luck and part by risking, and she lies in North Inlet, on the southern beach, and just below high water. At half tide she must be high and dry."

"The ship!" exclaimed the doctor.

Rapidly I described to him my adventures, and he heard me out in silence.

"There is a kind of fate in this," he observed, when I had done. "Every step, it's you that saves our lives; and do you suppose by any chance that we are going to let you lose yours? That would be a poor return, my boy. You found out the plot; you found Ben Gunn—the best deed that ever you did, or will do, though you live to ninety. Oh, by Jupiter, and talking of Ben Gunn! why, this is the mischief in person. Silver!" he cried, "Silver!—I'll give you a piece of advice," he continued, as the cook drew near again; "don't you be in any great hurry after that treasure."

"Why, sir, I do my possible, which that ain't," said Silver. "I can only, asking your pardon, save my life and the boy's by seeking for that treasure; and you may lay to that."

"Well, Silver," replied the doctor, "if that is so, I'll go one step further: look out for squalls when you find it."

"Sir," said Silver, "as between man and man, that's too much and too little. What you're after, why you left the block-house, why you given me that there chart, I don't know, now, do I? and yet I done your bidding with my eyes shut and never a word of hope! But no, this here's too much. If you won't tell me what you mean plain out, just say so, and I'll leave the helm."

"No," said the doctor, musingly, "I've no right to say more; it's not my secret, you see, Silver, or, I give you my word, I'd tell it you. But I'll go as far with you as I dare go, and a step beyond; for I'll have my wig sorted by the captain or I'm mistaken! And, first, I'll give you a bit of hope: Silver, if we both get alive out of this wolf-trap, I'll do my best to save you, short of perjury."

Silver's face was radiant. "You couldn't say more, I'm sure, sir, not if you was my mother," he cried.

"Well, that's my first concession," added the doctor. "My second is a piece of advice: Keep the boy close beside you, and when you need help, halloo. I'm off to seek it for you, and that itself will show you if I speak at random. Good-by, Jim."

And Dr. Livesey shook hands with me through the stockade, nodded to Silver, and set off at a brisk pace into the wood.

CHAPTER XXXI

The Treasure Hunt—Flint's Pointer

"Jim," said Silver, when we were alone, "if I saved your life, you saved mine; and I'll not forget it. I seen the doctor waving you to run for it—with the tail of my eye, I did; and I seen you say no, as plain as hearing. Jim, that's one to you. This is the first glint of hope I had since the attack failed, and I owe it you. And now, Jim, we're to go in for this here treasure-hunting, with sealed orders, too, and I don't like it; and you and

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58. **have my wig sorted**, be taken to task, reprimanded.

me must stick close, back to back like, and we'll save our necks in spite o' fate and fortune."

Just then a man hailed us from the fire that breakfast was ready, and we were soon seated here and there about the sand over biscuit and fried junk. They had lit a fire fit to roast an ox; and it was now grown so hot that they could only approach it from the windward, and even there not without precaution. In the same wasteful spirit, they had cooked, I suppose, three times more than we could eat; and one of them, with an empty laugh, threw what was left into the fire, which blazed and roared again over this unusual fuel. I never in my life saw men so careless of the morrow; hand to mouth is the only word that can describe their way of doing; and what with wasted food and sleeping sentries, though they were bold enough for a brush and be done with it, I could see their entire unfitness for anything like a prolonged campaign.

Even Silver, eating away, with Captain Flint upon his shoulder, had not a word of blame for their recklessness. And this the more surprised me, for I thought he had never shown himself so cunning as he did then.

"Aye, mates," said he, "it's lucky you have Barbecue to think for you with this here head. I got what I wanted, I did. Sure enough, they have the ship. Where they have it, I don't know yet; but once we hit the treasure, we'll have to jump about and find out. And then, mates, us that has the boats, I reckon, has the upper hand."

Thus he kept running on, with his mouth full of the hot bacon; thus he restored their hope and confidence, and, I more than suspect, repaired his own at the same time.

"As for hostage," he continued, "that's his last talk, I guess, with them he loves so dear. I've got my piece o' news, and thanky to him for that; but it's over and done. I'll take him in a line when we go treasure-hunting, for we'll keep him like so much gold, in case of accidents, you mark, and in the meantime, once we got the ship and treasure both, and off to sea like jolly companions, why, then, we'll talk Mr. Hawkins over, we will, and we'll give him his share, to be sure, for all his kindness."

It was no wonder the men were in a good humor now. For my part, I was horribly cast down. Should the scheme he had now sketched prove feasible, Silver, already doubly a traitor, would not hesitate to adopt it. He had still a foot in either camp, and there was no doubt he would prefer wealth and freedom with the pirates to a bare escape from hanging, which was the best he had to hope on our side.

Nay, and even if things so fell out that he was forced to keep his faith with Dr. Livesey, even then what danger lay before us! What a moment that would be when the suspicions of his followers turned to certainty, and he and I should have to fight for dear life—he, a cripple, and I, a boy—against five strong and active seamen!

Add to this double apprehension, the mystery that still hung over the behavior of my friends, their unexplained desertion of the stockade; their inexplicable cession of the chart; or, harder still to understand, the doctor's last warning to Silver, "Look out for squalls when you find it"; and you will readily believe how little taste I found in my breakfast, and with how uneasy a heart I set forth behind my captors on the quest for treasure.

We made a curious figure, had

anyone been there to see us; all in soiled sailor clothes, and all but me armed to the teeth. Silver had two guns slung about him—one before and one behind—besides the great cutlass at his waist, and a pistol in each pocket of his square-tailed coat. To complete his strange appearance, Captain Flint sat perched upon his shoulder and gabbling odds and ends of purposeless sea-talk. I had a line about my waist, and followed obediently after the sea cook, who held the loose end of the rope, now in his free hand, now between his powerful teeth. For all the world, I was led like a dancing bear.

The other men were variously burdened; some carrying picks and shovels—for that had been the very first necessary they brought ashore from the *Hispaniola*—others laden with pork, bread, and brandy for the midday meal. All the stores, I observed, came from our stock; and I could see the truth of Silver's words the night before. Had he not struck a bargain with the doctor, he and his mutineers, deserted by the ship, must have been driven to subsist on clear water and the proceeds of their hunting. Water would have been little to their taste; a sailor is not usually a good shot; and, besides all that, when they were so short of eatables, it was not likely they would be very flush of powder.

Well, thus equipped, we all set out—even the fellow with the broken head, who should certainly have kept in shadow—and straggled one after another, to the beach, where the two gigs awaited us. Even these bore trace of the drunken folly of the pirates, one in a broken thwart, and both in their muddied and unbaled condition. Both were to be carried along with us for the sake of safety; and so, with our numbers divided between them, we set forth upon the bosom of the anchorage.

As we pulled over, there was some discussion on the chart. The red cross was, of course, far too large to be a guide; and the terms of the note on the back, as you will hear, admitted of some ambiguity. They ran, the reader may remember, thus:

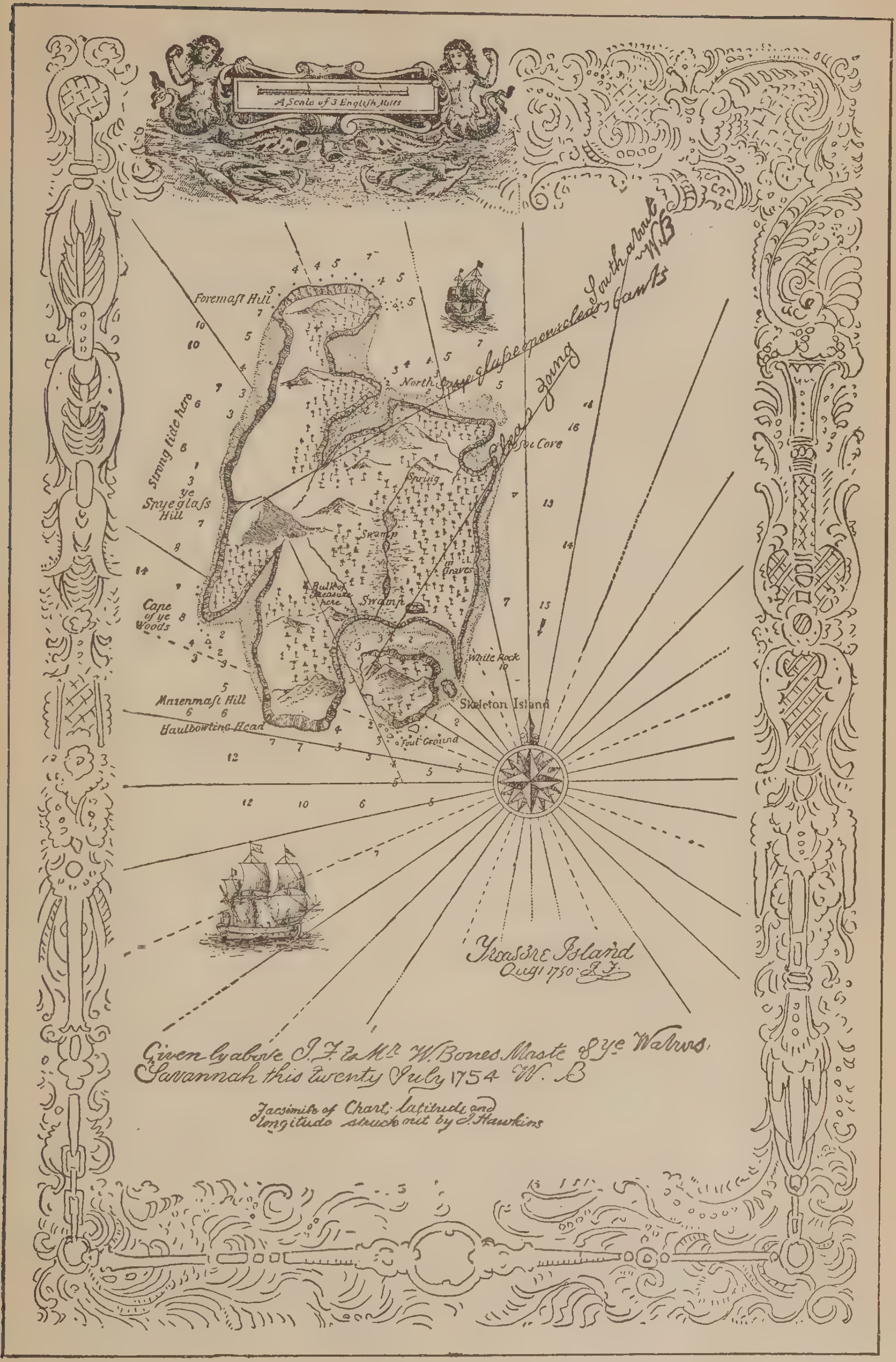
> Tall tree, Spyglass Shoulder, bearing a point to the N. of N.N.E.
>
> "Skeleton Island E.S.E. and by E.
>
> "Ten feet."

A tall tree was thus the principal mark. Now, right before us, the anchorage was bounded by a plateau from two to three hundred feet high, adjoining on the north the sloping southern shoulder of the Spyglass, and rising again toward the south into the rough, cliffy eminence called the Mizzenmast Hill. The top of the plateau was dotted thickly with pine trees of varying height. Every here and there, one of a different species rose forty or fifty feet clear above its neighbors, and which of these was the particular "tall tree" of Captain Flint could only be decided on the spot, and by the readings of the compass.

Yet, although that was the case, every man on board the boats had picked a favorite of his own ere we were halfway over, Long John alone shrugging his shoulders and bidding them wait till they were there.

We pulled easily, by Silver's directions, not to weary the hands prematurely; and, after quite a long passage, landed at the mouth of the second river—that which runs down a woody cleft of the Spyglass. Thence, bending to our left, we began to ascend the slope toward the plateau.

At the first outset, heavy, miry ground and a matted, marish vegetation greatly delayed our progress; but by little and little the hill began


A Scale of 3 English Miles
Foremast Hill
Strong tide here
North Inlet
Spye glasse open clears South about
W.B
Cove
Spring
ye Spyeglass Hill
Swamp
Graves
Bulk of treasure here
Swamp
Cape of ye Woods
White Rock
Skeleton Island
Mizenmast Hill
Haulbowline Head
Foul Ground
Treasure Island
Augt 1750 J.F.
Given by above J.F. to Mr W. Bones Maste of ye Walrus
Savannah this twenty July 1754 W. B
Facsimile of Chart; latitude and longitude struck out by J. Hawkins

to steepen and become stony under foot, and the wood to change its character and to grow in a more open order. It was, indeed, a most pleasant portion of the island that we were now approaching. A heavy-scented broom and many flowering shrubs had almost taken the place of grass. Thickets of green nutmeg trees were dotted here and there with the red columns and the broad shadow of the pines; and the first mingled their spice with the aroma of the others. The air, besides, was fresh and stirring, and this, under the sheer sunbeams, was a wonderful refreshment to our senses.

The party spread itself abroad, in a fan shape, shouting and leaping to and fro. About the center, and a good way behind the rest, Silver and I followed—I tethered by my rope, he plowing, with deep pants, among the sliding gravel. From time to time, indeed, I had to lend him a hand, or he must have missed his footing and fallen backward down the hill.

We had thus proceeded for about half a mile, and were approaching the brow of the plateau, when the man upon the farthest left began to cry aloud, as if in terror. Shout after shout came from him, and the others began to run in his direction.

"He can't 'a' found the treasure," said old Morgan, hurrying past us from the right, "for that's clean a-top."

Indeed, as we found when we also reached the spot, it was something very different. At the foot of a pretty big pine, and involved in a green creeper, which had even partly lifted some of the smaller bones, a human skeleton lay, with a few shreds of clothing, on the ground. I believe a chill struck for a moment to every heart.

"He was a seaman," said George Merry, who, bolder than the rest, had gone up close, and was examining the rags of clothing. "Leastways, this is good sea-cloth."

"Aye, aye," said Silver, "like enough; you wouldn't look to find a bishop here, I reckon. But what sort of a way is that for bones to lie? 'Tain't in natur'."

Indeed, on a second glance, it seemed impossible to fancy that the body was in a natural position. But for some disarray (the work, perhaps, of birds that had fed upon him, or of the slow-growing creeper that had gradually enveloped his remains) the man lay perfectly straight—his feet pointing in one direction, his hands, raised above his head like a diver's, pointing directly in the opposite.

"I've taken a notion into my old numskull," observed Silver. "Here's the compass; there's the tip-top p'int o' Skeleton Island, stickin' out like a tooth. Just take a bearing, will you, along the line of them bones."

It was done. The body pointed straight in the direction of the island, and the compass read duly E.S.E. and by E.

"I thought so," cried the cook; "this here is a p'inter. Right up there is our line for the Pole Star and the jolly dollars. But, by thunder! if it don't make me cold inside to think of Flint. This is one of *his* jokes, and no mistake. Him and these six was alone here; he killed 'em, every man; and this one he hauled here and laid down by compass, shiver my timbers! They're long bones, and the hair's been yellow. Aye, that would be Allardyce. You mind Allardyce, Tom Morgan?"

"Aye, aye," returned Morgan, "I mind him; he owed me money, he did, and took my knife ashore with him."

"Speaking of knives," said another, "why don't we find his'n lying round?

Flint warn't the man to pick a seaman's pocket; and the birds, I guess, would leave it be."

"By the powers, and that's true!" cried Silver.

"There ain't a thing left here," said Merry, still feeling round among the bones, "not a copper doit nor a baccy box. It don't look nat'ral to me."

"No, by gum, it don't," agreed Silver; "not nat'ral, nor not nice, says you. Great guns! messmates, but if Flint was living, this would be a hot spot for you and me. Six they were, and six are we; and bones is what they are now."

"I saw him dead with these here deadlights," said Morgan. "Billy took me in. There he laid, with penny-pieces on his eyes."

"Dead—aye, sure enough he's dead and gone below," said the fellow with the bandage; "but if ever sperrit walked, it would be Flint's. Dear heart, but he died bad, did Flint!"

"Aye, that he did," observed another; "now he raged, and now he hollered for the rum, and now he sang. 'Fifteen Men' were his only song, mates; and I tell you true, I never rightly liked to hear it since. It was main hot, and the windy was open, and I hear that old song comin' out as clear as clear—and the death-haul on the man already."

"Come, come," said Silver, "stow this talk. He's dead, and he don't walk, that I knows; leastways, he won't walk by day, and you may lay to that. Care killed a cat. Fetch ahead for the doubloons."

We started, certainly; but in spite of the hot sun and the staring daylight, the pirates no longer ran separate and shouting through the wood, but kept side by side and spoke with bated breath. The terror of the dead buccaneer had fallen on their spirits.

32. main hot, very hot.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE TREASURE-HUNT—THE VOICE AMONG THE TREES

Partly from the damping influence of this alarm, partly to rest Silver and the sick folk, the whole party sat down as soon as they had gained the brow of the ascent.

The plateau being somewhat tilted toward the west, this spot on which we had paused commanded a wide prospect on either hand. Before us, over the tree-tops, we beheld the Cape of the Woods fringed with surf; behind, we not only looked down upon the anchorage and Skeleton Island, but saw—clear across the spit and the eastern lowlands—a great field of open sea upon the east. Sheer above us rose the Spyglass, here dotted with single pines, there black with precipices. There was no sound but that of the distant breakers, mounting from all round, and the chirp of countless insects in the brush. Not a man, not a sail upon the sea; the very largeness of the view increased the sense of solitude.

Silver, as he sat, took certain bearings with his compass.

"There are three 'tall trees,' " said he, "about in the right line from Skeleton Island. 'Spyglass Shoulder,' I take it, means that lower p'int there. It's child's play to find the stuff now. I've half a mind to dine first."

"I don't feel sharp," growled Morgan. "Thinking o' Flint—I think it were—as done me."

"Ah, well, my son, you praise your stars he's dead," said Silver.

"He were an ugly devil," cried a third pirate with a shudder; "that blue in the face, too!"

"That was how the rum took him,' added Merry. "Blue! well, I reckon he was blue. That's a true word."

Ever since they had found the skeleton and got upon this train of thought, they had spoken lower and lower, and they had almost got to whispering by now, so that the sound of their talk hardly interrupted the silence of the wood. All of a sudden, out of the middle of the trees in front of us, a thin, high, trembling voice struck up the well-known air and words:

> Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
> Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

I never have seen men more dreadfully affected than the pirates. The color went from their six faces like enchantment; some leaped to their feet, some clawed hold of others; Morgan groveled on the ground.

"It's Flint, by——!" cried Merry.

The song had stopped as suddenly as it began—broken off, you would have said, in the middle of a note, as though someone had laid his hand upon the singer's mouth. Coming so far through the clear, sunny atmosphere among the green tree-tops, I thought it had sounded airily and sweetly; and the effect on my companions was the stranger.

"Come," said Silver, struggling with his ashen lips to get the word out; "this won't do. Stand by to go about. This is a rum start, and I can't name the voice; but it's someone skylarking—someone that's flesh and blood, and you may lay to that."

His courage had come back as he spoke, and some of the color to his face along with it. Already the others had begun to lend an ear to this encouragement, and were coming a little to themselves, when the same voice broke out again—not this time singing, but in a faint distant hail, that echoed yet fainter among the clefts of the Spyglass.

"Darby M'Graw," it wailed—for that is the word that best describes the sound—"Darby M'Graw! Darby M'Graw!" again and again and again; and then rising a little higher, and with an oath that I leave out, "Fetch aft the rum, Darby!"

The buccaneers remained rooted to the ground, their eyes starting from their heads. Long after the voice had died away they still stared in silence, dreadfully, before them.

"That fixes it!" gasped one. "Let's go."

"They was his last words," moaned Morgan, "his last words above board."

Dick had his Bible out, and was praying volubly. He had been well brought up, had Dick, before he came to sea and fell among bad companions.

Still, Silver was unconquered. I could hear his teeth rattle in his head; but he had not yet surrendered.

"Nobody in this here island ever heard of Darby," he muttered: "not one but us that's here." And then, making a great effort, "Shipmates," he cried, "I'm here to get that stuff, and I'll not be beat by man nor devil. I never was feared of Flint in his life, and, by the powers, I'll face him dead. There's seven hundred thousand pound not a quarter of a mile from here. When did ever a gentleman o' fortune show his stern to that much dollars, for a boozy old seaman with a blue mug—and him dead, too?"

But there was no sign of reawakening courage in his followers; rather, indeed, of growing terror at the irreverence of his words.

"Belay there, John!" said Merry. "Don't you cross a sperrit."

And the rest were all too terrified to reply. They would have run away severally had they dared; but fear kept them together, and kept them close by John, as if his daring helped them. He, on his part, had pretty well fought his weakness down.

"Sperrit? Well, maybe," he said. "But there's one thing not clear to me. There was an echo. Now, no man ever seen a sperrit with a shadow; well, then, what's he doing with an echo to him, I should like to know? That ain't in natur', surely?"

This argument seemed weak enough to me. But you can never tell what will affect the superstitious, and, to my wonder, George Merry was greatly relieved.

"Well, that's so," he said. "You've a head upon your shoulders, John, and no mistake. 'Bout ship, mates! This here crew is on a wrong tack, I do believe. And come to think on it, it was like Flint's voice, I grant you, but not just so clear-away like it, after all. It was liker somebody else's voice, now—it was liker—"

"By the powers, Ben Gunn!" roared Silver.

"Aye, and so it were," cried Morgan, springing on his knees. "Ben Gunn it were!"

"It don't make much odds, do it, now?" asked Dick. "Ben Gunn's not here in the body, any more'n Flint."

But the older hands greeted this remark with scorn.

"Why, nobody minds Ben Gunn," cried Merry; "dead or alive, nobody minds him."

It was extraordinary how their spirits had returned, and how the natural color had revived in their faces. Soon they were chatting together, with intervals of listening; and not long after, hearing no further sound, they shouldered the tools and set forth again, Merry walking first with Silver's compass to keep them on the right line with Skeleton Island. He had said the truth; dead or alive, nobody minded Ben Gunn.

Dick alone still held his Bible, and looked around him as he went, with fearful glances; but he found no sympathy, and Silver even joked him on his precautions.

"I told you," said he—"I told you, you had sp'iled your Bible. If it ain't no good to swear by, what do you suppose a sperrit would give for it? Not that!" and he snapped his big fingers, halting a moment on his crutch.

But Dick was not to be comforted; indeed, it was soon plain to me that the lad was falling sick; hastened by heat, exhaustion, and the shock of his alarm, the fever, predicted by Dr. Livesey, was evidently growing swiftly higher.

It was fine open walking here, upon the summit; our way lay a little downhill, for, as I have said, the plateau tilted toward the west. The pines, great and small, grew wide apart; and even between the clumps of nutmeg and azalea, wide open spaces baked in the hot sunshine. Striking, as we did, pretty near northwest across the island, we drew, on the one hand, ever nearer under the shoulders of the Spyglass, and on the other, looked ever wider over that western bay where I had once tossed and trembled in the coracle.

The first of the tall trees was reached, and by the bearing proved the wrong one. So with the second. The third rose nearly two hundred feet into the air above a clump of underwood; a giant of a vegetable, with a red column as big as a cottage, and a wide shadow around in which a company could have maneuvered. It was conspicuous far to sea both on the east and west, and might have been entered as a sailing mark upon the chart.

But it was not its size that now impressed my companions; it was the knowledge that seven hundred thousand pounds in gold lay somewhere buried below its spreading shadow. The thought of the money, as they drew nearer, swallowed up their previous terrors. Their eyes burned in their heads; their feet grew speedier and lighter; their whole soul was bound up in that fortune, that whole lifetime of extravagance and pleasure, that lay waiting there for each of them.

Silver hobbled, grunting, on his crutch; his nostrils stood out and quivered; he cursed like a madman when the flies settled on his hot and shiny countenance; he plucked furiously at the line that held me to him, and, from time to time, turned his eyes upon me with a deadly look. Certainly he took no pains to hide his thoughts; and certainly I read them like print. In the immediate nearness of the gold, all else had been forgotten; his promise and the doctor's warning were both things of the past; and I could not doubt that he hoped to seize upon the treasure, find and board the *Hispaniola* under cover of night, cut every honest throat about that island and sail away as he had at first intended, laden with crimes and riches.

Shaken as I was with these alarms, it was hard for me to keep up with the rapid pace of the treasure-hunters. Now and again I stumbled; and it was then that Silver plucked so roughly at the rope and launched at me his murderous glances. Dick, who had dropped behind us, and now brought up the rear, was babbling to himself both prayers and curses, as his fever kept rising. This also added to my wretchedness, and, to crown all, I was haunted by the thought of the tragedy that had once been acted on that plateau, when that ungodly buccaneer with the blue face—he who died at Savannah, singing and shouting for drink—had there, with his own hand, cut down his six accomplices. This grove, that was now so peaceful, must then have rung with cries, I thought; and even with the thought I could believe I heard it ringing still.

We were now at the margin of the thicket.

"Huzza, mates, all together!" shouted Merry; and the foremost broke into a run.

And suddenly, not ten yards farther, we beheld them stop. A low cry arose. Silver doubled his pace, digging away with the foot of his crutch like one possessed; and next moment he and I had come also to a dead halt.

Before us was a great excavation, not very recent, for the sides had fallen in and grass had sprouted on the bottom. In this were the shaft of a pick broken in two and the boards of several packing-cases strewn around. On one of these boards I saw, branded with a hot iron, the name *Walrus*—the name of Flint's ship.

All was clear to probation. The *cache* had been found and rifled: the seven hundred thousand pounds were gone!

CHAPTER XXXIII

The Fall of a Chieftain

There never was such an overturn in this world. Each of these six men was as though he had been struck. But with Silver the blow passed almost instantly. Every thought of his soul had been set full-stretch, like a racer, on that money; well, he was brought up in a single second, dead; and he kept his head, found his temper, and changed his plan before the others had had time to realize the disappointment.

"Jim," he whispered, "take that, and stand by for trouble."

And he passed me a double-barreled pistol.

At the same time he began quietly

moving northward, and in a few steps had put the hollow between us two and the other five. Then he looked at me and nodded, as much as to say, "Here is a narrow corner," as, indeed, I thought it was. His looks were now quite friendly; and I was so revolted at these constant changes, that I could not forbear whispering, "So you've changed sides again."

There was no time left for him to answer in. The buccaneers, with oaths and cries, began to leap, one after another, into the pit, and to dig with their fingers, throwing the boards aside as they did so. Morgan found a piece of gold. He held it up with a perfect spout of oaths. It was a two-guinea piece, and it went from hand to hand among them for a quarter of a minute.

"Two guineas," roared Merry, shaking it at Silver. "That's your seven hundred thousand pounds, is it? You're the man for bargains, ain't you? You're him that never bungled nothing, you wooden-headed lubber!"

"Dig away, boys," said Silver, with the coolest insolence; "you'll find some pig-nuts, and I shouldn't wonder."

"Pig-nuts!" repeated Merry, in a scream. "Mates, do you hear that? I tell you, now, that man there knew it all along. Look in the face of him, and you'll see it wrote there."

"Ah, Merry," remarked Silver, "standing for cap'n again? You're a pushing lad, to be sure."

But this time everyone was entirely in Merry's favor. They began to scramble out of the excavation, darting furious glances behind them. One thing I observed, which looked well for us: they all got out upon the opposite side from Silver.

Well, there we stood, two on one side, five on the other, the pit between us, and nobody screwed up high enough to offer the first blow. Silver never moved; he watched them, very upright on his crutch, and looked as cool as ever I saw him. He was brave and no mistake.

At last, Merry seemed to think a speech might help matters.

"Mates," says he, "there's two of them alone there; one's the old cripple that brought us all here and blundered us down to this; the other's that cub that I mean to have the heart of. Now, mates—"

He was raising his arm and his voice, and plainly meant to lead a charge. But just then—crack! crack! crack! three musket-shots flashed out of the thicket. Merry tumbled head foremost into the excavation; the man with the bandage spun round like a teetotum, and fell all his length upon his side, where he lay dead, but still twitching; and the other three turned and ran for it with all their might.

Before you could wink, Long John had fired two barrels of a pistol into the struggling Merry; and as the man rolled up his eyes at him in the last agony, "George," said he, "I reckon I settled you."

At the same moment the doctor, Gray, and Ben Gunn joined us, with smoking muskets, from among the nutmeg trees.

"Forward!" cried the doctor. "Double quick, my lads. We must head 'em off the boats."

And we set off at a great pace, sometimes plunging through the bushes to the chest.

I tell you, but Silver was anxious to keep up with us. The work that man went through, leaping on his crutch till the muscles of his chest were fit to burst, was work no sound man ever equaled; and so thinks the doctor. As it was, he was already thirty yards behind us, and on the verge of strangling, when we reached the brow of the slope.

"Doctor," he hailed, "see there! no hurry!"

Sure enough, there was no hurry. In a more open part of the plateau, we could see the three survivors still running in the same direction as they had started, right for Mizzenmast Hill. We were already between them and the boats; and so we four sat down to breathe, while Long John, mopping his face, came slowly up with us.

"Thank ye kindly, doctor," says he. "You came in in about the nick, I guess, for me and Hawkins. And so it's you, Ben Gunn!" he added. "Well, you're a nice one, to be sure."

"I'm Ben Gunn, I am," replied the maroon, wriggling like an eel in his embarrassment. "And," he added, after a long pause, "how do, Mr. Silver? Pretty well, I thank ye, says you."

"Ben, Ben," murmured Silver, "to think as you've done me!"

The doctor sent back Gray for one of the pickaxes, deserted, in their flight, by the mutineers; and then as we proceeded leisurely down hill to where the boats were lying, related, in a few words, what had taken place. It was a story that profoundly interested Silver; and Ben Gunn, the half-idiot maroon, was the hero from beginning to end.

Ben, in his long, lonely wanderings about the island, had found the skeleton—it was he that had rifled it; he had found the treasure; he had dug it up (it was the haft of his pickax that lay broken in the excavation); he had carried it on his back, in many weary journeys, from the foot of a tall pine to a cave he had on the two-pointed hill at the northeast angle of the island, and there it had lain stored in safety since two months before the arrival of the *Hispaniola*.

When the doctor had wormed this secret from him, on the afternoon of the attack, and when, next morning, he saw the anchorage deserted, he had gone to Silver, given him the chart, which was now useless—given him the stores, for Ben Gunn's cave was well supplied with goats' meat salted by himself—given anything and everything to get a chance of moving in safety from the stockade to the two-pointed hill, there to be clear of malaria and keep a guard upon the money.

"As for you, Jim," he said, "it went against my heart, but I did what I thought best for those who had stood by their duty; and if you were not one of these, whose fault was it?"

That morning, finding that I was to be involved in the horrid disappointment he had prepared for the mutineers, he had run all the way to the cave, and, leaving the squire to guard the captain, had taken Gray and the maroon, and started, making the diagonal across the island, to be at hand beside the pine. Soon, however, he saw that our party had the start of him; and Ben Gunn, being fleet of foot, had been dispatched in front to do his best alone. Then it had occurred to him to work upon the superstitions of his former shipmates; and he was so far successful that Gray and the doctor had come up and were already ambushed before the arrival of the treasure-hunters.

"Ah," said Silver, "it were fortunate for me that I had Hawkins here. You would have let old John be cut to bits and never given it a thought, doctor."

"Not a thought," replied Dr. Livesey, cheerily.

And by this time we had reached the gigs. The doctor, with the pickax, demolished one of them, and then we all got aboard the other and set out to go round by sea for North Inlet.

This was a run of eight or nine miles. Silver, though he was almost killed already with fatigue, was set to an oar, like the rest of us, and we were soon skimming swiftly over a smooth sea. Soon we passed out of the straits and doubled the southeast corner of the island, round which, four days ago, we had towed the *Hispaniola.*

As we passed the two-pointed hill, we could see the black mouth of Ben Gunn's cave, and a figure standing by it, leaning on a musket. It was the squire; and we waved a handkerchief and gave him three cheers, in which the voice of Silver joined as heartily as any.

Three miles farther, just inside the mouth of North Inlet, what should we meet but the *Hispaniola*, cruising by herself? The last flood had lifted her; and had there been much wind, or a strong tide current, as in the southern anchorage, we should never have found her more, or found her stranded beyond help. As it was, there was little amiss, beyond the wreck of the mainsail. Another anchor was got ready, and dropped in a fathom and a half of water. We all pulled round again to Rum Cove, the nearest point for Ben Gunn's treasure-house; and then Gray, single-handed, returned with the gig to the *Hispaniola*, where he was to pass the night on guard.

A gentle slope ran up from the beach to the entrance of the cave. At the top, the squire met us. To me he was cordial and kind, saying nothing of my escapade, either in the way of blame or praise. At Silver's polite salute he somewhat flushed.

"John Silver," he said, "you're a prodigious villain and impostor—a monstrous impostor, sir. I am told I am not to prosecute you. Well, then, I will not. But the dead men, sir, hang about your neck like millstones."

"Thank you kindly, sir," replied Long John, again saluting.

"I dare you to thank me!" cried the squire. "It is a gross dereliction of my duty. Stand back."

And thereupon we all entered the cave. It was a large, airy place, with a little spring and a pool of clear water, overhung with ferns. The floor was sand. Before a big fire lay Captain Smollett; and in a far corner, only duskily flickered over by the blaze, I beheld great heaps of coin and quadrilaterals built of bars of gold. That was Flint's treasure that we had come so far to seek, and that had cost already lives of seventeen men from the *Hispaniola.* How many it had cost in the amassing, what blood and sorrow, what good ships scuttled on the deep, what brave men walking the plank blindfold, what shot of cannon, what shame and lies and cruelty, perhaps no man alive could tell. Yet there were still three upon that island—Silver, and old Morgan, and Ben Gunn—who had each taken his share in these crimes, as each had hoped in vain to share in the reward.

"Come in, Jim," said the captain. "You're a good boy in your line, Jim; but I don't think you and me'll go to sea again. You're too much of the born favorite for me. Is that you, John Silver? What brings you here, man?"

"Come back to my dooty, sir," returned Silver.

"Ah!" said the captain; and that was all he said.

What a supper I had of it that night, with all my friends around me; and what a meal it was, with Ben Gunn's salted goat, and some delicacies and a bottle of old wine from the *Hispaniola!* Never, I am sure, were people gayer or happier. And there was Silver, sitting back almost out of the firelight, but eating heartily, prompt to spring forward when anything was wanted, even joining quietly in our laughter—the same bland, polite, obsequious seaman of the voyage out.

CHAPTER XXXIV

And Last

The next morning we fell early to work, for the transportation of this great mass of gold near a mile by land to the beach, and thence three miles by boat to the *Hispaniola*, was a considerable task for so small a number of workmen. The three fellows still abroad upon the island did not greatly trouble us; a single sentry on the shoulder of the hill was sufficient to insure us against any sudden onslaught, and we thought, besides, they had had more than enough of fighting.

Therefore, the work was pushed on briskly. Gray and Ben Gunn came and went with the boat, while the rest, during their absences, piled treasure on the beach. Two of the bars, slung in a rope's-end, made a good load for a grown man—one that he was glad to walk slowly with. For my part, as I was not much use at carrying, I was kept busy all day in the cave, packing the minted money into bread-bags.

It was a strange collection, like Billy Bones's hoard for the diversity of coinage, but so much larger and so much more varied that I think I never had more pleasure than in sorting them. English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Georges, and Louises, doubloons and double guineas and moidores and sequins, the pictures of all the kings of Europe for the last hundred years, strange Oriental pieces stamped with what looked like wisps of string or bits of spider's web, round pieces and square pieces, and pieces bored through the middle, as if to wear them round your neck—nearly every variety of money in the world must, I think, have found a place in that collection; and for number, I am sure they were like autumn leaves, so that my back ached with stooping and my fingers with sorting them out.

Day after day this work went on; by every evening a fortune had been stowed aboard, but there was another fortune waiting for the morrow; and all this time we heard nothing of the three surviving mutineers.

At last—I think it was on the third night—the doctor and I were strolling on the shoulder of the hill where it overlooks the lowlands of the isle, when, from out the thick darkness below, the wind brought us a noise between shrieking and singing. It was only a snatch that reached our ears, followed by the former silence.

"Heaven forgive them," said the doctor; "'tis the mutineers!"

"All drunk, sir," struck in the voice of Silver from behind us.

Silver, I should say, was allowed his entire liberty, and, in spite of daily rebuffs, seemed to regard himself once more as quite a privileged and friendly dependent. Indeed, it was remarkable how well he bore these slights, and with what unwearying politeness he kept on trying to ingratiate himself with all. Yet, I think, none treated him better than a dog; unless it was Ben Gunn, who was still terribly afraid of his old quartermaster, or myself, who had really something to thank him for; although for that matter, I suppose, I had reason to think even worse of him than anybody else, for I had seen him meditating a fresh treachery upon the plateau. Accordingly, it was pretty gruffly that the doctor answered him.

"Drunk or raving," said he.

"Right you were, sir," replied Silver; "and precious little odds which, to you and me."

"I suppose you would hardly ask me to call you a humane man," returned the doctor, with a sneer, "and so my feelings may surprise you, Master Silver. But if I were sure they were raving—as I am morally certain one, at least, of them is down with fever—I should leave this camp, and, at whatever risk to my own carcass, take them the assistance of my skill."

"Ask your pardon, sir, you would be very wrong," quoth Silver. "You would lose your precious life, and you may lay to that. I'm on your side now, hand and glove; and I shouldn't wish for to see the party weakened, let alone yourself, seeing as I know what I owes you. But these men down there, they couldn't keep their word—no, not supposing they wished to; and what's more, they couldn't believe as you could."

"No," said the doctor. "You're the man to keep your word, we know that."

Well, that was about the last news we had of the three pirates. Only once we heard a gunshot a great way off, and supposed them to be hunting. A council was held, and it was decided that we must desert them on the island—to the huge glee, I must say, of Ben Gunn, and with the strong approval of Gray. We left a good stock of powder and shot, the bulk of the salt goat, a few medicines, and some other necessaries, tools, clothing, a spare sail, a fathom or two of rope, and, by the particular desire of the doctor, a handsome present of tobacco.

That was about our last doing on the island. Before that, we had got the treasure stowed, and had shipped enough water and the remainder of the goat meat, in case of any distress; and at last, one fine morning, we weighed anchor, which was about all that we could manage, and stood out of North Inlet, the same colors flying that the captain had flown and fought under at the palisade.

The three fellows must have been watching us closer than we thought for, as we soon had proved. For, coming through the narrows, we had to lie very near the southern point, and there we saw all three of them kneeling together on a spit of sand, with their arms raised in supplication. It went to all our hearts, I think, to leave them in that wretched state; but we could not risk another mutiny; and to take them home for the gibbet would have been a cruel sort of kindness. The doctor hailed them and told them of the stores we had left, and where they were to find them. But they continued to call us by name, and appeal to us, for God's sake to be merciful, and not leave them to die in such a place.

At last, seeing the ship still bore on her course, and was now swiftly drawing out of earshot, one of them—I know not which it was—leaped to his feet and with a hoarse cry, whipped his musket to his shoulder, and sent a shot whistling over Silver's head and through the mainsail.

After that, we kept under cover of the bulwarks, and when next I looked out they had disappeared from the spit, and the spit itself had almost melted out of sight in the growing distance. That was, at least, the end of that; and before noon, to my inexpressible joy, the highest rock of Treasure Island had sunk into the blue round of sea.

We were so short of men that everyone on board had to bear a hand—only the captain lying on a mattress in the stern and giving his orders; for, though greatly recovered, he was still in want of quiet. We laid her head for the nearest port in Spanish America, for we could not risk the voyage home without fresh hands; and as it was, what with baffling winds and a couple of fresh gales, we were all worn out before we reached it.

It was just at sundown when we cast anchor in a most beautiful landlocked gulf, and were immediately surrounded by shore boats full of negroes, and Mexican Indians, and half-bloods, selling fruits and vegetables, and offering to dive for bits of money. The sight of so many good-humored faces (especially the blacks), the taste of the tropical fruits, and above all, the lights that began to shine in the town, made a most charming contrast to our dark and bloody sojourn on the island; and the doctor and the squire, taking me along with them, went ashore to pass the early part of the night. Here they met the captain of an English man-of-war, fell in talk with him, went on board his ship, and, in short, had so agreeable a time that day was breaking when we came alongside the *Hispaniola*.

Ben Gunn was on deck alone, and, as soon as we came on board, he began, with wonderful contortions, to make us a confession. Silver was gone. The maroon had connived at his escape in a shore-boat some hours ago, and he now assured us he had only done so to preserve our lives, which would certainly have been forfeit if "that man with the one leg had stayed aboard." But this was not all. The sea cook had not gone empty-handed. He had cut through a bulkhead unobserved, and had removed one of the sacks of coin, worth, perhaps, three or four hundred guineas, to help him on his further wanderings. I think we were all pleased to be so cheaply quit of him.

Well, to make a long story short, we got a few hands on board, made a good cruise home, and the *Hispaniola* reached Bristol just as Mr. Blandly was beginning to think of fitting out her consort. Five men only of those who had sailed returned with her. "Drink and the devil had done for the rest," with a vengeance; although, to be sure, we were not quite in so bad a case as that other ship they sang about:

With one man of her crew alive,
What put to sea with seventy-five.

All of us had an ample share of the treasure, and used it wisely or foolishly, according to our natures. Captain Smollett is now retired from the sea. Gray not only saved his money, but, being suddenly smitten with the desire to rise, also studied his profession; and he is now mate and part owner of a fine full-rigged ship; married besides, and the father of a family. As for Ben Gunn, he got a thousand pounds, which he spent or lost in three weeks, or, to be more exact, in nineteen days, for he was back begging on the twentieth. Then he was given a lodge to keep, exactly as he had feared upon the island; and he still lives, a great favorite, though something of a butt, with the country boys, and a notable singer in church on Sundays and saints' days.

Of Silver we have heard no more. That formidable seafaring man with one leg has at last gone clean out of my life; but I daresay he met his old negress, and perhaps still lives in comfort with her and Captain Flint. It is to be hoped so, I suppose, for his chances of comfort in another world are very small.

The bar silver and the arms still lie, for all that I know, where Flint buried them; and certainly they shall lie there for me. Oxen and wain-ropes would not bring me back again to that accursed island; and the worst dreams that ever I have are when I hear the surf booming about its coasts, or start upright in bed, with the sharp voice of Captain Flint still ringing in my ears: "Pieces of eight! pieces of eight!"

THE END

[illegible]

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. In the introductory poem "To the Hesitating Purchaser," page 85, Stevenson mentions "sailor tales to sailor tunes"; what are some of the sailor tunes in this sailor tale? What is their purpose in the story? Judging other young people by yourself, which one of the two conditions described in the poem do you think holds true today? Can some rimester in your class answer Stevenson in an eight-line stanza similar to his? You will enjoy hearing "Pirate Song" (Gilbert), sung by David Bispham, Columbia phonograph record.

2. Turn back to Part I and notice the various ways in which the readers' curiosity is aroused in "the seafaring man with one leg." Discuss the character of Captain Silver. Do you dislike him as much as he deserves?

3. Imagining a scenario for Part VI, tell the incidents related to: the stockade; the cache; Ben Gunn's cave; on board the *Hispaniola*. Which picture is unforgetable?

Class Reading. The voice among the trees, Chapter XXXII.

The Story as a Whole

1. Prepare a report, giving in a brief paragraph the plot of *Treasure Island* as you would tell it to one who had not read the story.

2. Read again the quotation from Stevenson given on page 105. Do you think that *Treasure Island* meets the test of a true story as laid down by the author in this passage?

3. You read on page 79 that "Any great book is the expression of the innermost personality of its author"; can you show a parallel between this story and its author?

4. In the Introduction to "The World of Adventure," page 9, you read that "the first test of literature is its power to take us out of ourselves"; how does *Treasure Island* meet this test?

5. Compare this story about pirates' treasure with Poe's "The Gold Bug."

6. Make a list of stories and magazine articles you have read that deal with hidden treasures.

THE SPY

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

CHAPTER V

Through Solway sands, through Tarosss moss,
Blindfold, he knew the paths to cross;
By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best bloodhounds.
In Eske or Liddel, fords were none
But he would ride them, one by one;
Alike to him was time or tide,
December's snow or July's pride;
Alike to him was tide or time,
Moonless midnight or matin prime.
—*Walter Scott*

All the members of the Wharton family laid their heads on their pillows that night, with a foreboding of some interruption to their ordinary quiet. Uneasiness kept the sisters from enjoying their usual repose, and they rose from their beds, on the following morning, unrefreshed, and almost without having closed their eyes.

On taking an eager and hasty survey of the valley from the windows of their room, nothing, however, but its usual serenity was to be seen. It was glittering with the opening brilliancy of one of those lovely, mild days which occur about the time of the falling of the leaf; and which, by their frequency, class the American autumn with the most delightful seasons of other countries. We have no spring; vegetation seems to leap into existence, instead of creeping, as in the same latitudes of the old world; but how gracefully it retires! September, October, even November and December, compose the season for enjoyment in the open air; they have their storms, but they are distinct, and not of long continuance, leaving a clear atmosphere and a cloudless sky.

As nothing could be seen likely to interrupt the enjoyments and harmony of such a day, the sisters descended to the parlor, with a returning confidence in their brother's security and their own happiness.

The family were early in assembling around the breakfast table; and Miss Peyton, with a little of that minute precision which creeps into the habits of single life, had pleasantly insisted that the absence of her nephew should in no manner interfere with the regular hours she had established; consequently, the party were already seated when the Captain made his appearance; though the untasted coffee sufficiently proved that by none of his relatives was his absence disregarded.

"I think I did much better," he cried, taking a chair between his sisters, and receiving their offered salutes, "to secure a good bed and such a plentiful breakfast, instead of trusting to the hospitality of that renowned corps, the Cowboys."

"If you could sleep," said Sarah, "you were more fortunate than Frances and myself; every murmur of the night air sounded to me like the approach of the rebel army."

"Why," said the Captain, laughing, "I do acknowledge a little inquietude myself—but how was it with you?" turning to his younger and evidently favorite sister, and tapping her cheek; "did you see banners in the clouds, and mistake Miss Peyton's Æolian harp for rebellious music?"

"Nay, Henry," rejoined the maid, looking at him affectionately, "much as I love my own country, the approach of her troops just now would give me great pain."

The brother made no reply; but returning the fondness expressed in her eye by a look of fraternal tenderness, he gently pressed her hand in silence; when Cæsar, who had participated largely in the anxiety of the family, and who had risen with the dawn, and kept a vigilant watch on the surrounding objects, as he stood gazing from one of the windows, exclaimed with a face that approached to something like the hues of a white man,

"Run—Massa Harry—run—if he love old Cæsar—run—here come a rebel horse."

"Run!" repeated the British officer, gathering himself up in military pride; "no, Mr. Cæsar, running is not my trade." While speaking, he walked deliberately to the window, where the family were already collected in the greatest consternation.

At the distance of more than a mile, about fifty dragoons were to be seen, winding down one of the lateral entrances of the valley. In advance with an officer was a man attired in the dress of a countryman, who pointed in the direction of the cottage. A small party now left the main body, and moved rapidly toward the object of their destination.

On reaching the road which led through the bottom of the valley, they turned their horses' heads to the north. The Whartons continued chained in breathless silence to the spot, watching their movements, when the party, having reached the dwelling of Birch, made a rapid circle around his grounds, and in an instant his house was surrounded by a dozen sentinels.

Two or three of the dragoons now dismounted and disappeared; in a few minutes, however, they returned to the yard, followed by Katy, from whose violent gesticulations it was evident that matters of no trifling concern were on the carpet. A short communication with the loquacious housekeeper followed the arrival of the main body of the troop, and the advanced party remounting, the whole moved toward the Locusts with great speed.

As yet none of the family had sufficient presence of mind to devise any means of security for Captain Wharton; but the danger now became too pressing to admit of longer delay, and various means of secreting him were hastily proposed; but they were all haughtily rejected by the young man, as unworthy of his character. It was too late to retreat to the woods in the rear of the cottage, for he would unavoidably be seen, and, followed by a troop of horse, as inevitably taken.

At length his sisters, with trembling hands, replaced his original disguise, the instruments of which had been carefully kept at hand by Cæsar, in expectation of some sudden emergency.

This arrangement was hastily and imperfectly completed, as the dragoons entered the lawn and orchard of the Locusts, riding with the rapidity of the wind; and in their turn the Whartons were surrounded.

Nothing remained now but to meet the impending examination with as much indifference as the family could assume. The leader of the horse dismounted, and, followed by a couple of his men, he approached the outer door of the building, which was slowly and reluctantly opened for his admission by Cæsar. The heavy tread of the trooper, as he followed the black to the door of the parlor, rang in the ears of the females as it approached nearer and nearer, and drove the blood from their faces to their hearts, with a chill that nearly annihilated feeling.

A man, whose colossal stature manifested the possession of vast strength, entered the room, and removing his cap, he saluted the family with a mildness his appearance did not indicate as belonging to his nature. His dark hair hung around his brow in profusion, though stained with the powder which was worn at that day, and his face was nearly hid in the whiskers by which it was disfigured. Still, the expression of his eye, though piercing, was not bad, and his voice, though deep and powerful, was far from unpleasant. Frances ventured to throw a timid glance at his figure as he entered, and saw at once the man from whose scrutiny Harvey Birch had warned them there was so much to be apprehended.

"You have no cause for alarm, ladies," said the officer, pausing a moment, and contemplating the pale faces around him—"my business will be confined to a few questions, which, if freely answered, will instantly remove us from your dwelling."

"And what may they be, sir?" stammered Mr. Wharton, rising from his chair, and waiting anxiously for the reply.

"Has there been a strange gentleman staying with you during the storm?" continued the dragoon, speaking with interest, and in some degree sharing in the evident anxiety of the father.

"This gentleman—here—favored us with his company during the rain, and has not yet departed."

"This gentleman!" repeated the other, turning to Captain Wharton, and contemplating his figure for a moment, until the anxiety of his countenance gave place to a lurking smile. He approached the youth with an air of comic gravity, and with a low bow, continued—"I am sorry for the severe cold you have in your head, sir."

"I," exclaimed the Captain, in surprise; "I have no cold in my head."

"I fancied it then, from seeing you had covered such handsome black locks with that ugly old wig; it was my mistake, you will please to pardon it."

Mr. Wharton groaned aloud; but the ladies, ignorant of the extent of their visitor's knowledge, remained in trembling, yet rigid, silence. The Captain himself moved his hand involuntarily to his head, and discovered that the trepidation of his sisters had left some of his natural hair exposed. The dragoon watched the movement with a continued smile, when, seeming to recollect himself, turning to the father, he proceeded,

"Then, sir, I am to understand there has not been a Mr. Harper here within the week."

"Mr. Harper," echoed the other, feeling a load removed from his heart—"yes— I had forgotten; but he is gone; and if there be anything wrong in his character, we are in entire ignorance of it—to me he was a total stranger."

"You have but little to apprehend from his character," answered the dragoon dryly; "but he is gone—how—when—and whither?"

"He departed as he arrived," said Mr. Wharton, gathering renewed confidence from the manner of the trooper; "on horseback, last evening, and he took the northern road."

The officer listened to him with intense interest, his countenance gradually lighting into a smile of pleasure; and the instant Mr. Wharton concluded his laconic reply, he turned on his heel and left the apartment. The Whartons, judging from his manner, thought he was about to proceed in quest of the object of his inquiries. They observed the dragoon, on gaining the lawn, in earnest, and apparently pleased, conversation with his two subalterns. In a few moments orders were given to some of the troop, and horsemen left the valley, at full speed, by its various roads.

The suspense of the party within, who were all highly interested witnesses of this scene, was shortly terminated; for the heavy tread of the dragoon soon announced his second approach. He bowed again politely as he reëntered the room, and walking up to Captain Wharton, said, with comic gravity,

"Now, sir, my principal business being done, may I beg to examine the quality of that wig?"

The British officer imitated the manner of the other, as he deliberately uncovered his head, and handing him the wig, observed, "I hope, sir, it is to your liking."

"I cannot, without violating the truth, say it is," returned the dragoon; "I prefer your ebony hair, from which you seem to have combed the powder with great industry. But that must have been a sad hurt you have received under this enormous black patch."

"You appear so close an observer of things, I should like your opinion of it, sir," said Henry, removing the silk, and exhibiting the cheek free from blemish.

"Upon my word, you improve most rapidly in externals," added the trooper, preserving his muscles in inflexible gravity. "If I could but persuade you to exchange this old surtout for that handsome blue coat by your side, I think I never could witness a more agreeable metamorphosis, since I was changed myself from a lieutenant to a captain."

Young Wharton very composedly did as was required; and stood an extremely handsome, well-dressed young man. The dragoon looked at him for a minute with the drollery that characterized his manner, and then continued—

"This is a newcomer in the scene; it is usual, you know, for strangers to be introduced; I am Captain Lawton, of the Virginia horse."

"And I, sir, am Captain Wharton, of his Majesty's 60th regiment of foot," returned Henry, bowing stiffly, and recovering his natural manner.

The countenance of Lawton changed instantly, and his assumed quaintness vanished. He viewed the figure of Captain Wharton, as he stood proudly swelling with a pride that disdained further concealment, and exclaimed, with great earnestness,

"Captain Wharton, from my soul I pity you!"

"Oh! then," cried the father in agony, "if you pity him, dear sir, why molest him? He is not a spy; nothing but a desire to see his friends prompted him to venture so far from the regular army in disguise. Leave him with us; there is no reward, no sum, which I will not cheerfully pay."

"Sir, your anxiety for your friend excuses your language," said Lawton, haughtily; "but you forget I am a Virginian and a gentleman." Turning to the young man, he continued, "Were you ignorant, Captain Wharton, that our pickets have been below you for several days?"

"I did not know it until I reached them, and it was then too late to retreat," said Wharton, sullenly. "I came out, as my father has mentioned, to see my friends, understanding your parties to be at Peekskill, and near the Highlands, or surely I would not have ventured."

"All this may be very true; but the affair of André has made us on the alert. When treason reaches the grade of general officers, Captain Wharton, it behooves the friends of liberty to be vigilant."

Henry bowed to this remark in distant silence, but Sarah ventured to urge something in behalf of her brother. The dragoon heard her politely, and apparently with commiseration; but willing to avoid useless and embarrassing petitions, he answered mildly,

"I am not the commander of the party, madam; Major Dunwoodie will decide what must be done with your brother; at all events, he will receive nothing but kind and gentle treatment."

"Dunwoodie!" exclaimed Frances, with a face in which the roses contended for the mastery with the paleness of apprehension; "Thank God! then Henry is safe!"

Lawton regarded her with a mingled expression of pity and admiration; then shaking his head doubtingly, he continued,

"I hope so; and with your permission, we will leave the matter for his decision."

The color of Frances changed from the paleness of fear to the glow of hope. Her dread on behalf of her brother was certainly greatly diminished; yet her form shook, her breathing became short and irregular, and her whole frame gave tokens of extraordinary agitation. Her eyes rose from the floor to the dragoon, and were again fixed immovably on the carpet—she evidently wished to utter something, but was unequal to the effort. Miss Peyton was a close observer of these movements of her niece, and advancing with an air of feminine dignity, inquired,

"Then, sir, we may expect the pleasure of Major Dunwoodie's company shortly?"

"Immediately, madam," answered the dragoon, withdrawing his admiring gaze from the person of Frances; "expresses are already on the road to announce to him our situation, and the intelligence will speedily bring him to this valley; unless, indeed, some private reasons may exist to make a visit particularly unpleasant."

"We shall always be happy to see Major Dunwoodie."

"Oh! doubtless; he is a general favorite. May I presume on it so far as to ask leave to dismount and refresh my men, who compose a part of his squadron?"

There was a manner about the trooper that would have made the omission of such a request easily forgiven by Mr. Wharton, but he was fairly entrapped by his own eagerness to conciliate, and it was useless to withhold a consent which he thought would probably be extorted; he, therefore, made the most of necessity, and gave such orders as would facilitate the wishes of Captain Lawton.

The officers were invited to take their morning's repast at the family breakfast table, and having made their arrangements without, the invitation was frankly accepted. None of the watchfulness, which was so necessary to their situation, was neglected by the wary partisan. Patrols were seen on the distant hills, taking their protecting circuit around their comrades, who were enjoying, in the midst of dangers, a security that can only spring from the watchfulness of discipline and the indifference of habit.

The addition to the party at Mr. Wharton's table was only three, and they were all of them men who, under the rough exterior induced by actual and arduous service, concealed the manners of gentlemen. Consequently, the interruption to the domestic privacy of the family was marked by the observance of strict decorum. The ladies left the table to their guests, who proceeded, without much superfluous diffidence, to do proper honors to the hospitality of Mr. Wharton.

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47. expresses, messengers.

At length Captain Lawton suspended for a moment his violent attacks on the buckwheat cakes, to inquire of the master of the house if there was not a peddler of the name of Birch who lived in the valley at times.

"At times only, I believe, sir," replied Mr. Wharton, cautiously; "he is seldom here; I may say I never see him."

"That is strange, too," said the trooper, looking at the disconcerted host intently, "considering he is your next neighbor; he must be quite domestic, sir; and to the ladies it must be somewhat inconvenient. I doubt not that that muslin in the window-seat cost twice as much as he would have asked them for it."

Mr. Wharton turned in consternation, and saw some of the recent purchases scattered about the room.

The two subalterns struggled to conceal their smiles; but the Captain resumed his breakfast with an eagerness that created a doubt whether he ever expected to enjoy another. The necessity of a supply from the dominion of Dinah soon, however, afforded another respite, of which Lawton availed himself.

"I had a wish to break this Mr. Birch of his unsocial habits, and gave him a call this morning," he said; "had I found him within, I should have placed him where he would enjoy life in the midst of society, for a short time at least."

"And where might that be, sir?" asked Mr. Wharton, conceiving it necessary to say something.

"The guardroom," said the trooper, dryly.

"What is the offense of poor Birch?" asked Miss Peyton, handing the dragoon a fourth dish of coffee.

"Poor!" cried the Captain; "if he is poor, King George is a bad paymaster."

"Yes, indeed," said one of the subalterns, "his Majesty owes him a dukedom."

"And Congress a halter," continued the commanding officer, commencing anew on a fresh supply of the cakes.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Wharton, "that any neighbor of mine should incur the displeasure of our rulers."

"If I catch him," cried the dragoon, while buttering another cake, "he will dangle from the limbs of one of his namesakes."

"He would make no bad ornament, suspended from one of those locusts before his own door," added the Lieutenant.

"Never mind," continued the Captain; "I will have him yet before I'm a major."

As the language of these officers appeared to be sincere, and such as disappointed men in their rough occupations are but too apt to use, the Whartons thought it prudent to discontinue the subject. It was no new intelligence to any of the family that Harvey Birch was distrusted, and greatly harassed, by the American army. His escapes from their hands, no less than his imprisonments, had been the conversation of the country in too many instances, and under circumstances of too great mystery, to be easily forgotten. In fact, no small part of the bitterness expressed by Captain Lawton against the peddler arose from the unaccountable disappearance of the latter, when intrusted to the custody of two of his most faithful dragoons.

A twelvemonth had not yet elapsed since Birch had been seen lingering near the headquarters of the commander-in-chief, and at a time when important movements were expected hourly to occur. So soon as the information of this fact was communicated to the officer, whose duty it was to guard the avenues of the American camp, he dispatched Captain Lawton in pursuit of the peddler.

Acquainted with all the passes of the hills, and indefatigable in the discharge of his duty, the trooper had, with much trouble and toil, succeeded in effecting his object. The party had halted at a farmhouse for the purposes of refreshment, and the prisoner was placed in a room by himself, but under the keeping of the two men before mentioned; all that was known subsequently is that a woman was seen busily engaged in the employments of the household near the sentinels, and was particularly attentive to the wants of the captain, until he was deeply engaged in the employments of the supper-table.

Afterwards, neither woman nor peddler was to be found. The pack, indeed, was discovered open, and nearly empty, and a small door, communicating with a room adjoining to the one in which the peddler had been secured, was ajar.

Captain Lawton never could forgive the deception; his antipathies to his enemies were not very moderate, but this was adding an insult to his penetration that rankled deeply. He sat in portentous silence, brooding over the exploit of his prisoner, yet mechanically pursuing the business before him, until, after sufficient time had passed to make a very comfortable meal, a trumpet suddenly broke on the ears of the party, sending its martial tones up the valley in startling melody.

The trooper rose instantly from the table, exclaiming,

"Quick, gentlemen, to your horses; there comes Dunwoodie"; and, followed by his officers, he precipitately left the room.

With the exception of the sentinels left to guard Captain Wharton, the dragoons mounted, and marched out to meet their comrades.

None of the watchfulness necessary in a war, in which similarity of language, appearance, and customs rendered prudence doubly necessary, was omitted by the cautious leader. On getting sufficiently near, however, to a body of horse of more than double his own number, to distinguish countenances, Lawton plunged his rowels into his charger, and in a moment he was by the side of his commander.

The ground in front of the cottage was again occupied by the horse; and, observing the same precautions as before, the newly arrived troops hastened to participate in the cheer prepared for their comrades.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. The Relation of *The Spy* to Cooper's Other Works. The principal novels of James Fenimore Cooper fall into two classes. To the first belong the stories of Indian life and of the conquest of the wilderness by the whites. This series begins with *Pioneers*, published in 1823, and includes *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Prairie*, *The Pathfinder*, and *The Deerslayer*. Cooper got his material for these stories from his life in western New York at a time when that part of our country was almost a wilderness. The second division of his novels is made up of stories of the sea, and begins with *The Pilot*, published in 1823. These sea-stories draw upon Cooper's experience of several years in the navy. *The Spy*, published anonymously in 1821, was his first great work, and its rapid success determined the young author to enter upon a literary career.

2. Sources and Setting of *The Spy*. Cooper's first attempt at fiction was a novel called *Precaution* published anonymously in 1820. This work was severely criticized for its English setting and supposedly pro-British sympathies. Cooper was an intensely patriotic man, and his reply to the criticisms was a novel in which, as he said, the theme was patriotism. The idea of the story came to the author from a tale that had been told him, years previously, by John Jay, one of the greatest Americans of the Revolutionary period. The theme of this tale was the patriotism of a humble man who would suffer even the loss of his reputation for his country's sake. Besides this suggestion, worked out by Cooper in his story of Harvey Birch, there are many incidents which reflect actual conditions in the neutral Westchester country during the Revolution. These incidents Cooper got, in many cases, from men and women who had lived through them, for *The Spy* was written when the nation was yet young enough for its history to be included in a single lifetime. The setting of the story, and also the scenes which it describes, may be traced to actual experience, for Cooper had lived in Westchester and knew the country. Thus *The Spy*, like *Leatherstocking* and the sea-tales, is based on the actual life of the author. He wrote from first-hand knowledge, not purely from the imagination.

3. The Story of Chapters I-IV. The scene of *The Spy* is laid in Westchester county, New York, during the time of the American Revolutionary War. The British hold the city of New York; Mr. Wharton, who is striving to maintain strict neutrality until he sees which side is to be victorious, has removed his family from the city to his country home, the Locusts. His family, however, refuse to be neutral. His son Henry is a captain in the British army; his elder daughter Sarah is being courted by the British Colonel Wellmere; while the youngest, Frances, is in love with Peyton Dunwoodie, a Virginia major in the American forces; Miss Jeanette Peyton of Virginia, sister of Mr. Wharton's deceased wife, superintends the Wharton household. Near the Whartons lives the peddler, Harvey Birch, whose mysterious actions have led many to believe that he is a royal spy.

Questions and Topics

1. What is the scene of the events narrated in this selection? Point out the details in the descriptions of spring and autumn in the second paragraph. Do the descriptions of these seasons fit your locality?

2. What caused the uneasiness in the Wharton family? How do you account for Lawton's inquiry about Mr. Harper? Tell briefly of the arrest of Captain Wharton as a British spy by Lawton of the Virginia dragoons. What disguise had Captain Wharton employed? How does the American officer receive the father's offer of a bribe?

3. Explain the reference by Captain Lawton to "the affair of André," page 203, line 92. How do you account for Lawton's caution and watchfulness in guarding against the escape of Captain Wharton? What do you learn from Lawton concerning the distrust in which Harvey Birch was held by the American army? What personal experience has the American officer had with the peddler? When you have finished reading this chapter of *The Spy*, what things have so aroused your interest that you are eager to continue the story?

4. Point out samples of quiet humor in the selection.

5. Notice the custom of Cooper and Scott of introducing their novels with quotations from well-known authors; do present-day writers follow this example?

Library Reading. Read the other chapters of *The Spy* and report on them in class, using the following outline. The several topics may be reported on by individuals or by groups.

(a) The meeting of the mysterious "Mr. Harper" with Captain Henry Wharton and Harvey Birch at the Locusts, country home of the Whartons (chapters I-IV). What is your guess as to the identity of "Mr. Harper"?

(b) The arrest of Captain Wharton as a British spy by Lawton, of the Virginia dragoons (chapter V).

(c) The engagement of the two armies and the retreat of the British (chapters VI-VIII).

(d) The pursuit of Birch by Lawton and his escape only to fall into the hands of a gang of bandits called "Skinners" (chapters IX-X).

(e) The fortunes of the wounded at the Locusts (chapters XI-XIII).

(f) The second visit of the "Skinners" to Harvey Birch (chapter XIV).

(g) Romance at the Locusts (chapter XV).

(h) Birch in the hands of the Americans (chapters XVI-XVII).

(i) The "reward" of the "Skinners" and the escape of Birch (chapters XVIII-XIX).

(j) Mysterious warnings as to the safety of the Whartons and their guests (chapters XX-XXI).

(k) An interrupted wedding; the attack of the "Skinners" (chapter XXII).

(l) Removal of the Wharton family and guests to safety (chapters XXIII-XXV).

(m) The trial of Captain Wharton and efforts for his release; his escape through the aid of Harvey Birch (chapters XXVI-XXX).

(n) Marriage of Frances and Dunwoodie; the fortunes of Harvey Birch; the death of Captain Lawton (chapters XXXI-XXXIII).

(o) Harvey Birch is rewarded by "Mr. Harper" (chapter XXXIV).

(p) Thirty-three years later (chapter XXXV).

Theme Topics. 1. Comparison of this story of Revolutionary times with "The Copperhead" by Augustus Thomas, played on the stage and for the screen by Lionel Barrymore. 2. Sympathizers of America, during the Revolution, living in England. 3. Sympathizers of England, living in America. 4. Character sketches of Harvey Birch; of Captain Lawton; and of Caesar.

PART II

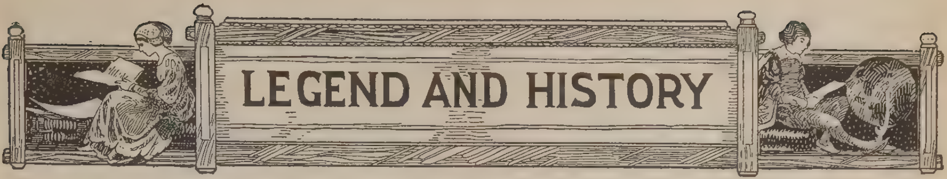
LEGEND AND HISTORY

I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever.

—Tennyson.

From a painting by Preller

THE GREEKS LEAVING TROY



LEGEND AND HISTORY

AN INTRODUCTION

I

Up to this point you have been reading prose fiction, chiefly short stories; now you are to begin the reading of several other types of literature, most of them in poetry form. You will thus have an opportunity to observe that the same or similar material may be handled in a variety of ways. This material does not differ widely from that which was used by the stories of Part I. For the most part, it is either legend or history or the raw material out of which history is made. That is, it is *story.* It is concrete, not abstract. It is mainly about men and women and what they do. Some of the selections are heroic. Others deal with crime. Some deal realistically with life as it was actually lived in the time when the selection was written, while in others you get far from the actual world into the realm of romance, or even cross the borderland into a shadowy world inhabited by supernatural beings. But always the chief interest is in men and women and how life has treated them. Thus the subjects are such as are of the keenest interest to us.

You will notice, as you look over the selections that are here grouped under the head of legend and history, that they deal with widely separated times. You begin with an episode taken from one of the oldest poems in the world. You go on to some ballads, songs of the people, known in England and Scotland generations before the time of Shakespeare; later, you will come upon some ballads that sprang out of the World War. There is a drama by Shakespeare, the story of which he got from a sixteenth century translation that was itself a translation from a French translation of a book written in Greek by a scholar in Rome in the first century. This sixteenth century drama, based on history and legend, you may have the opportunity of seeing in a twentieth century theater in a country the very existence of which was unknown to Plutarch or to Caesar, a country that the Englishmen of Shakespeare's day were just beginning to explore as a field for colonization. No better illustration can be given of the universality of literature and its power to link together races widely scattered on the earth's surface, speaking widely different languages, living in times separated by thousands of years.

Moreover, you will find several of the great *types* of literature illustrated in this section. You will be helped to understand what the word "type" means if you consider the various ways in which you might write about some incident or series of incidents. Suppose, for example, your grandfather tells you about an adventure that happened when he was a boy. Perhaps he was one of a party of men, women, and children that moved "out West" to find gold or a better ranch. Something happened. Perhaps they made a song about it, telling the story in song. That was a *ballad.* Now your grandfather tells you about the adventure, making it as thrilling and interesting as he can. That is a *short story.* Perhaps he tells you about many other incidents of the trip, one section every night. That is a *novel,* or a *romance.* If you select some of these stories that are closely related, and make your grandfather, as a young man, the hero, and write out the whole series of events in such a way that people could act it out on a stage, you would have a *drama.* Or these incidents, and others like them, might be the basis of an investigation into the colonization of Montana or Nevada or California. You would have a *history* as the result. If the story were limited to the life and achievements of one of the great pioneers, the result would be a *biography.* Finally, a great poet might read these and other stories and legends and histories about the Conquest of the Great Divide, the push of civilization westward across the mountains, and then might write, in stately and measured verse, this story of a civilization. The result would be an *epic.*

Thus you see that there are many ways of handling the material out of which literature is made. Men have used these ways for so long that a certain amount of method has been developed, marking the difference between one type, or way of telling a story, and another. Ballad and epic, short story and novel, drama and history, have certain characteristics that you may observe. By observing them, your story becomes more than a story.

II

The characteristics of several of these types of literature will be set forth in special introductions. At this time it is only necessary to point out certain broad resemblances and differences. The epic, which many people for many centuries have regarded as the highest form of poetry, is of ancient origin. In the strict sense, it is itself a summary of a whole civilization. Its hero is regarded as the founder of the nation. The plot of the poem is the life story of this hero, told in such a way that his great services to his people are commemorated. His life is shown to have been directed by supernatural forces. Woven into the story are pictures of the civilization of which the epic is the outgrowth, and the whole story is told in an elevated and stately manner. Frequently the episodes of which the poem is composed are heroic legends, perhaps ballads, that arose among the people and were handed down through generations. Thus the ballad, in a sense, is the raw material out of which the epic developed. Various legends about Odysseus, or Ulysses, perhaps in ballad form, were thus put together by one or more poets. Similarly, the early English epic of *Beowulf* is made up of several very ancient legends, partly historical and partly legendary in the strict sense. There have come down to us a number of ballads about Robin Hood and his life in the greenwood. These were never woven together into an epic, but they show very well the material out of which epics were made.

Ballads are more simple in structure than the epic. The folk ballads, which have only recently been written down after centuries of oral tradition, are always of unknown authorship. Folk epic, by which is meant the epic that is the result of generations of tradition before coming to written form, is also as a rule anonymous. But the epic is more highly developed than the ballad; it belongs to a cultivated society. The ballad aims only to tell a story briefly and dramatically. It is not concerned with reflections on social matters or the origin of a people.

In the heroic romance, such as Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, many ballad and epic elements are present. Such poems are commonly written in a relatively advanced state of civilization, by an educated man for an educated audience. Many such romances were written in the later Middle Ages, chiefly in France, Germany, and England. The romances about Arthur and his knights are examples. In them heroic deeds, the efforts of the hero to win personal distinction, to realize his ambitions for himself, form the basis. They may deal with authentic history, and they often tell us a great deal, indirectly, about the social ideals of the time. They may also include purely legendary matter. The heroic romance may be prose, such as Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, written in England in the fifteenth century, or such as Scott's *Ivanhoe*, written in the nineteenth century, but seeking to resurrect the days of chivalry.

Finally we have the dramas that deal with legend and history. In a time when English history was little more than a chronicle, without much story and with no organization or interpretation, Shakespeare began to tell, in dramatic form, the stories of great English kings. His work was based on the chronicles, and is thus related to history, but he added many stories and characters so as to make his dramas lifelike, and he often altered the facts of history so that they would better fit his plan. Nevertheless, our opinion of kings like Henry V or Richard III has been influenced by Shakespeare's plays rather more than by what historians have told us are the facts about these kings. In *Julius Caesar* and other plays, Shakespeare dramatized Roman history. Thus we see how history may be made the basis of drama as well as of epic. In fact, some of Shakespeare's historical plays, such as *Henry V*, have many epic characteristics.

This little bird's-eye view of what you are about to read will show how these various types of literature, written in widely different times, have a common relationship. The same story, as we have already noticed, may be told in various ways, and each of these ways involves a certain technique, or art, dependent on the form or type used by the author. Plutarch, a great scholar, studies legends and chronicles about Caesar. His work is translated, by way of France, into English prose. A dramatist uses this as the basis for his play. This play is acted in widely different ways at various periods. The Elizabethan theater was very different from ours; in the eighteenth century still other ideals of dramatic presentation were found. At present we may see an Elizabethan revival of *Julius Caesar*, or a gorgeous modern presentation of it, or we may even see it in the moving picture theater. Such, then, has been the evolution of the story: first, authentic history about a man who actually lived; then, legend in verse and prose about him; then a drama in which his story is told by words and through action; finally, a series of pictures so wonderfully done that they seem to bring before our eyes the scenes in which Caesar played a part, a picture-story told without language at all.

III

Besides reading this material for the stories that it tells, and besides reading it for the sake of knowing something about the works of great writers, several other important things for you to do will doubtless occur to you in view of this introduction.

In the first place, you have a better chance now than you have had earlier in your course to learn something about several of the great literary types. By keeping your eye of observation open, you can learn more about these types from the selections here given than through any number of lectures or books. For example, you may study *plot*, as handled in an epic like the *Odyssey*, a ballad like *Otterbourne*, a romance like *The Lady of the Lake*, and a drama like *Julius Caesar*. You may study characterization in the same way. You may also study the social life, the ideas of what the true man should be and do, the ideals of manners, citizenship, religion, and the like, in these same works that represent widely different periods of civilization. By such a plan of study you will find your knowledge of the history of these periods greatly clarified and increased.

Again, you have an opportunity to create something for yourself. You read a moment ago about the long history of the story of Caesar as it has been interpreted by men twenty centuries apart. What Shakespeare did with the old chronicles is what you should do for yourself as you read. The chronicles were the mere framework which he used for re-creating the life of past time. He visualized it; *saw it.* When you go to the picture-show, you find a story set forth in a series of pictures. This is what you should do for yourself as you read ballad, legend, history. You should re-create, for yourself, the life of the past times. Every reader, if his imagination is awake, may make his own series of moving pictures, his own pageant of history and legend.

Finally, these selections deal for the most part with men as individuals, not with men in the mass. The great social and political movements, such as the rise of modern democracy, are not represented. The man who seeks for personal distinction, or who meets some crisis bravely, or bears up under adverse fates, or, on the other hand, the man who fails in a crisis because of some flaw in his character—such are the heroes of ballad, epic, and heroic drama. Thus these stories answer to our very human curiosity about people. They deal with men who acted as we should like to act, or who failed to meet a test that may come to us. In them we see our own real or imaginary experience. We may escape from the ordinary routine of life. For these are not merely stories of adventure. They are, many of them, symbols of all human life. Therefore they represent, as in a moving picture, the heroism, the triumphs, the failures of men as they are confronted by the realities of living and by some of the mysteries that surround man's destiny.

HOMER'S "ODYSSEY"

AN INTRODUCTION

The poem from which this selection is taken is one of the oldest in the world. It deals with a civilization that was highly developed before the dawn of history, and some of the material in this poem was ancient even when that civilization was at its height.

The *Odyssey* is one of the two great epic poems ascribed to Homer. About Homer nothing is known. Many legends have grown up around his name, such as his blindness, his poverty, the fame that came to him after death so that seven cities competed for the honor of being called his birthplace. But all this is legend; we know nothing. It is even doubtful if one man composed the whole of the *Odyssey* or of the *Iliad*, the other great epic ascribed to Homer. It is doubtful if the two poems were by the same man, even if each was the complete work of one man. And it is certain that these two poems are only two out of many epics composed in ancient Greece; some of the others are known by name, but the poems themselves disappeared before men began to keep records of their thoughts and imaginations, or perished among the wrecks of Time.

All that we know is that by some miracle two long Greek poems, each of them containing twenty-four parts, or "books," each perfect in structure and composition, have come down to us. Both of them are related to the so-called Trojan War. We know where Troy once stood, in Asia Minor, and it is probable that the region was once ruled by a powerful king. But we have no records of Troy, of the king, or of its people. We do not know in what century it flourished, or the date of its fall. There are legends about Helen, the beautiful wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta, who was carried off by Paris in consequence of the promise made to him by Venus, the goddess to whom Paris had awarded the golden apple. From this, it is said, the ten years' war at Troy came about, for Menelaus enlisted the aid of the great Agamemnon and the other Greek warriors and they set sail for Troy, whither Paris and Helen had fled. The entire story carries us back to the realms of ancient myth. It is probably the most famous story in the world, for not only were the Homeric legends connected with it in one way or another, but Vergil's *Aeneid*, the greatest poem produced by Roman genius, is a continuation of it, while it was used as the basis of poems and histories throughout the Middle Ages, has influenced many modern poets, and has become a part of the literature of all modern peoples.

The influence of the legend of Troy and its literature has been enormous. Whole libraries have been written about the legend, about Homer, and about the poems ascribed to his name. Men have given their whole lives to the study of some of these problems. When you read this selection, therefore, you come into contact with one of the most interesting of all the manifestations of human genius.

I

The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are quite different, and illustrate two different forms of epic poetry. The *Iliad*, as its name indicates, deals with Ilium, or Troy, and is concerned with the last year of the war. Its action covers only a few days, and it does not tell about the fall of the city. The theme of the poem is the wrath of Achilles and its effects. Achilles, the greatest of the Greek warriors, became angry because of an injustice that had been done him by his king, and refused to take any further part in the siege of the city. He remained in his tent, nursing his anger, deaf to the entreaties of the other leaders. The poem describes some of the battles, and finally tells how

Hector, whose rank and fame among the Trojans corresponded to the position of Achilles among the Greeks, fought Patroclus, friend of Achilles, and slew him. After a period of deep melancholy, Achilles set forth to avenge the death of his friend, fought Hector, and triumphed. The poem ends with an account of the burial of the Trojan hero.

Such is the plot, reduced to the briefest compass, of the poem. Such an abstract does not bring in the episodes that are scattered through the *Iliad*, or the passages that reveal the manners and customs of the time, or the figures and descriptions that add beauty and stateliness to the style. But it does show how simple and compact was the plot. The poet does not give a history of the war—its causes, the events of the ten long years, the close. He merely seizes upon a set of events, covering only a few days, that are significant of the whole; he contrives to make us aware of the entire story of the war; and he draws his picture swiftly and compactly so that it stands out with unforgetable distinctness.

The *Odyssey* has for its hero Odysseus, or as the Roman poets and historians named him, Ulysses. This hero was one of the Greek chieftains at Troy. After the war ended, he set forth for Ithaca, his home. But he was compelled by adverse fates to become a wanderer, so that it was many years after the fall of Troy before he was restored to his wife and son. The poem is very different from the *Iliad*. There are no battles in it. In place of this warlike atmosphere we have many marvelous events, so that the poem has become a treasure-house of folklore and legend, somewhat like the fairy stories and the *Arabian Nights* that you read years ago. But the plot is as wonderfully constructed as that of the *Iliad*. There are three strands, or sets, of stories. The first is concerned with the adventures of Ulysses from the time he left Troy to the time he was restored to his kingdom at Ithaca. The second tells the adventures of Telemachus, Ulysses's son, who went out in search of his father. The third tells us of Penelope, the wife of the hero, who was besieged by many suitors who wished to secure the property of the hero and who spent years as unwelcome guests in his house. But this outline does not sufficiently show how masterly was the poet's handling of these strands of story. For one thing, the action is compressed into a short space by the device of having the hero *tell* to Alcinoüs, king of the Phæacians, some of his marvelous adventures. A little further analysis will make even clearer the skill with which the poet handles his complicated material.

The poem opens at Ithaca, where Penelope and Telemachus are awaiting the hero's return. The suitors, thinking that Ulysses is dead, try to persuade Penelope to choose one of their number as her husband, but she refuses. They are so numerous and so powerful that she cannot drive them away. Telemachus is told by Athena (Minerva) to go in search of his father, and the story next relates how he went from place to place to find the various heroes who had seen his father at Troy. We then meet Ulysses, who has spent seven years as a captive of Calypso, a beautiful enchantress, on a magic island. At last Calypso consents to let Ulysses go, so he builds a raft and on it reaches the land of the Phæacians. How he is received by them is told in the selection that you are to read. He tells them of his adventures and at last departs for Ithaca. When he reaches home he finds so many enemies that he does not at once reveal his identity, but puts on the disguise of a beggar. Meantime Telemachus has returned, and father and son, reunited, plan to regain control of the kingdom by stratagem. Penelope adopts the plan of promising to marry that one of the suitors who can use the bow of Ulysses. A great contest is arranged, but the weapon is so formidable that none can bend it. At length Ulysses, still disguised as a beggar, comes forward, hits the mark, slays the suitors, and is happily reunited to his queen.

II

Something has already been said, in the Introduction to this section (page 212), about the nature of epic poetry. You will now have an opportunity to make some further observations for yourself. Before you begin the reading of the poem, however, a little further information will help you.

The epic, as you probably have observed by this time, is not a primitive kind of poetry nor does it deal with rude and barbarous life. The author, or authors, of these two ancient Greek epics perhaps lived in the tenth or eleventh century before Christ. Very probably the material of the poems came from ballads and heroic songs that had descended through many generations. There are stories in the *Iliad* very like some of the ballads that you will find in this book, and some stories in the *Odyssey* are like certain of the folk tales you used to read in fairy books. In fact, the *Odyssey* is a glorious collection of such tales. But they are not told in the language of the ballads and fairy tales, nor in the same manner, and they are woven together into a plot of the most exquisite design. A primitive or uneducated people could not produce such work. The style of the poem is stately. It deals with noble subjects treated in a noble manner. No other form of narrative poetry, except tragic drama, is so elevated and serious in treatment.

The same remark applies to the life that is depicted. It is a life of the utmost simplicity. Kings and princesses do work that many people nowadays think only servants should do. But how noble is this simplicity. No better lesson about the dignity of honest labor could be taught than you find in this poem. The occupations of the people, too, belong to a simple and uncomplicated civilization. There are no gay knights, fashionable ladies, great barons. There are carpenters, leather-workers, smiths. The women are spinners and weavers. There is no mention of money. A man's wealth consisted in the number of oxen he owned. You should add to these observations as you read the poem, but the important thing is for you to try to feel that the life represented in the poem has attained stateliness, dignity, nobility, without losing the simplicity of pioneer times. It is not coarse or vulgar; neither is it courtly or affected.

Epic poetry, then, commonly finds its sources in ballads and hero tales that have been handed down by tradition for many years. It is a form of story. It has many episodes, which are woven into a plot that gives a unified effect. Its basis is historical, that is, it is related to events that are felt by a people to be significant in the story of their development: some crucial war; the life-history of one of the nation's founders. It therefore portrays not only the character of a hero who is felt to be truly representative of the national character, but the ideals of life that the people feel to be their ideals. It is not merely a story. It has stateliness and dignity and is told in an elevated and serious manner, but it also has the simplicity and directness of a people not spoiled by wealth or power or an advanced civilization.

III

All great peoples have ballads and epics that deal with their origins. In Rome the greatest epic was the *Aeneid*, written by Vergil in the century before the Christian era. This poem is also connected with the story of Troy, for Aeneas, the hero, was a Trojan chief who fled from his native city after its fall, wandered like Ulysses through many years, endured many hardships, and at length founded the city which later became mighty Rome. The legend of Troy was also told in epics of the Middle Ages, and some of the nations of western Europe long thought that they were descended from the ancient city. England, for example, was called Britain, and it was thought, though without reason, that this name came from Brute, or Brutus, the legendary founder of New Troy (London), who was said to have been a grandson of Aeneas. Several old English verse chronicles, imitating the style of the epics, told this story.

The only true epic which deals with the real foundation of the English race, however, is *Beowulf*, a poem written in Anglo-Saxon, the earliest form of the English language. This poem has a slight historical foundation, though the events with which it is connected took place before the tribes that founded England had left their Teutonic home. It relates three great adventures of its hero, and tells us something of his life from boyhood until his death. It has the dignity and stateliness required by the epic form, and the life led by Hrothgar, Beowulf, and Hygelac, the principal persons of the story, has much of the simplicity of greatness that we have already noted in the Homeric epic.

Of the epic in other countries there is no space to treat. Many sagas, or hero-stories, have come down to us from Icelandic, Norse, and old German sources. Some of these have been retold in modern verse by Arnold in "Balder Dead" and by William Morris in the "Earthly Paradise." A mass of German legend attained epic form in the Middle Ages in the *Nibelungenlied*, and some of these stories were used by Wagner in his operas. In France, the *Song of Roland* is the greatest of a large number of epic tales that grew up around the name of Charlemagne and his knights, while the Arthurian legend, made English by the prose of Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* in the fifteenth century and Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* in the nineteenth, first took on epic form in French poetry of the twelfth century.

Later epics are imitations of the heroic poems that sprang from peoples just attaining national consciousness and a relatively high state of civilization. Spenser's *Faerie Queene* is one of these, belonging to the end of the sixteenth century, and adapting some of the character of the Arthurian romances to an allegory of the founding of England, the greatness of the reign of Elizabeth, and the character of the ideal hero as conceived by the people of Shakespeare's time. A century later John Milton wrote the epic of *Paradise Lost,* biblical rather than historical in theme, imitative of Vergil, but summing up the thought of his time in regard to Providence and man's destiny. No epic of the founding of the United States exists, but Longfellow gathered many Indian legends into a noble poem expressive of Indian character and civilization, so that Hiawatha became, in our thought at least, the Ulysses or Aeneas of his race.

ULYSSES AMONG THE PHÆACIANS

(From the translation of Homer's *Odyssey*)

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

BOOK VI

Thus overcome with toil and weariness,
The noble sufferer Ulysses* slept,
While Pallas hastened to the realm and town
Peopled by the Phæacians, who of yore
Abode in spacious Hypereia, near
The insolent race of Cyclops, and endured
Wrong from their mightier hands. A godlike chief,
Nausithoüs, led them to a new abode,
And planted them in Scheria, far away
From plotting neighbors. With a wall he fenced
Their city, built them dwellings there, and reared
Fanes to the gods, and changed the plain to fields.
But he had bowed to death, and had gone down
To Hades; and Alcinoüs, whom the gods
Endowed with wisdom, governed in his stead.
Now to his palace, planning the return
Of the magnanimous Ulysses, came
The blue-eyed goddess Pallas, entering
The gorgeous chamber where a damsel slept,
Nausicaä, daughter of the large-souled king
Alcinoüs, beautiful in form and face
As one of the immortals. Near her lay,
And by the portal, one on either side,
Fair as the Graces, two attendant maids.
The shining doors were shut. But Pallas came
As comes a breath of air, and stood beside
The damsel's head and spake. In look she seemed
The daughter of the famous mariner
Dymas, a maiden whom Nausicaä loved,
The playmate of her girlhood. In her shape
The blue-eyed goddess stood, and thus she said:
"Nausicaä, has thy mother then brought forth
A careless housewife? Thy magnificent robes
Lie still neglected, though thy marriage day
Is near, when thou art to array thyself
In seemly garments, and bestow the like
On those who lead thee to the bridal rite;
For thus the praise of men is won, and thus
Thy father and thy gracious mother both
Will be rejoiced. Now with the early dawn
Let us all hasten to the washing-place.
I too would go with thee, and help thee there,
That thou mayst sooner end the task, for thou
Not long wilt be unwedded. Thou art wooed
Already by the noblest of the race
Of the Phæacians, for thy birth, like theirs,
Is of the noblest. Make thy suit at morn
To thy illustrious father, that he bid
His mules and car be harnessed to convey
Thy girdles, robes, and mantles marvelous
In beauty. That were seemlier than to walk,
Since distant from the town the lavers lie."
Thus having said, the blue-eyed Pallas went
Back to Olympus, where the gods have made,
So saith tradition, their eternal seat.
The tempest shakes it not, nor is it drenched
By showers, and there the snow doth never fall.
The calm, clear ether is without a cloud;
And in the golden light that lies on all,
Day after day the blessed gods rejoice.
Thither the blue-eyed goddess, having given
Her message to the sleeping maid, withdrew.
Soon the bright morning came. Nausicaä rose,
Clad royally, as marveling at her dream
She hastened through the palace to declare
Her purpose to her father and the queen.
She found them both within. Her mother sat
Beside the hearth with her attendant maids,
And turned the distaff loaded with a fleece
Dyed in sea-purple. On the threshold stood

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*For the pronunciation of proper names, see page 235.

3. **Pallas,** one of the Greek goddesses, wise in the industries of peace and skilled in the arts of war, called by the Romans Minerva. 6. **Cyclops,** a race of giants having but one eye, and that in the middle of the forehead, fabled to inhabit Sicily. 9. **Scheria,** a mythical island, identified by the ancients with Corcyra. 14. **Hades,** the invisible lower world, the abode of the dead.

52. **laver,** cistern for washing, also basin or bowl for water.

Her father, going forth to meet the chiefs
Of the Phæacians in a council where
Their noblest asked his presence. Then the maid,
Approaching her beloved father, spake:
"I pray, dear father, give command to make
A chariot ready for me, with high sides
And sturdy wheels, to bear to the river-brink,
There to be cleansed, the costly robes that now
Lie soiled. Thee likewise it doth well beseem
At councils to appear in vestments fresh
And stainless. Thou hast also in these halls
Five sons, two wedded, three in boyhood's bloom,
And ever in the dance they need attire
New from the wash. All this must I provide."
She ended, for she shrank from saying aught
Of her own hopeful marriage. He perceived
Her thought and said: "Mules I deny thee not,
My daughter, nor aught else. Go then; my grooms
Shall make a carriage ready, with high sides
And sturdy wheels, and a broad rack above."
He spake, and gave command. The grooms obeyed,
And, making ready in the outer court
The strong-wheeled chariot, led the harnessed mules
Under the yoke and made them fast; and then
Appeared the maiden, bringing from her bower
The shining garments. In the polished car
She piled them, while with many pleasant meats
And flavoring morsels for the day's repast
Her mother filled a hamper, and poured wine
Into a goatskin. As her daughter climbed
The car, she gave into her hands a cruse
Of gold with smooth anointing oil for her
And her attendant maids. Nausicaä took
The scourge and showy reins, and struck the mules
To urge them onward. Onward with loud noise
They went, and with a speed that slackened not,
And bore the robes and her—yet not alone,
For with her went the maidens of her train.
Now when they reached the river's pleasant brink,
Where lavers had been hollowed out to last
Perpetually, and freely through them flowed
Pure water that might cleanse the foulest stains,
They loosed the mules, and drove them from the wain
To browse the sweet grass by the eddying stream;
And took the garments out, and flung them down
In the dark water, and with hasty feet
Trampled them there in frolic rivalry.
And when the task was done, and all the stains
Were cleansed away, they spread the garments out
Along the beach and where the stream had washed
The gravel cleanest. Then they bathed, and gave
Their limbs the delicate oil, and took their meal
Upon the river's border—while the robes
Beneath the sun's warm rays were growing dry.
And now, when they were all refreshed by food,
Mistress and maidens laid their veils aside
And played at ball. Nausicaä the white-armed
Began a song. As when the archer-queen,
Diana, going forth among the hills—
The sides of high Taÿgetus or slopes
Of Erymanthus—chases joyously
Boars and fleet stags, and round her in a throng
Frolic the rural nymphs, Latona's heart
Is glad, for over all the rest are seen
Her daughter's head and brow, and she at once
Is known among them, though they all are fair,
Such was this spotless virgin midst her maids.
Now when they were about to move for home
With harnessed mules and with the shining robes
Carefully folded, then the blue-eyed maid,
Pallas, bethought herself of this—to rouse
Ulysses and to bring him to behold
The bright-eyed maiden, that she might direct
The stranger's way to the Phæacian town.
The royal damsel at a handmaid cast
The ball; it missed, and fell into the stream
Where a deep eddy whirled. All shrieked aloud.
The great Ulysses started from his sleep

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129. **Diana**, goddess of the moon, the Greek Artemis, represented as a huntress. 130. **Taÿgetus**, the highest mountain range in southern Greece. 131. **Erymanthus**, a mountain range in southern Greece. 133. **Latona**, the Roman name of a Greek goddess, the mother of Diana and Apollo.

And sat upright, discoursing to himself:
"Ah me! upon what region am I thrown?
What men are here—wild, savage, and unjust,
Or hospitable and who hold the gods
In reverence? There are voices in the air,
Womanly voices, as of nymphs that haunt
The mountain summits, and the river-founts,
And the moist, grassy meadows. Or perchance
Am I near men who have the power of speech?
Nay, let me then go forth at once and learn."
Thus having said, the great Ulysses left
The thicket. From the close-grown wood he rent
With his strong hand a branch well set with leaves,
And wound it as a covering round his waist.
Then like a mountain lion he went forth,
That walks abroad, confiding in his strength,
In rain and wind; his eyes shoot fire; he falls
On oxen, or on sheep, or forest-deer,
For hunger prompts him even to attack
The flock within its closely guarded fold.
Such seemed Ulysses when about to meet
Those fair-haired maidens, naked as he was,
But forced by strong necessity. To them
His look was frightful, for his limbs were foul
With sea-foam yet. To right and left they fled
Along the jutting river-banks. Alone
The daughter of Alcinoüs kept her place,
For Pallas gave her courage and forbade
Her limbs to tremble. So she waited there.
Ulysses pondered whether to approach
The bright-eyed damsel and embrace her knees
And supplicate, or, keeping yet aloof,
Pray her with soothing words to show the way
Townward and give him garments. Musing thus,
It seemed the best to keep at distance still,
And use soft words, lest, should he clasp her knees,
The maid might be displeased. With gentle words
Skillfully ordered thus Ulysses spake:
"O queen, I am thy suppliant, whether thou
Be mortal or a goddess. If perchance
Thou art of that immortal race who dwell
In the broad heaven, thou art, I deem, most like
To Dian, daughter of imperial Jove,
In shape, in stature, and in noble air.
If mortal and a dweller of the earth,
Thrice happy are thy father and his queen,
Thrice happy are thy brothers; and their hearts
Must overflow with gladness for thy sake,
Beholding such a scion of their house
Enter the choral dance. But happiest he
Beyond them all, who, bringing princely gifts,
Shall bear thee to his home a bride; for sure
I never looked on one of mortal race,
Woman or man, like thee, and as I gaze
I wonder. Like to thee I saw of late,
In Delos, a young palm-tree growing up
Beside Apollo's altar; for I sailed
To Delos, with much people following me,
On a disastrous voyage. Long I gazed
Upon it wonder-struck, as I am now—
For never from the earth so fair a tree
Had sprung. So marvel I, and am amazed
At thee, O lady, and in awe forbear
To clasp thy knees. Yet much have I endured.
It was but yestereve that I escaped
From the black sea, upon the twentieth day,
So long the billows and the rushing gales
Farther and farther from Ogygia's isle
Had borne me. Now upon this shore some god
Casts me, perchance to meet new sufferings here;
For yet the end is not, and many things
The gods must first accomplish. But do thou,
O queen, have pity on me, since to thee
I come the first of all. I do not know
A single dweller of the land beside.
Show me, I pray, thy city; and bestow
Some poor old robe to wrap me—if, indeed,
In coming hither, thou hast brought with thee
Aught poor or coarse. And may the gods vouchsafe
To thee whatever blessing thou canst wish,
Husband and home and wedded harmony.
There is no better, no more blessed state,
Than when the wife and husband in accord
Order their household lovingly. Then those
Repine who hate them, those who wish them well
Rejoice, and they themselves the most of all."
And then the white-armed maid Nausicaä said:
"Since then, O stranger, thou art not malign
Of purpose nor weak-minded—yet, in truth,
Olympian Jupiter bestows the goods
Of fortune on the noble and the base,
To each one at his pleasure; and thy griefs

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204. **Delos**, a small island, the birthplace of Diana and Apollo and the seat of a famous shrine in his honor. 205. **Apollo**, one of the great Greek gods, son of Jupiter and Latona, representing the life-giving as well as the deadly powers of the sun. He was the leader of the Muses, and the god of music, poetry, and healing. 216. **Ogygia**, a mythical island. Plutarch says it lay due west, beneath the setting sun.

Are doubtless sent by him, and it is fit 241
That thou submit in patience—now that thou
Hast reached our lands, and art within our realm,
Thou shalt not lack for garments nor for aught
Due to a suppliant stranger in his need. 245
The city I will show thee, and will name
Its dwellers—the Phæacians—they possess
The city; all the region lying round
Is theirs, and I am daughter of the prince
Alcinoüs, large of soul, to whom are given 250
The rule of the Phæacians and their power."
So spake the damsel, and commanded thus
Her fair-haired maids: "Stay! whither do ye flee,
My handmaids, when a man appears in sight?
Ye think, perhaps, he is some enemy. 255
Nay, there is no man living now, nor yet
Will live, to enter, bringing war, the land
Of the Phæacians. Very dear are they
To the great gods. We dwell apart, afar
Within the unmeasured deep, amid its waves,
The most remote of men; no other race 261
Hath commerce with us. This man comes to us
A wanderer and unhappy, and to him
Our cares are due. The stranger and the poor
Are sent by Jove, and slight regards to them
Are grateful. Maidens, give the stranger food
And drink, and take him to the river-side 267
To bathe where there is shelter from the wind."
So spake the mistress; and they stayed their flight
And bade each other stand, and led the chief
Under a shelter as the royal maid, 271
Daughter of stout Alcinoüs, gave command,
And laid a cloak and tunic near the spot
To be his raiment, and a golden cruse 274
Of limpid oil. Then, as they bade him bathe
In the fresh stream, the noble chieftain said:
"Withdraw, ye maidens, hence, while I prepare
To cleanse my shoulders from the bitter brine,
And to anoint them; long have these my limbs
Been unrefreshed by oil. I will not bathe 280
Before you. I should be ashamed to stand
Unclothed in presence of these bright-haired maids."
He spake; they hearkened and withdrew, and told
The damsel what he said. Ulysses then 284
Washed the salt spray of ocean from his back
And his broad shoulders in the flowing stream,
And wiped away the sea-froth from his brows.
And when the bath was over, and his limbs
Had been anointed, and he had put on 289
The garments sent him by the spotless maid,
Jove's daughter, Pallas, caused him to appear
Of statelier size and more majestic mien,
And bade the locks that crowned his head flow down,
Curling like blossoms of the hyacinth.
As when some skillful workman, trained and taught 295
By Vulcan and Minerva in his art,
Binds the bright silver with a verge of gold,
And graceful is his handiwork, such grace
Did Pallas shed upon the hero's brow
And shoulders, as he passed along the beach,
And, glorious in his beauty and the pride 301
Of noble bearing, sat aloof. The maid
Admired, and to her bright-haired women spake:
"Listen to me, my maidens, while I speak.
This man comes not among the godlike sons
Of the Phæacian stock against the will 306
Of all the gods of heaven. I thought him late
Of an unseemly aspect; now he bears
A likeness to the immortal ones whose home
Is the broad heaven. I would that I might call
A man like him my husband, dwelling here,
And here content to dwell. Now hasten, maids,
And set before the stranger food and wine."
She spake; they heard and cheerfully obeyed,
And set before Ulysses food and wine. 315
The patient chief Ulysses ate and drank
Full eagerly, for he had fasted long.
White-armed Nausicaä then had other cares.
She placed the smoothly folded robes within
The sumptuous chariot, yoked the firm-hoofed mules, 320
And mounted to her place, and from the seat
Spake kindly, counseling Ulysses thus:
"Now, stranger, rise and follow to the town,
And to my royal father's palace I
Will be thy guide, where, doubt not, thou wilt meet 325
The noblest men of our Phæacian race.
But do as I advise—for not inapt
I deem thee. While we traverse yet the fields
Among the tilth, keep thou among my train
Of maidens, following fast behind the mules
And chariot. I will lead thee in the way. 331
But when our train goes upward toward the town,
Fenced with its towery wall, and on each side

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296. **Vulcan**, in Roman mythology the god of fire and the working of metals, identified with the Greek Hephæstus.
329. **tilth**, crops.

ULYSSES FOLLOWING THE CAR OF NAUSICAÄ

Embraced by a fair haven with a strait
Of narrow entrance, where our well-oared barks 335
Have each a mooring-place along the road,
And there round Neptune's glorious fane extends
A market-place, surrounded by huge stones,
Dragged from the quarry hither, where is kept
The rigging of the barks—sail-cloth and ropes—
And oars are polished there—for little reck
Phæacians of the quiver and the bow, 342
And give most heed to masts and shrouds and ships
Well poised, in which it is their pride to cross
The foamy deep—when there I would not bring
Rude taunts upon myself, for in the crowd
Are brutal men. One of the baser sort 347
Perchance might say, on meeting us: 'What man,
Handsome and lusty-limbed, is he who thus
Follows Nausicaä? Where was it her luck 350
To find him? Will he be her husband yet?
Perhaps she brings some wanderer from his ship,
A stranger from strange lands, for we have here
No neighbors; or, perhaps, it is a god
Called down by fervent prayer from heaven to dwell 355
Henceforth with her. 'Tis well if she have found
A husband elsewhere, since at home she meets
Her many noble wooers with disdain;
They are Phæacians.' Thus the crowd would say,
And it would bring reproach upon my name.
I too would blame another who should do 361
The like, and, while her parents were alive,
Without their knowledge should consort with men
Before her marriage. Stranger, now observe
My words, and thou shalt speedily obtain 365
Safe-conduct from my father, and be sent
Upon thy voyage homeward. We shall reach
A beautiful grove of poplars by the way,
Sacred to Pallas; from it flows a brook, 369
And round it lies a meadow. In this spot
My father has his country-grounds, and here
His garden flourishes, as far from town
As one could hear a shout. There sit thou down
And wait till we are in the city's streets
And at my father's house. When it shall seem
That we are there, arise and onward fare 376
To the Phæacian city, and inquire
Where dwells Alcinoüs the large-souled king,
My father; 'tis not hard to find; a child
Might lead thee thither. Of the houses reared
By the Phæacians there is none like that 381
In which Alcinoüs the hero dwells.

When thou art once within the court and hall,
Go quickly through the palace till thou find
My mother where she sits beside the hearth,
Leaning against a column in its blaze,
And twisting threads, a marvel to behold,
Of bright sea-purple, while her maidens sit
Behind her. Near her is my father's throne,
On which he sits at feasts, and drinks the wine
Like one of the immortals. Pass it by
And clasp my mother's knees; so mayst thou see
Soon and with joy the day of thy return,
Although thy home be far. For if her mood
Be kindly toward thee, thou mayst hope to greet
Thy friends once more, and enter yet again
Thy own fair palace in thy native land."
  Thus having said, she raised the shining scourge
And struck the mules, that quickly left behind
The river. On they went with easy pace
And even steps. The damsel wielded well
The reins, and used the lash with gentle hand,
So that Ulysses and her train of maids
On foot could follow close. And now the sun
Was sinking when they came to that fair grove
Sacred to Pallas. There the noble chief
Ulysses sat him down, and instantly
Prayed to the daughter of imperial Jove:
  "O thou unconquerable child of Jove
The Ægis-bearer! hearken to me now,
Since late thou wouldst not listen to my prayer,
What time the mighty shaker of the shores
Pursued and wrecked me! Grant me to receive
Pity and kindness from Phæacia's sons."
  So prayed he, supplicating. Pallas heard
The prayer, but came not to him openly.
Awe of her father's brother held her back;
For he would still pursue with violent hate
Ulysses, till he reached his native land.

BOOK VII

So prayed Ulysses the great sufferer.
The strong mules bore the damsel toward the town,
And when she reached her father's stately halls,
She stopped beneath the porch. Her brothers came
Around her, like in aspect to the gods,
And loosed the mules, and bore the garments in.
She sought her chamber, where an aged dame
Attendant there, an Epirote, and named
Eurymedusa, lighted her a fire.
She by the well-oared galleys had been brought
Beforetime from Epirus, and was given
To king Alcinoüs, ruler over all
Phæacia's sons, who hearkened to his voice
As if he were a god. 'Twas she who reared
White-armed Nausicaä in the royal halls,
Tended her hearth, and dressed her evening meal.
  Now rose Ulysses up, and townward turned
His steps while friendly Pallas wrapped his way
In darkness, lest someone among the sons
Of the Phæacians with unmannerly words
Might call to him or ask him who he was.
And just as he was entering that fair town,
The blue-eyed Pallas met him, in the form
Of a young virgin with an urn. She stood
Before him, and Ulysses thus inquired:
  "Wilt thou, my daughter, guide me to the house
Where dwells Alcinoüs, he who rules this land?
I am a stranger, who have come from far
After long hardships, and of all who dwell
Within this realm I know not even one."
  Pallas, the blue-eyed goddess, thus replied:
"Father and stranger, I will show the house;
The dwelling of my own good father stands
Close by it. Follow silently, I pray,
And I will lead. Look not on any man
Nor ask a question; for the people here
Affect not strangers, nor do oft receive
With kindly welcome him who comes from far.
They trust in their swift barks, which to and fro,
By Neptune's favor, cross the mighty deep.
Their galleys have the speed of wings or thought."
  Thus Pallas spake and quickly led the way.
He followed in her steps. They saw him not,
Those trained Phæacian seamen, for the power
That led him, Pallas of the amber hair,
Forbade the sight, and threw a friendly veil
Of darkness over him. Ulysses saw,
Wondering, the haven and the gallant ships,

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410. **Ægis-bearer,** Pallas. In Greek mythology originally the ægis was the storm-cloud enveloping the thunderbolt, the especial weapon of Jupiter; later, a terrible weapon made by Vulcan after the fashion of a thundercloud fringed with lightning. This weapon was intrusted by Jupiter to Apollo and to Pallas.

8. **Epirote,** an inhabitant of Epirus, a kingdom in the north of Greece. 37. **affect,** like.

The market-place where heroes thronged, the walls
Long, lofty, and beset with palisades,
A marvel to the sight. But when they came
To the king's stately palace, thus began
The blue-eyed goddess, speaking to the chief:
"Father and stranger, here thou seest the house
Which thou hast bid me show thee. Thou wilt find
The princes, nurslings of the gods, within,
Royally feasting. Enter, and fear not;
The bold man ever is the better man,
Although he come from far. Thou first of all
Wilt see the queen. Aretè is the name
The people give her. She is of a stock
The very same from which Alcinoüs
The king derives his lineage. For long since
Nausithoüs, its founder, was brought forth
To Neptune, the great Shaker of the shores,
By Peribæa, fairest of her sex,
And youngest daughter of Eurymedon,
The large of soul, who ruled the arrogant brood
Of giants, and beheld that guilty race
Cut off, and perished by a fate like theirs.
Her Neptune wooed; she bore to him a son,
Large-souled Nausithoüs, whom Phæacia owned
Its sovereign. To Nausithoüs were born
Rhexenor and Alcinoüs. He who bears
The silver bow, Apollo, smote to death
Rhexenor, newly wedded, in his home.
He left no son, and but one daughter, named
Aretè; her Alcinoüs made his wife,
And honored her as nowhere else on earth
Is any woman honored who bears charge
Over a husband's household. From their hearts
Her children pay her reverence, and the king
And all the people, for they look on her
As if she were a goddess. When she goes
Abroad into the streets, all welcome her
With acclamations. Never does she fail
In wise discernment, but decides disputes
Kindly and justly between man and man.
And if thou gain her favor, there is hope
That thou mayst see thy friends once more, and stand
In thy tall palace on thy native soil."
  The blue-eyed Pallas, having spoken thus,
Departed o'er the barren deep. She left
The pleasant isle of Scheria, and repaired
To Marathon and to the spacious streets
Of Athens, entering there the massive halls
Where dwelt Erectheus, while Ulysses toward
The gorgeous palace of Alcinoüs turned
His steps, yet stopped and pondered ere he crossed
The threshold. For on every side beneath
The lofty roof of that magnanimous king
A glory shone as of the sun or moon.
There from the threshold, on each side, were walls
Of brass that led toward the inner rooms,
With blue steel cornices. The doors within
The massive building were of gold, and posts
Of silver on the brazen threshold stood,
And silver was the lintel, and above
Its architrave was gold; and on each side
Stood gold and silver mastiffs, the rare work
Of Vulcan's practiced skill, placed there to guard
The house of great Alcinoüs, and endowed
With deathless life, that knows no touch of age.
Along the walls within, on either side,
And from the threshold to the inner rooms,
Were firmly planted thrones on which were laid
Delicate mantles, woven by the hands
Of women. The Phæacian princes here
Were seated; here they ate and drank, and held
Perpetual banquet. Slender forms of boys
In gold upon the shapely altars stood,
With blazing torches in their hands to light
At eve the palace guests; while fifty maids
Waited within the halls, where some in querns
Ground small the yellow grain; some wove the web
Or twirled the spindle, sitting, with a quick
Light motion, like the aspen's glancing leaves.
The well-wrought tissues glistened as with oil.
As far as the Phæacian race excel
In guiding their swift galleys o'er the deep,
So far the women in their woven work
Surpass all others. Pallas gives them skill
In handiwork and beautiful design.
Without the palace-court, and near the gate,
A spacious garden of four acres lay.
A hedge enclosed it round, and lofty trees
Flourished in generous growth within—the pear
And the pomegranate, and the apple-tree

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97. **Erectheus**, a mythical king of Athens. 124. **quern**, a primitive mill, consisting of two circular stones, the upper one of which was turned by hand.

With its fair fruitage, and the luscious fig,
And olive always green. The fruit they bear
Falls not, nor ever fails in winter time
Nor summer, but is yielded all the year.
The ever-blowing west-wind causes some
To swell and some to ripen; pear succeeds
To pear; to apple, apple; grape to grape;
Fig ripens after fig. A fruitful field
Of vines was planted near; in part it lay
Open and basking in the sun, which dried
The soil, and here men gathered in the grapes,
And there they trod the wine-press. Farther on
Were grapes unripened yet, which just had cast
The flower, and others still which just began
To redden. At the garden's furthest bound
Were beds of many plants that all the year
Bore flowers. There gushed two fountains: one of them
Ran wandering through the field; the other flowed
Beneath the threshold to the palace-court,
And all the people filled their vessels there.
Such were the blessings which the gracious gods
Bestowed on King Alcinoüs and his house.
  Ulysses, the great sufferer, standing there,
Admired the sight; and when he had beheld
The whole in silent wonderment, he crossed
The threshold quickly, entering the hall
Where the Phæacian peers and princes poured
Wine from their goblets to the sleepless one,
The Argus-queller, to whose deity
They made the last libations when they thought
Of slumber. The great sufferer, concealed
In a thick mist, which Pallas raised and cast
Around him, hastened through the hall and came
Close to Aretè and Alcinoüs,
The royal pair. Then did Ulysses clasp
Aretè's knees, when suddenly the cloud
Raised by the goddess vanished. All within
The palace were struck mute as they beheld
The man before them. Thus Ulysses prayed:
  "Aretè, daughter of the godlike chief
Rhexenor! to thy husband I am come
And to thy knees, from many hardships borne,
And to these guests, to whom may the good gods
Grant to live happily, and to hand down,
Each one to his own children, in his home,
The wealth and honors which the people's love
Bestowed upon him. Grant me, I entreat,
An escort, that I may behold again
And soon my own dear country. I have passed
Long years in sorrow, far from all I love."
  He ended, and sat down upon the hearth
Among the ashes, near the fire, and all

ULYSSES BEFORE ALCINOÜS AND ARETÈ

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167. **Argus-queller**, Mercury, also called by his Greek name, Hermes.

Were silent utterly. At length outspake
Echeneus, oldest and most eloquent chief
Of the Phæacians; large his knowledge was
Of things long past. With generous intent,
And speaking to the assembly, he began:
"Alcinoüs, this is not a seemly sight—
A stranger sitting on the hearth among
The cinders. All the others here await
Thy order, and move not. I pray thee, raise
The stranger up, and seat him on a throne
Studded with silver. Be thy heralds called,
And bid them mingle wine, which we may pour
To Jove, the god of thunders, who attends
And honors every suppliant. Let the dame
Who oversees the palace feast provide
Our guest a banquet from the stores within."
This when the reverend king Alcinoüs heard,
Forthwith he took Ulysses by the hand—
That man of wise devices—raised him up
And seated him upon a shining throne,
From which he bade Laodamas arise,
His manly son, whose seat was next to his.
"Now mingle wine, Protonoüs, in a vase,
For all within the palace, to be poured
To Jove, the god of thunders, who attends
And honors every suppliant." As he spake,
Protonoüs mingled the delicious wines,
And passed from right to left, distributing
The cups to all; and when they all had poured
A part to Jove, and all had drunk their fill,
Alcinoüs took the word, and thus he said:
"Princes and chiefs of the Phæacians, hear.
I speak as my heart bids me. Since the feast
Is over, take your rest within your homes.
Tomorrow shall the Senators be called
In larger concourse. We will pay our guest
Due honor in the palace, worshiping
The gods with solemn sacrifice. And then
Will we bethink us how to send him home,
That with no hindrance and no hardship borne
Under our escort he may come again
Gladly and quickly to his native land,
Though far away it lie, and that no wrong
Or loss may happen to him ere he set
Foot on its soil; and there must he endure
Whatever, when his mother brought him forth,
Fate and the unrelenting Sisters spun
For the newborn. But should he prove to be
One of the immortals who has come from heaven,
Then have the gods a different design.
For hitherto the gods have shown themselves
Visibly at our solemn hecatombs,
And sat with us, and feasted like ourselves,
And when the traveler meets with them alone,
They never hide themselves; for we to them
Are near of kin, as near as is the race
Of Cyclops and the savage giant brood."
Ulysses the sagacious answered him:
"Nay, think not so, Alcinoüs. I am not
In form or aspect as the immortals are,
Whose habitation is the ample heaven.
But I am like whomever thou mayst know,
Among mankind, inured to suffering;
To them shouldst thou compare me. I could tell
Of bitterer sorrows yet, which I have borne;
Such was the pleasure of the gods. But now
Leave me, whatever have my hardships been,
To take the meal before me. Naught exceeds
The impatient stomach's importunity
When even the afflicted and the sorrowful
Are forced to heed its call. So even now,
Midst all the sorrow that is in my heart,
It bids me eat and drink, and put aside
The thought of my misfortunes till itself
Be satiate. But, ye princes, with the dawn
Provide for me, in my calamity,
The means to reach again my native land.
For, after all my hardships, I would die
Willingly, could I look on my estates,
My servants, and my lofty halls once more."
He ended; they approved his words, and bade
Set forward on his homeward way the guest
Who spake so wisely. When they all had made
Libations and had drunk, they each withdrew
To sleep at home, and left the noble chief
Ulysses in the palace, where with him
Aretè and her godlike husband sat,
While from the feast the maidens bore away
The chargers. The white-armed Aretè then
Began to speak; for when she cast her eyes
On the fair garments which Ulysses wore,
She knew the mantle and the tunic well,
Wrought by herself and her attendant maids,
And thus with wingéd words bespake the chief:
"Stranger, I first must ask thee who thou art
And of what race of men. From whom hast thou
Received those garments? Sure thou dost not say

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237. **Sisters**, represented as three in number; the first spins the thread of life, the second fixes its length, and the third severs it.

279. **charger**, large flat dish, or platter.

That thou art come from wandering o'er the sea."
Ulysses, the sagacious, answered thus:
"'Twere hard, O sovereign lady, to relate
In order all my sufferings, for the gods
Of heaven have made them many; yet will I
Tell all thou askest of me, and obey
Thy bidding. Far within the ocean lies
An island named Ogygia, where abides
Calypso, artful goddess, with bright locks,
Daughter of Atlas, and of dreaded power.
No god consorts with her, nor anyone
Of mortal birth. But me in my distress
Some god conveyed alone to her abode,
When, launching his white lightning, Jupiter
Had cloven in the midst of the black sea
My galley. There my gallant comrades all
Perished, but I in both my arms held fast
The keel of my good ship, and floated on
Nine days till, on the tenth, in the dark night,
The gods had brought me to Ogygia's isle,
Where dwells Calypso of the radiant hair
And dreaded might, who kindly welcomed me
And cherished me, and would have made my life
Immortal, and beyond the power of age
In all the coming time. And there I wore
Seven years away, still moistening with my tears
The ambrosial raiment which the goddess gave.
But when the eighth year had begun its round
She counseled my departure, whether Jove
Had so required, or she herself had changed
Her purpose. On a raft made strong with clamps
She placed me, sent on board an ample store
Of bread and pleasant wine, and made me put
Ambrosial garments on, and gave a soft
And favorable wind. For seventeen days
I held my steady course across the deep,
And on the eighteenth day the shadowy heights
Of your own isle appeared and then my heart,
Ill-fated as I was, rejoiced. Yet still
Was I to struggle with calamities
Sent by earth-shaking Neptune, who called up
The winds against me, and withstood my way,
And stirred the boundless ocean to its depths.
Nor did the billows suffer me to keep
My place, but swept me, groaning, from the raft,
Whose planks they scattered. Still I labored through
The billowy depth, and swam, till wind and wave
Drove me against your coast. As there I sought
To land, I found the surges hurrying me
Against huge rocks that lined the frightful shore;
But, turning back, I swam again and reached
A river and the landing-place I wished,
Smooth, without rocks, and sheltered from the wind.
I swooned, but soon revived. Ambrosial night
Came on. I left the Jove-descended stream
And slept among the thickets, drawing round
My limbs the withered leaves, while on my lids
A deity poured bounteously the balm
Of slumber. All night long, among the leaves,
I slept, with all that sorrow in my heart,
Till morn, till noon. Then as the sun went down,
The balmy slumber left me, and I saw
Thy daughter's handmaids sporting on the shore,
And her among them, goddess-like. To her
I came a suppliant, nor did she receive
My suit unkindly as a maid so young
Might do, for youth is foolish. She bestowed
Food and red wine abundantly, and gave,
When I had bathed, the garments I have on.
Thus is my tale of suffering truly told."
And then Alcinoüs answered him and said:
"Stranger, one duty hath my child o'erlooked,
To bid thee follow hither with her maids
Since thou didst sue to her the first of all."
Ulysses, the sagacious, thus replied:
"Blame not for that, O hero, I entreat,
Thy faultless daughter. She commanded me
To follow with her maids, but I refrained
For fear and awe of thee, lest, at the sight,
Thou mightest be displeased; for we are prone
To dark misgivings—we, the sons of men."
Again Alcinoüs spake: "The heart that beats
Within my bosom is not rashly moved
To wrath, and better is the temperate mood.
This must I say, O Father Jupiter,
And Pallas and Apollo! I could wish
That, being as thou art, and of like mind
With me, thou wouldst receive to be thy bride
My daughter, and be called my son-in-law,
And here abide. A palace I would give,
And riches, shouldst thou willingly remain.
Against thy will let no Phæacian dare
To keep thee here. May Father Jove forbid!

And that thou mayst be sure of my intent,
I name tomorrow for thy voyage home.
Sleep in thy bed till then; and they shall row
O'er the calm sea thy galley, till thou come
To thine own land and home, or wheresoe'er
Thou wilt, though further off the coast should be
Than far Eubœa, most remote of lands—
So do the people of our isle declare,
Who saw it when they over sea conveyed
The fair-haired Rhadamanthus, on his way
To visit Tityus, son of Earth. They went
Thither, accomplishing with little toil
Their voyage in the compass of a day,
And brought the hero to our isle again.
Now shalt thou learn, and in thy heart confess,
How much our galleys and our youths excel
With bladed oars to stir the whirling brine."
  So spake the king, and the great sufferer
Ulysses heard with gladness, and preferred
A prayer, and called on Jupiter and said:
  "Grant, Father Jove, that all the king has said
May be fulfilled! so shall his praise go forth
Over the foodful earth, and never die,
And I shall see my native land again."
  So they conferred. White-armed Aretè spake
And bade her maidens in the portico
Place couches, and upon them lay fair rugs
Of purple dye, and tapestry on these,
And for the outer covering shaggy cloaks.
Forth from the hall they issued, torch in hand;
And when with speed the ample bed was made,
They came and summoned thus the chief to rest:
  "Rise, stranger, go to rest; thy bed is made."
Thus spake the maidens, and the thought of sleep
Was welcome to Ulysses. So that night
On his deep couch the noble sufferer
Slumbered beneath the sounding portico.
Alcinoüs laid him down in a recess
Within his lofty palace, near to whom
The queen his consort graced the marriage-bed.

BOOK VIII

When Morn appeared, the rosy-fingered child
Of Dawn, Alcinoüs, mighty and revered,
Rose from his bed. Ulysses, noble chief,
Spoiler of cities, also left his couch.
Alcinoüs, mighty and revered, went forth
Before, and led him to the market-place
Of the Phæacians, built beside the fleet,
And there on polished stones they took their seats
Near to each other. Pallas, who now seemed
A herald of the wise Alcinoüs, went
Through all the city, planning how to send
Magnanimous Ulysses to his home,
And came and stood by every chief and said:
"Leaders and chiefs of the Phæacians, come
Speedily to the market-place, and there
Hear of the stranger who from wandering o'er
The deep has come where wise Alcinoüs holds
His court; in aspect he is like the gods."
  She spake, and every mind and heart was moved;
And all the market-place and all its seats
Were quickly filled with people. Many gazed,
Admiring, on Laertes' well-graced son;
For on his face and form had Pallas shed
A glory, and had made him seem more tall
And of an ampler bulk that he might find
Favor with the Phæacians, and be deemed
Worthy of awe and able to achieve
The many feats which the Phæacian chiefs,
To try the stranger's prowess, might propose.
  And now when all the summoned had arrived,
Alcinoüs to the full assembly spake—
"Princes and chiefs of the Phæacians, hear:
I speak the promptings of my heart. This guest—
I know him not—has come to my abode,
A wanderer—haply from the tribes who dwell
In the far East, or haply from the West—
And asked an escort and safe-conduct home;
And let us make them ready, as our wont
Has ever been. No stranger ever comes
Across my threshold who is suffered long
To pine for his departure. Let us draw
A dark-hulled ship down to the holy sea
On her first voyage. Let us choose her crew
Among the people, two-and-fifty youths
Of our best seamen. Then make fast the oars
Beside the benches, leave them there, and come
Into our palace and partake in haste
A feast which I will liberally spread
For all of you. This I command the youths;
But you, ye sceptered princes, come at once

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387. **Eubœa**, the largest island belonging to Greece in the Aegean Sea. 390. **Rhadamanthus**, a son of Jove who served as one of the three judges in the lower world. 391. **Tityus**, a giant, son of Jove and Earth.

22. **Laertes**, father of Ulysses.

ULYSSES WEEPS AT THE SONG OF DEMODOCUS

To my fair palace, that we there may pay
The honors due our guest; let none refuse.
Call also the divine Demodocus,
The bard, on whom a deity bestowed
In ample measure the sweet gift of song,
Delightful when the spirit prompts the lay."
He spake, and led the way; the sceptered train
Of princes followed him. The herald sought
Meantime the sacred bard. The chosen youths
Fifty-and-two betook them to the marge
Of the unfruitful sea; and when they reached
The ship and beach they drew the dark hull down
To the deep water, put the mast on board
And the ship's sails, and fitted well the oars
Into the leathern rings, and, having moored
Their bark in the deep water, went with speed
To their wise monarch in his spacious halls.
There portico and court and hall were thronged
With people, young and old in multitude;
And there Alcinoüs sacrificed twelve sheep,
Eight white-toothed swine, and two splay-footed beeves.
And these they flayed, and duly dressed, and made
A noble banquet ready. Then appeared
The herald, leading the sweet singer in,
Him whom the Muse with an exceeding love
Had cherished, and had visited with good
And evil, quenched his eyesight and bestowed
Sweetness of song. Pontonoüs mid the guests
Placed for the bard a silver-studded throne,
Against a lofty column hung his harp
Above his head, and taught him how to find
And take it down. Near him the herald set
A basket and fair table, and a cup
Of wine, that he might drink when he desired;
Then all put forth their hands and shared the feast.
And when their thirst and hunger were allayed,
The Muse inspired the bard to sing the praise
Of heroes; 'twas a song whose fame had reached
To the high heaven, a story of the strife
Between Ulysses and Achilles, son
Of Peleus, wrangling at a solemn feast
Made for the gods. They strove with angry words,
And Agamemnon, king of men, rejoiced
To hear the noblest of the Achaian host
Contending; for all this had been foretold
To him in sacred Pythia by the voice
Of Phœbus, when the monarch to inquire
At the oracle had crossed the rock which formed
Its threshold. Then began the train of woes

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90. **Achilles**, a Greek warrior, the central hero of the *Iliad* 93. **Agamemnon**, brother of King Menelaus of Sparta and chief of the Greek expedition against Troy. 94. **Achaian**, Greek. 96. **Pythia**, another name for Delphi, the seat of the famous oracle of Apollo. 97. **Phœbus**, another name for Apollo.

Which at the will of sovereign Jupiter
Befell the sons of Ilium and of Greece.
So sang renowned Demodocus. Meanwhile
Ulysses took into his brawny hands
An ample veil of purple, drawing it
Around his head to hide his noble face,
Ashamed that the Phæacians should behold
The tears that flowed so freely from his lids.
But when the sacred bard had ceased his song,
He wiped the tears away and laid the veil
Aside, and took a double beaker filled
With wine, and poured libations to the gods.
Yet when again the minstrel sang, and all
The chiefs of the Phæacian people, charmed,
To hear his music, bade the strain proceed,
Again Ulysses hid his face and wept.
No other eye beheld the tears he shed.
Alcinoüs only watched him, and perceived
His grief, and heard the sighs he drew, and spake
To the Phæacians, lovers of the sea:
"Now that we all, to our content have shared
The feast and heard the harp, whose notes so well
Suit with a liberal banquet, let us forth
And try our skill in games, that this our guest,
Returning to his country, may relate
How in the boxing and the wrestling match,
In leaping and in running, we excel."
He spake, and went before; they followed him.
Then did the herald hang the clear-toned harp
Again on high, and taking by the hand
Demodocus, he led him from the place,
Guiding him in the way which just before
The princes of Phæacia trod to see
The public games. Into the market-place
They went; a vast innumerable crowd
Pressed after. Then did many a valiant youth
Arise—Acroneus and Ocyalus,
Elatreus, Nauteus, Prymneus, after whom
Upstood Anchialus, and by his side
Eretmeus, Ponteus, Proreus, Thoön, rose;
Anabasineüs and Amphialus,
A son of Polyneius, Tecton's son;
Then rose the son of Naubolus, like Mars
In warlike port, Euryalus by name,
And goodliest both in feature and in form
Of all Phæacia's sons save one alone,
Laodamas the faultless. Next three sons
Of King Alcinoüs rose: Laodamas,
Halius, and Clytoneius, like a god
In aspect. Some of these began the games,
Contending in the race. For them a course
Was marked from goal to goal. They darted forth
At once and swiftly, raising, as they ran,
The dust along the plain. The swiftest there
Was Clytoneius in the race. As far
As mules, in furrowing the fallow ground,
Gain on the steers, he ran before the rest,
And reached the crowd, and left them all behind.
Others in wrestling strove laboriously—
And here Euryalus excelled them all;
But in the leap Amphialus was first;
Elatreus flung the quoit with firmest hand;
And in the boxer's art Laodamas,
The monarch's valiant son, was conqueror.
This when the admiring multitude had seen,
Thus spake the monarch's son, Laodamas:
"And now, my friends, inquire we of our guest
If he has learned and practiced feats like these.
For he is not ill-made in legs and thighs
And in both arms, in firmly planted neck
And strong-built frame; nor does he seem to lack
A certain youthful vigor, though impaired
By many hardships—for I know of naught
That more severely tries the strongest man,
And breaks him down, than perils of the sea."
Euryalus replied: "Laodamas,
Well hast thou said, and rightly; go thou now
And speak to him thyself, and challenge him."
The son of King Alcinoüs, as he heard,
Came forward, and bespake Ulysses thus:
"Thou also, guest and father, try these feats,
If thou perchance wert trained to them. I think
Thou must be skilled in games, since there is not
A greater glory for a man while yet
He lives on earth than what he hath wrought out,
By strenuous effort, with his feet and hands.
Try, then, thy skill, and give no place to grief.
Not long will thy departure be delayed;
Thy bark is launched; the crew are ready here."
Ulysses, the sagacious, answered thus:
"Why press me, O Laodamas! to try
These feats, when all my thoughts are of my woes,

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101. **Ilium**, the Greek name for Troy from which the Iliad takes its name.

And not of games? I, who have borne so much
Of pain and toil, sit pining for my home
In your assembly, supplicating here
Your king and all the people of your land."
Then spake Euryalus with chiding words:
"Stranger, I well perceive thou canst not boast,
As many others can, of skill in games;
But thou art one of those who dwell in ships
With many benches, rulers o'er a crew
Of sailors—a mere trader looking out
For freight, and watching o'er the wares that form
The cargo. Thou hast doubtless gathered wealth
By rapine, and art surely no athlete."
Ulysses, the sagacious, frowned and said:
"Stranger, thou speakest not becomingly,
But like a man who recks not what he says.
The gods bestow not equally on all
The gifts that men desire—the grace of form,
The mind, the eloquence. One man to sight
Is undistinguished, but on him the gods
Bestow the power of words. All look on him
Gladly; he knows whereof he speaks; his speech
Is mild and modest; he is eminent
In all assemblies, and, whene'er he walks
The city, men regard him as a god.
Another in the form he wears is like
The immortals, yet has he no power to speak
Becoming words. So thou hast comely looks;
A god would not have shaped thee otherwise
Than we behold thee—yet thy wit is small,
And thy unmannerly words have angered me
Even to the heart. Not quite unskilled am I
In games, as thou dost idly talk, and once,
When I could trust my youth and my strong arms,
I think that in these contests I was deemed
Among the first. But I am now pressed down
With toil and sorrow; much have I endured
In wars with heroes and on stormy seas.
Yet even thus, a sufferer as I am,
Will I essay these feats; for sharp have been
Thy words and they provoke me to the proof."
He spake, and rising with his mantle on
He seized a broader, thicker, heavier quoit,
By no small odds, than the Phæacians used,
And swinging it around with vigorous arm
He sent it forth; it sounded as it went;
And the Phæacians, skillful with the oar
And sail, bent low as o'er them, from his hand,
Flew the swift stone beyond the other marks.
And Pallas, in a human form, set up
A mark where it descended, and exclaimed:
"Stranger! a blind man, groping here, could find
Thy mark full easily, since it is not
Among the many, but beyond them all.
Then fear thou nothing in this game at least;
For no Phæacian here can throw the quoit
As far as thou, much less exceed thy cast."
She spake; Ulysses the great sufferer
Heard, and rejoiced to know he had a friend
In that great circle. With a lighter heart
Thus said the chief to the Phæacian crowd:
"Follow that cast, young men, and I will send
Another stone, at once, as far, perchance,
Or further still. If there are others yet
Who feel the wish, let them come forward here—
For much your words have chafed me—let them try
With me the boxing or the wrestling match,
Or foot-race; there is naught that I refuse—
Any of the Phæacians. I except
Laodamas; he is my host, and who
Would enter such a contest with a friend?
A senseless, worthless man is he who seeks
A strife like this with one who shelters him
In a strange land; he mars the welcome given.
As for the rest, there is no rival here
Whom I reject or scorn; for I would know
Their prowess, and would try my own with theirs
Before you all. At any of the games
Practiced among mankind I am not ill,
Whatever they may be. The polished bow
I well know how to handle. I should be
The first to strike a foe by arrows sent
Among a hostile squadron, though there stood
A crowd of fellow-warriors by my side
And also aimed their shafts. The only one
Whose skill in archery excelled my own,
When we Achaians drew the bow at Troy,
Was Philoctetes; to all other men
On earth that live by bread I hold myself
Superior. Yet I claim no rivalry
With men of ancient times—with Hercules
And Eurytus the Œchalian, who defied

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279. **Philoctetes**, a Greek in the Trojan war who was famous as an archer. 282. **Hercules**, a mighty hero in Greek and Roman mythology, famous for his strength and courage. Juno consented to his being made immortal on condition of his accomplishing certain superhuman feats, called the "twelve labors" of Hercules, in which he succeeded. 283. **Eurytus**, a skilled archer who was King of Œchalia.

The immortals to a contest with the bow
Therefore was mighty Eurytus cut off.
Apollo, angry to be challenged, slew
The hero. I can hurl a spear beyond
Where others send an arrow. All my fear
Is for my feet, so weakened have I been
Among the stormy waves with want of food
At sea, and thus my limbs have lost their strength."
He ended here, and all the assembly sat
In silence; King Alcinoüs only spake:
"Stranger, since thou dost speak without offense,
And but to assert the prowess of thine arm,
Indignant that amid the public games
This man should rail at thee, and since thy wish
Is only that all others who can speak
Becomingly may not in time to come
Dispraise that prowess, now, then, heed my words,
And speak of them within thy palace halls
To other heroes when thou banquetest
Beside thy wife and children, and dost think
Of things that we excel in—arts which Jove
Gives us, transmitted from our ancestors.
In boxing and in wrestling small renown
Have we, but we are swift of foot; we guide
Our galleys bravely o'er the deep."

* * *

Alcinoüs called his sons Laodamas
And Halius forth, and bade them dance alone,
For none of all the others equaled them.
Then taking a fair purple ball, the work
Of skillful Polybus, and, bending back,
One flung it toward the shadowy clouds on high;
The other springing upward easily
Grasped it before he touched the ground again.
And when they thus had tossed the ball awhile,
They danced upon the nourishing earth, and oft
Changed places with each other, while the youths
That stood within the circle filled the air
With their applauses; mighty was the din.
Then great Ulysses to Alcinoüs said:
"O King Alcinoüs! mightiest of the race
For whom thou hast engaged that they excel
All others in the dance, what thou hast said
Is amply proved. I look and am amazed."
Well pleased Alcinoüs the mighty heard,
And thus to his seafaring people spake:
"Leaders and chiefs of the Phæacians, hear!
Wise seems the stranger. Haste we to bestow
Gifts that may well beseem his liberal hests.
Twelve honored princes in our land bear sway,
The thirteenth prince am I. Let each one bring
A well-bleached cloak, a tunic, and beside
Of precious gold a talent. Let them all
Be brought at once, that, having seen them here,
Our guest may with a cheerful heart partake
The evening meal. And let Euryalus,
Who spake but now so unbecomingly,
Appease him both with words and with a gift."
He spake; they all approved, and each one sent
His herald with a charge to bring the gifts,
And thus Euryalus addressed the king:
"O King Alcinoüs, mightiest of our race,
I will obey thee, and will seek to appease
Our guest. This sword of brass will I bestow,
With hilt of silver, and an ivory sheath
New wrought, which he may deem a gift of price."
He spake, and gave the silver-studded sword
Into his hand, and spake these wingéd words:
"Stranger and father, hail! If any word
That hath been uttered gave offense, may storms
Sweep it away forever. May the gods
Give thee to see thy wife again, and reach
Thy native land, where all thy sufferings
And this long absence from thy friends shall end!"
Ulysses, the sagacious, thus replied:
"Hail also, friend! and may the gods confer
On thee all happiness, and may the time
Never arrive when thou shalt miss the sword
Placed in my hands with reconciling words!"
He spake, and slung the silver-studded sword
Upon his shoulders. Now the sun went down,
And the rich presents were already brought.
The noble heralds came and carried them
Into the palace of Alcinoüs, where
His blameless sons received and ranged them all
In fair array before the queenly dame
Their mother. Meantime had the mighty king
Alcinoüs to his palace led the way,
Where they who followed took the lofty seats,
And thus Alcinoüs to Aretè said:
"Bring now a coffer hither, fairly shaped,
The best we have, and lay a well-bleached cloak
And tunic in it; set upon the fire

A brazen caldron for our guest, to warm
The water of his bath, that having bathed
And viewed the gifts which the Phæacian chiefs
Have brought him, ranged in order, he may sit
Delighted at the banquet and enjoy
The music. I will give this beautiful cup
Of gold, that he, in memory of me,
May daily in his palace pour to Jove
Libations, and to all the other gods."
He spake; Aretè bade her maidens haste
To place an ample tripod on the fire.
Forthwith upon the blazing fire they set
A laver with three feet, and in it poured
Water, and heaped fresh fuel on the flames.
The flames crept up the vessel's swelling sides,
And warmed the water. Meantime from her room
Aretè brought a beautiful chest, in which
She laid the presents destined for her guest,
Garments and gold which the Phæacians gave,
And laid the cloak and tunic with the rest,
And thus in wingéd words addressed the chief:
"Look to the lid thyself, and cast a cord
Around it, lest, upon thy voyage home,
Thou suffer loss, when haply thou shalt take
A pleasant slumber in the dark-hulled ship."
Ulysses, the sagacious, heard, and straight
He fitted to its place the lid, and wound
And knotted artfully around the chest
A cord, as queenly Circé long before
Had taught him. Then to call him to the bath
The housewife of the palace came. He saw
Gladly the steaming laver, for not oft
Had he been cared for thus, since he had left
The dwelling of the nymph with amber hair,
Calypso, though attended while with her
As if he were a god. Now when the maids
Had seen him bathed, and had anointed him
With oil, and put his sumptuous mantle on,
And tunic, forth he issued from the bath,
And came to those who sat before their wine.
Nausicaä, goddess-like in beauty, stood
Beside a pillar of that noble roof,
And looking on Ulysses as he passed,
Admired, and said to him in wingéd words:
"Stranger, farewell, and in thy native land
Remember thou hast owed thy life to me."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. Some translators of the *Odyssey* use the Greek names throughout: Odysseus, Zeus, Hera, Pallas Athena, Poseidon, Artemis, Hephaestus; but Bryant in his translation prefers to use the Latin names: Ulysses, Jupiter or Jove, Juno, Minerva, Neptune, Diana, Vulcan. He gives as his reason for doing so the fact that Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and other early writers used these forms and made them familiar to English readers.

2. The *Odyssey* was composed originally in the Greek language, but many translations, both verse and prose, have been made into the modern languages. Among the best-known translations in English are those of Bryant, Palmer, Butcher and Lang, Morris, Pope, and Chapman.

Questions and Topics

1. Find a passage that shows the treatment of strangers in Homeric times. Read lines 347 to 364, Book VI; what is your opinion of gossips two thousand years ago? Find a passage that gives reasons for the high regard in which Aretè is held by the Phæacians. Try to make a sketch of the hall and garden of Alcinoüs from Homer's description. How do you answer the question implied in lines 316 to 318, Book VII? What is your opinion of Euryalus? How do the sports described in Book VIII compare with the events in a modern athletic meet?

2. In his translation Bryant tried to preserve some of the qualities of the original poem; one of these is the double adjective, such as, bright-eyed, lusty-limbed. Find others that you think are striking. Another characteristic of the *Odyssey* is the use of appositives; find examples that you think interesting.

3. You will find it interesting to compare some particular passage in as many different translations as you may have access to (see list under Explanatory Notes, above.) Choose a passage of your own selection or use one of the following: description of Olympus, Book VI, lines 53 to 62; the wish of Ulysses for Nausicaä, Book VI, lines 227 to 234; Nausicaä's reason for thinking war cannot come to the Phæacians, Book VI, lines 256 to 259; "The bold man ever is the better man," Book VII, line 58; greeting to the guests, Book VII, lines 181 to 185; Homeric athletes, Book VIII, lines 182 to 185; ideas of hospitality, Book VIII, lines 260 to 265.

4. In his wanderings Ulysses had twelve adventures. If each one of twelve pupils pre-

pares himself to tell one of these adventures to the class, all the members will have an opportunity to become acquainted with the whole story of the *Odyssey*. Select one of the following: the Ciconians, Book IX, lines 49 to 76; the Lotus-eaters, Book IX, lines 102 to 129; the Cyclops, Book IX, lines 130 to 670; Aeolus, Book X, lines 1 to 99; the Laestrigonians, Book X, lines 100 to 160; Circé, Book X, lines 161 to 692; visit of Ulysses to the land of the Dead, Book XI; the Sirens, Book XII, lines 185 to 240; Scylla and Charybdis, Book XII, lines 241 to 311; the Oxen of the Sun, Book XII, lines 312 to 517; Calypso, Book XII, lines 518 to 556 and Book VII, lines 289 to 357; among the Phæacians, Book VI to line 150 of Book XIII.

Books XIV to XXIV describe the return of Ulysses to his home in Ithaca, how he makes himself known to his son Telemachus, to his wife Penelope, and to his father Laertes. One of the most interesting incidents of the poem is the story of how the dog Argus recognizes his former master, Ulysses, Book XVII, lines 355 to 398. The poem ends with the slaying of the suitors and the reëstablishment of Ulysses as king of Ithaca.

5. Show how the adventure with the Cyclops and the curse of Neptune form the plot of the story. Which adventure resulted in the loss of all the ships except that of Ulysses? In which adventure was Ulysses's ship lost? How do you account for seven out of the ten years of Ulysses's wanderings? Where did he spend one year of his wanderings?

Class Reading. Select a unit of the narrative that particularly appeals to you and be prepared to read it in class.

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

Achaian (ȧ-kā′yăn)
Achilles (ȧ-kĭl′ēz)
Acroneus (ȧ-krōn′ūs)
Agamemnon (ăg′ȧ-mĕm′nŏn)
Alcinoüs (ăl-sĭn′ō̇-ŭs)
Amphialus (ăm-fī′ȧ-lŭs)
Anabasineüs (ăn-ȧ-bäs′ĭ-nē′ŭs)
Anchialus (ăn-kī′ȧ-lŭs)
Apollo (ȧ-pŏl′ō)
Aretè (ȧ-rē′tē)
Argus (är′gŭs)
Athens (ăth′ĕnz)
Atlas (ăt′lăs)
Calypso (kȧ-lĭp′sō)
Circé (sûr′sē)
Clytonian (klī-tō′nĭ-ăn)
Cyclops (sī′klŏps)
Delos (dē′lŏs)
Demodocus (dē̇-mŏd′ō̇-kŭs)
Diana, Dian (dī-ăn′ȧ, dī′ăn)
Dymas (dī′măs)
Echeneus (ĕ-kē′nūs)
Elatreus (ē̇-lăt′rūs)
Epirote (ē̇-pī′rōt)
Epirus (ē̇-pī′rŭs)
Erectheus (ē̇-rĕk′thūs)
Eretmeus (ĕ-rĕt′mūs)
Erymanthus (ĕr′ĭ-măn′thŭs)
Eubœa (ū̇-bē′ȧ)
Euryalus (ū̇-rī′ȧ-lŭs)
Eurymedon (ū̇-rĭm′ē̇-dŏn)
Eurymedusa (ū̇-rĭm′ē̇-dū′sȧ)
Eurytus (ū̇-rī′tŭs)
Hades (hā′dēz)
Halius (hā′lĭ-ūs)
Hercules (hûr′kū̇-lēz)
Hypereia (hī-pē̇-rē′ȧ)
Ilium (ĭl′ĭ-ŭm)
Jove (jōv)
Jupiter (jūp′ĭ-tẽr)
Laertes (lā̇-ûr′tē̇z)
Laodamas (lā̇-ŏd′ȧ-mȧs)
Latona (lȧ-tō′nȧ)
Marathon (măr′ȧ-thŏn)
Mars (märz)
Minerva (mĭ-nûr′vȧ)
Naubolus (nô′bō̇-lŭs)
Nausicaä (nô-sĭk′ā̇-ȧ)
Nausithoüs (nô-sĭth′ō̇-ŭs)
Nauteus (nô-tē′ūs)
Neptune (nĕp′tūn)
Ocyalus (ō̇-sī′ȧ-lŭs)
Œchalian (ē-kā′lĭ-ăn)
Ogygia (ō̇-jĭj′ĭ-ȧ)
Olympian (ō̇-lĭm′pĭ-ăn)
Olympus (ō̇-lĭm′pŭs)
Pallas (păl′ăs)
Peleus (pē′lūs)
Peribæa (pĕr-ĭ-bē′ȧ)
Phæacia (fē̇-ā′shȧ)
Phæacian (fē̇-ā′shăn)
Philoctetes (fĭl-ŏk-tē′tēz)
Phœbus (fē′bŭs)
Polybus (pŏl′ĭ-bŭs)
Polyneius (pŏl-ĭ-nē′ŭs)
Ponteus (pŏn-tē′ŭs)
Pontonoüs (pŏn-tō̇-nō′ŭs)
Proreus (prō′rūs)
Protonoüs (prō-tō̇-nō′ŭs)
Prymneus (prĭm-nē′ŭs)
Pythia (pĭth′ĭ-ȧ)
Rhadamanthus (răd-ȧ-măn′thūs)
Rhexenor (rĕx-ē′nŏr)
Scheria (skē′rĭ-ȧ)
Taÿgetus (tā̇-ĭj′ē̇-tŭs)
Tecton (tĕk′tŏn)
Thoön (thō′ŏn)
Tityus (tĭt′ĭ-ŭs)
Ulysses (ū̇-lĭs′ēz)
Vulcan (vŭl′kăn)

THE BALLAD

AN INTRODUCTION

I

The word "ballad" usually suggests a short story in verse, just as an epic may be thought of as a verse-novel. This is a very incomplete definition, however, as there are many short narrative poems which we do not call ballads. Sometimes the name is applied to a sentimental song, and it is true that a ballad is always a song. If we look up the word in a dictionary we find that it comes from an old French word meaning "to dance." At one time, therefore, the ballad seems to have been a song for a dancing chorus. Story, song, dance—here are three ingredients that appear to be mixed up in that form of composition which is called a ballad.

To name some of the ingredients, however, or all of them, is not to give a definition. In "Sir Patrick Spens," for example, the short story characteristic comes out very plainly. There is an abrupt beginning, which puts you at once into possession of the necessary facts: the king sitting in his tower, calling for a good sailor to be sent on a dangerous mission; the naming of Sir Patrick for this mission by an elderly knight; the commission which the king sent to Sir Patrick. All this is told in three stanzas of four lines each. The second part of the story, consisting of four stanzas, tells us the character of Sir Patrick: his pride in being selected, succeeded by his realization that he is really being sent into a trap by an enemy; and this is immediately followed by the forebodings of a superstitious old sailor who fears that his master is going to his death. Of the voyage we are told nothing; a single stanza suffices for the wreck for which we have been prepared by the previous part of the story; and the ballad ends with three stanzas that tell of the grief of the wives and sweethearts of the sailors, with a final stanza saying that the men were fifty fathoms under the sea.

The similarity between the ballad plot and the plot of the short story is apparent A single incident is related, from a single point of view. Nothing is told that is not necessary to give this effect. Indeed, the very things that one would expect to be told in detail are left to the imagination. We are not told why the King wished to send his men on such a mission, or what was the truth about the grudge which led the King's counselor to choose Sir Patrick for a journey that meant death; or what Sir Patrick did, or the cause of the wreck. The main incidents seem to be suppressed. Rather, they stand out more significantly because they are merely suggested by the sailor's forebodings, the grief of the ladies, and the tragic simplicity of the closing lines. Very likely these omissions are due to the fact that the story was well-known to the audience for whom the ballad was composed, so that it was not felt to be necessary to give details. What the balladist wanted to do was to express the horror, the emotion, that those who knew all the details felt when they heard of the fate of the brave sailor and his men. Contrast this with the modern newspaper which gives every minute detail of a celebrated murder mystery. Edition after edition appears, with pictures, conjectures, stories of the lives of the victim and his associates; no detail is too trivial. The ballad is reticent; it conceals more than it reveals; yet it gains tremendous effect by its very economy.

II

The ballad, then, is a tale. It is a short story told with the utmost economy in verse. And yet, it differs from the short story in several very remarkable particulars. For one thing, you get no impression of the author. It is impersonal. If you compare Poe's "Masque of the Red Death" with the ballad, you will see the difference. The horror inspired by the tragedy of Sir Patrick Spens is like that of some great catastrophe in actual life: the fall of a theater roof upon a happy, laughing audience; the sudden destruction wrought by a tornado. It is elemental. The horror inspired by Poe's story is like that of a tragedy acted on the stage, where setting, lighting effects, speech, and gesture, are all carefully designed to produce the effect desired. It is not that one method is bad and the other good. It is just that the two things differ.

Another illustration of the impersonal character of the ballad is even more striking. In the stories by O. Henry, for example, you are not conscious of taking any part in the action. Your attitude is that of a listener or a spectator. You cannot imagine yourself a part of a group of men and women, all of whom are brought into immediate relation to the action. In the ballad, on the other hand, this feeling that the reader or listener is one of such a group is present. The very fact that you are not told exactly what happened implies that this was not necessary; you are already supposed to know these things. You will see it clearly if you will imagine that you are one of a group of people who have been powerfully moved by the tragic fate of Sir Patrick. You knew him or some of his men. In this group the tragedy is being discussed. One man says he heard that Sir Patrick suspected the hand of an enemy, but that he was too brave to draw back even though he knew the voyage meant death. Another says that an old sailor observed portents and omens that promised a tragic outcome. A third adds that such omens ought never to be disregarded. Others wonder how the wives and sweethearts of the dead sailors felt when they heard the news, and they speak of the unutterable sadness of their waiting at home, day after day, for tidings. And at last someone speaks of the dead men themselves, lying down there fifty fathoms under the sea, their dead eyes open, their bodies gently rolling from side to side with the motion of the water, or too far below the surface ever to move. You see you have, in reality, a succession of broken bits of talk, expressions of mood, not a story told in an orderly way or written up for the newspaper. One member of the group and then another adds his bit. There are moments of silence between. All are thinking of the horror, and deeply moved. Then perhaps one, or two, or three, begin to put the thing into words. The words fit some simple song that everyone knows. The group begins to sing the song. The ballad is born.

Thus the ballad seems not to be a story at all but just the expression of the feelings of a whole group of people. It differs from the story in that it seems to tell itself. It is not the work of an author who gives to the events an interpretation or who carefully chooses details so that a definite impression is built up in the mind of the reader. It expresses the reactions of a group. It is impersonal.

It is a tale telling itself.

III

The third characteristic of the ballad is that it is designed to be sung. There is abundant evidence of this. In certain parts of the United States one may still hear some of these ballads sung to airs that are themselves very old. This will not much longer be possible. The ballad belongs to a way of life in which automobiles, telephones, and victrola records were unknown. It cannot breathe the same atmosphere with the song from a Broadway musical comedy, stamped on rubber disks and sent to every hamlet in the nation.

The ballad is a form of lyric poetry. Like other lyrics, it may be read or recited, but it is best when it is sung. This is true not only of the traditional ballads that were handed down for generations by word of mouth before they were ever written or printed, but also of ballads that were written like any other form of lyric. For example, in one of Shakespeare's plays a peddler comes to a country festival with printed ballads to sell. He gives a list of these, telling something about the story and naming the airs, or music, to which they are to be sung. Many of Burns's lyrics are very similar to the ballads, and in any edition of his poems you will find the names of the tunes. Sir Walter Scott, who was a great collector of the old folk ballads, named his collection *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, thus indicating the fact that the ballads were such as might have been sung by the ancient minstrels. In very early times, it is likely that the ballads were made in the presence of a group of people who joined immediately, in the very act of composition, in singing them. Perhaps, too, the singing was accompanied by rhythmic motion akin to the dance. But always the song is an essential.

Our definition of the ballad is now complete. It is a short story in verse; it is told without any of the decorations of literary art, expressing the feeling or mood not of an author but of a group, so that it seems to tell itself; and it is designed to be sung, not read or recited. These ideas are best expressed in a definition that has become famous for its completeness: "A ballad is a tale telling itself in song."

IV

It remains to say something about the themes and the style of the ballads, and about the life that they reflect.

Ballads have been made by all races and nations from the remotest antiquity. Since they represented the folk, ordinary people without the leisure or training to appreciate more carefully wrought poetry and prose, people who could neither read nor write, they were not written on paper or parchment but handed down orally from one generation to another. The epic poet might use stories that had long been known in ballad form, but he changed them, added reflections of his own, gave them poetic figures, and supplied material to fill in gaps in the narrative, so that the original ballad was transformed. It follows that only a few ballads have been preserved by any nation in proportion to the vast number that have been made. Indeed, educated men did not take much interest in this poetry of the common people until comparatively recent times. Toward the end of the eighteenth century, Bishop Percy made a collection of old ballads and romances that he called *Reliques of English Poetry*. About the same time, Robert Burns and other poets took advantage of the growing interest in old Scottish tunes by writing new lyrics, some of them ballads, to be sung to these tunes. A little later Sir Walter Scott published his great collection called *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

This growing interest in the ballads led to more careful study of them and to a search for others that had not yet been written down. This study brought forth many versions of some of the ballads, certain of these versions being found in America. In all cases the ballad is taken down orally by someone who is fortunate enough to hear it sung. Generally a folk ballad can now be found only in some remote region little affected by civilization and in which the present inhabitants can trace their descent to pure old English or Scottish stock.

The themes of the ballads are varied. Some deal with the wars of the clans on the Scottish border and with other heroic matters, such as single combats between rival chiefs or the death of a hero. Many are romantic, telling of star-crossed lovers, or of a maid wooed by a lord in the disguise of a beggar, or the supplanting of a maiden by a rival. Some deal with the supernatural: a lover's ghost returns to claim the bride, or a mother is visited by the ghosts of her sons, or a fairy claims a mortal lover. A few are humorous, but not many; the outlook on life that we find in the ballads is usually tragic. They deal with elemental themes: love, death, friendship, deadly enmity. Even the supernatural is treated in the same realistic manner. The ballad does not try to persuade you that there may be ghosts; it takes ghosts, fairies, supernatural creatures for granted. This is why, in the ballad about the wife of Usher's Well, you will find no attempt to make the flesh creep, to inspire terror of the unknown world, as in Shakespeare's account of Hamlet's father's ghost or in some of Poe's tales of the supernatural. You are not even told that these visitors are ghosts; it is taken for granted.

From all this it will appear also that

the ballad gives little analysis of character. We are not given details as to what the persons of the ballad are thinking about. The traits of character are simple: the man is brave, or a coward, or the sport of fate. The king is a king because he can sit in his tower and drink blood-red wine; the ladies are recognized as ladies because they have gold combs in their hair. Most of the ballads are intensely realistic. The richly described knights and ladies of the romances are not met here. Lovers do not woo in courtly language or sigh or write poetry, though they may die of a broken heart. The virtues are simple: faith, loyalty, courage, true friendship.

Something has already been said about ballad-style: the absence of detail, of decoration, of any of the devices that we call literary. Since the ballad is to be sung to a simple tune, there are no complicated stanza-forms. Usually a four-line stanza in which the second and fourth lines rime, with four accents in the first and third lines and three in the second and fourth, is characteristic. Certain phrases are used over and over and become conventions of ballad style. These will be pointed out in the notes. The most striking characteristic of ballad style is what has been called "incremental repetition," by which is meant the repetition of a line with just a little addition or increment to the story. Good illustrations will be found in "Lord Randal." Apparently the lines say the same thing over and over, but you will notice that the variations, though slight, are sufficient to carry forward the story, so that at the end the entire situation is plain.

Illustrations of the principal kinds of folk ballads are included in the pages you are now to read. The first four selections are of the simplest, most primitive, type. In these you will be able to find illustrations of the different characteristics of the folk ballad that have been pointed out. This group is followed by three ballads of the heroic type, and these in turn by two romantic ballads. Three ballads dealing with the supernatural, the world of the dead or of the fairies, are next given, and an excellent humorous ballad completes the group.

In reading these ballads do not be alarmed by the seeming strangeness of the language. It is the language of the people, not a literary language. Difficult words are explained in the notes, but many words seem strange merely because of the spelling. If you will read the stanza aloud, the sound of the word will often give you the meaning. Only by reading aloud do you get the spirit of the ballad: its vigor, its simplicity, its rapidity of movement. And if you should be so fortunate as to be able to hear some of these old songs of the people sung to their ancient music, you will learn more about the ballad spirit than through any amount of study.

Since the great revival of interest in the ballads began, many writers have tried to imitate this form of poetry. You will find, beginning on page 259, a group of selections from these literary ballads. It will be interesting for you to point out the various likenesses and differences between these modern imitations of the ballad and the songs of the unlettered folks of long ago.

LORD RANDAL

"O where ha you been, Lord Randal, my son?
And where ha you been, my handsome young man?"
"I ha been at the greenwood; mother, mak my bed soon.
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie down."

"An wha met ye there, Lord Randal, my son?
An wha met you there, my handsome young man?"
"O I met wi my true-love; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi huntin, an fain wad lie down."

"And what did she give you, Lord Randal, my son?
And what did she give you, my handsome young man?"
"Eels fried in a pan; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down."

"And wha gat your leavins, Lord Randal, my son?
And wha gat your leavins, my handsome young man?"
"My hawks and my hounds; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down."

"And what becam of them, Lord Randal, my son?
And what becam of them, my handsome young man?"
"They stretched their legs out an died; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down."

"O I fear you are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son!
I fear you are poisoned, my handsome young man!"
"O yes, I am poisoned; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"What d'ye leave to your mother, Lord Randal, my son?
What d'ye leave to your mother, my handsome young man?"
"Four and twenty milk kye; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"What d'ye leave to your sister, Lord Randal, my son?
What d'ye leave to your sister, my handsome young man?"
"My gold and my silver; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"What d'ye leave to your brother, Lord Randal, my son?
What d'ye leave to your brother, my handsome young man?"
"My houses and my lands; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"What d'ye leave to your true-love, Lord Randal, my son?
What d'ye leave to your true-love, my handsome young man?"
"I leave her hell and fire; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

4. **wad**, would.

27. **kye**, kine, or cows.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. This ballad is an excellent illustration of the way in which repetition of words and phrases may be used to advance the ballad-story. This kind of repetition ("incremental repetition") has already been explained on page 239. Study it here by the following outline: (a) Point out in each stanza the mother's question and the son's answer, omitting the refrain and the repeated words. (b) Does each question lead

naturally to the next following question? (c) How much of each stanza is repetition or refrain? (d) If someone suggested the question, could you make the rest of the stanza, or sing it if you knew the tune, without paying further attention to the composition? (e) Does the refrain in the fourth line of each stanza ever vary? If so, why, and what effect is gained? Is the refrain merely a set of repeated words, or does it help the story in any way?

2. The "legacy" is a convention, or commonplace, in many ballads. What change in the structure of the stanzas marks the introduction of this convention here? What persons are named? Of these, only one is important. Which one, and why? What, then, is the "increment," or addition to the story, that this set of repetitions contributes?

3. Reconstruct the story of the ballad, including both what you are told in the poem and what you know must have happened. *How do you know* that these things, not definitely mentioned, must have happened? Underline the parts of the story that are thus taken for granted, not definitely stated. About what proportion of the whole story is told in this indirect way?

4. In what way does this ballad resemble a short story? How does it differ?

THE TWA SISTERS

There was twa sisters in a bowr,
  Edinburgh, Edinburgh,
There was twa sisters in a bowr,
  Stirling for ay,
There was twa sisters in a bowr,
There came a knight to be their wooer,
  Bonny Saint Johnston stands upon Tay.

He courted the eldest wi glove an ring,
But he lovd the youngest above a' thing.

He courted the eldest wi brotch an knife,
But lovd the youngest as his life.

The eldest she was vexéd sair,
And much envi'd her sister fair.

Into her bowr she could not rest;
Wi grief an spite she almos brast.

Upon a morning fair an clear,
She cried upon her sister dear:

"O sister, come to yon sea stran,
An see our father's ships come to lan."

She's taen her by the milk-white han,
An led her down to yon sea stran.

The youngest stood upon a stane;
The eldest came and threw her in.

She tooke her by the middle sma,
An dashd her bonny back to the jaw.

"O sister, sister, tak my han,
An Ise mak you heir to a' my lan.

"O sister, sister, tak my middle,
An yes get my goud and my gouden girdle.

"O sister, sister, save my life,
An I swear Ise never be nae man's wife."

"Foul fa the han that I should tacke,
It twin'd me an my wardles make.

"Your cherry cheeks an yallow hair
Gars me gae maiden for evermair."

Sometimes she sank, an sometimes she swam,
Till she came down yon bonny milldam.

O out it came the miller's son,
An saw the fair maid swimmin in.

"O father, father, draw your dam,
Here's either a mermaid or a swan."

The miller quickly drew the dam,
An there he found a drownd woman.

You couldna see her yallow hair
For gold and pearle that were so rare.

You couldna see her middle sma
For gouden girdle that was sae braw.

You couldna see her fingers white
For gouden rings that was sae gryte.

An by there came a harper fine,
That harpéd to the king at dine.

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10. **brotch**, brooch. 15. **brast**, burst.

25. **jaw**, wave. 29. **yes**, ye shall. **goud**, gold. 32. **fa**, befall. 33. **twin'd**, separated. **wardles make**, earthly mate. 35. **gars**, makes. **gae**, go. 40. **draw your dam**, draw off the water from your dam. 47. **braw**, fine. 49. **gryte**, great.

When he did look that lady upon,
He sighd and made a heavy moan.

He's taen three locks o her yellow hair,
An wi them strung his harp sae fair.

The first tune he did play and sing,
Was, "Farewell to my father the king."

The nextin tune that he playd syne,
Was, "Farewell to my mother the queen."

The lasten tune that he playd then,
Was, "Wae to my sister, fair Ellen."

58. **syne**, then.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Study the repetition and refrain. Which lines in the complete stanza carry on the story? Which lines are purely refrain, with no relation to the story? Which line in each stanza is repeated three times? What is the effect? What use of repetition, binding stanzas together, do you discover in the lines which carry the story from stanza to stanza?

2. Write out, or be prepared to tell to the class, the story of the ballad. What facts in this story are not given directly but are left to be supplied by the reader or hearer? What descriptive elements, such as the description of the heroine, are repeated? Are there any conventional expressions for describing her hands, her jewels, etc.?

3. Note that the song of the harper is a variant of the "legacy" theme met in "Lord Randal." Why does the harp play this tune?

BABY LON

There were three ladies lived in a bower,
  Eh vow bonnie—
And they went out to pull a flower,
  On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

They hadna pu'ed a flower but ane
When up started to them a banisht man.

He's taen the first sister by her hand,
And he's turned her round and made her stand.

"It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?"

9. **rank**, bold.

"It's I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
But I'll rather die by your wee pen-knife."

He's killed this may, and he's laid her by,
For to bear the red rose company.

He's taken the second ane by the hand,
And he's turned her round and made her stand.

"It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?"

"I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
But I'll rather die by your wee pen-knife."

He's killed this may, and he's laid her by,
For to bear the red rose company.

He's taken the youngest ane by the hand,
And he's turned her round and made her stand.

Says, "Will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?"

"I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
Nor will I die by your wee pen-knife.

"For I hae a brother in this wood,
And gin ye kill me, it's he'll kill thee."

"What's thy brother's name? come tell to me."
"My brother's name is Baby Lon."

"O sister, sister, what have I done!
O have I done this ill to thee!

"O since I'ce done this evil deed,
Good sall never be seen o me."

He's taken out his wee pen-knife,
And he's twyned himsel o his ain sweet life.

13. **may**, maid. 30. **gin**, if. 38. **twyned**, deprived.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Note that the second and fourth lines, constituting the refrain, are printed only in the first stanza. If you were to sing the ballad, of course you would include this refrain in each stanza. How does it differ from the refrain in "Lord Randal"? Does it add to the *story*,

or to the *setting*, or to the *mood* of the ballad in any way?

2. Omitting the refrain, what other repetitions are there in this ballad? Make a study of these in the following way: (a) How many persons are present? What part does each play in the action? (b) If you have heard the part of the ballad dealing with the first sister, can you make the part referring to the second? To the third? (c) What "increment," or addition, then, do you find? How does it help tell the story? (d) Why are there no repetitions in the last five stanzas?

3. Reconstruct the story in your own words, just as you did in studying "Lord Randal." Underline, or point out to the class, the facts in the complete story that are not told directly by the ballad. How do you know these things happened? How much of the real story happened before the ballad-action begins?

4. Is there any description of character in this ballad? How does the third sister differ from the first two? Do you recall any similar instances in other poems?

BONNY BARBARA ALLAN

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a falling,
That Sir John Græme, in the West Country,
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwelling:
"O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan."

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

"O it's I'm sick, and very, very sick,
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan";
"O the better for me ye's never be,
Tho your heart's blood were a spilling.

"O dinna ye mind, young man," said she,
"When ye was in the tavern a-drinking,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan?"

He turnd his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing:
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan."

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him,
And sighing said she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
And every jow that the dead-bell geid,
It cry'd, "Woe to Barbara Allan!"

"O mother, mother, make my bed!
O make it saft and narrow!
Since my love died for me today,
I'll die for him tomorrow."

8. **gin**, if. 9. **hooly**, slowly.

31. **jow**, stroke of a bell. **geid**, gave.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Oliver Goldsmith, a great English poet, speaks of the time when an "old dairy maid sang me to tears with the cruelty of Barbara Allan." This was a boyhood memory, and he says that no music that he heard in after life ever seemed half so fine. The incident illustrates not only the power of the ballads as sung to their original music, but also the way in which these old songs were handed down from generation to generation before anyone ever thought of printing them. You might try to find the music to which "Barbara Allan" has always been sung.

2. Note the musical quality of the name "Barbara Allan" and the effect of the constant repetition of the name in the ballad.

3. Who are the speakers in lines 13–20? Who is the speaker in lines 33–36? Do these lines remind you of a stanza in a ballad previously read? In lines 29–32 note the first line and cite a similar style of phrasing from an earlier ballad.

4. Wherein lies the tragedy of this poem? Why was Barbara Allan so unrelenting? Did she love Sir John Græme?

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE

It fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
Into England, to drive a prey.

2. **muir-men**, moor men. **win**, winnow, dry by airing.

He chose the Gordons and the Græmes,
With them the Lindesays, light and gay;
But the Jardines wald not with him ride,
And they rue it to this day.

And he has burn'd the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bambroughshire;
And three good towers on Reidswire fells,
He left them all on fire,

And he march'd up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about;
"O wha's the lord of this castle,
Or wha's the lady o't?"

But up spake proud Lord Percy then,
And O but he spake hie!
"I am the lord of this castle,
My wife's the lady gay."

"If thou'rt the lord of this castle,
Sae weel it pleases me!
For, ere I cross the Border fells,
The tane of us shall die."

He took a lang spear in his hand,
Shod with the metal free,
And for to meet the Douglas there,
He rode right furiouslie.

But O how pale his lady look'd,
Frae aff the castle wa',
When down before the Scottish spear
She saw proud Percy fa'.

"Had we twa been upon the green,
And never an eye to see,
I wad hae had you, flesh and fell;
But your sword sall gae wi' me."

"But gae ye up to Otterbourne,
And wait there dayis three;
And if I come not ere three dayis end,
A fause knight ca' ye me."

"The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn;
'Tis pleasant there to be;
But there is nought at Otterbourne,
To feed my men and me.

"The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
The birds fly wild from tree to tree;
But there is neither bread nor kale,
To fend my men and me.

"Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,
Where you shall welcome be;
And if ye come not at three dayis end,
A fause lord I'll ca' thee."

"Thither will I come," proud Percy said,
"By the might of Our Ladye!"
"There will I bide thee," said the Douglas;
"My troth I plight to thee."

They lighted high on Otterbourne,
Upon the bent sae brown;
They lighted high on Otterbourne,
And threw their pallions down.

And he that had a bonnie boy,
Sent out his horse to grass;
And he that had not a bonnie boy,
His ain servant he was.

But up then spake a little page,
Before the peep of dawn,
"O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
For Percy's hard at hand."

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!
Sae loud I hear ye lie;
For Percy had not men yestreen
To dight my men and me.

"But I have dream'd a dreary dream,
Beyond the Isle of Sky;
I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think that man was I."

He belted on his guid braid sword,
And to the field he ran;
But he forgot the helmet good,
That should have kept his brain.

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,
I wat he was fu' fain;
They swakked their swords till sair they swat,
And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy with his good broadsword,
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
Till he fell to the ground.

Then he call'd on his little foot-page,
And said, "Run speedilie,
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery.

---

11. fells, hills. 18. hie, high, proudly. 24 tane, one. 26. free, excellent. 35. fell, skin.

58. bent, field. 60. pallions, tents. 72. dight, deal with. 82. fu' fain, very glad. 83. sair, sorely, very much. swat, sweated.

"My nephew good," the Douglas said,
"What recks the death of ane!
Last night I dream'd a dreary dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain.

"My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me by the braken bush,
That grows on yonder lilye lee.

"O bury me by the braken bush,
Beneath the blooming brier,
Let never living mortal ken
That ere a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi' the saut tear in his ee;
He hid him in the braken bush,
That his merrie-men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew,
But mony a gallant Englishmen
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English blood
They steep'd their hose and shoon;
The Lindsays flew like fire about
Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other were fain;
They swapped swords, and they twa swat,
And aye the blood ran down between.

"Now yield thee, yield thee, Percy," he said,
"Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!"
"To whom must I yield," quoth Earl Percy,
Now that I see it must be so?"

"Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the braken bush,
That grows upon yon lilye lee."

"I will not yield to a braken bush,
Nor yet will I yield to a brier;
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were here."

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He struck his sword's point in the gronde;
The Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the honde.

This deed was done at the Otterbourne,
About the breaking of the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
And the Percy led captive away.

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119. swapped, struck. 125. loun, a man of low station.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Describe the characteristic Border raid that is the cause of the Battle of Otterbourne. Who starts the trouble—the Scottish Douglas or the English Percy?

2. Is the story told from the Scottish point of view or that of the English?

3. Why does Percy tell the Douglas to wait for him "three dayis" at Otterbourne?

4. Describe the fulfillment of the Douglas's dream,

> "I saw a dead man win a fight,
> And I think that man was I."

5. Note that in the description of Lady Percy, when she saw Lord Percy fall, we are told not how she felt but how she looked. Find other cases in which the external appearances of things are given instead of feelings or abstract ideas; how are we told, for instance, that the Battle of Otterbourne was fought at night?

6. Point out examples of vigorous verbs of action. Note passages where the meter is rough, as if the story were more important than the versification. This poem contains many examples of characteristic ballad alliteration; point out a few.

7. This ballad, and the two that follow it, will introduce you to the heroic type of ballad. All three deal with conflicts between Scottish and English warriors near the border between the two countries. What differences do you note between this ballad and those previously read? Does it resemble the epic in any respects?

BEWICK AND GRAHAME

Old Grahame he is to Carlisle gone,
Where Sir Robert Bewick there met he;
In arms to the wine they are gone,
And drank till they were both merry.

Old Grahame he took up the cup,
And said, "Brother Bewick, here's to thee;
And here's to our two sons at home,
For they live best in our country."

"Nay, were thy son as good as mine,
And of some books he could but read,
With sword and buckler by his side,
To see how he could save his head,

"They might have been calld two bold brethren
Wher ever they did go or ride;
They might have been calld two bold brethren,
They might have crackd the Borderside.

"Thy son is bad, and is but a lad,
And bully to my son cannot be;
For my son Bewick can both write and read,
And sure I am that cannot he."

"I put him to school, but he would not learn,
I bought him books, but he would not read;
But my blessing he's never have
Till I see how his hand can save his head."

Old Grahame called for an account,
And he askd what was for to pay;
There he paid a crown, so it went round,
Which was all for good wine and hay.

Old Grahame is into the stable gone,
Where stood thirty good steeds and three;
He's taken his own steed by the head,
And home rode he right wantonly.

When he came home, there did he espy,
A loving sight to spy or see,
There did he espy his own three sons,
Young Christy Grahame, the foremost was he.

There did he espy his own three sons,
Young Christy Grahame, the foremost was he:
"Where have you been all day, father,
That no counsel you would take by me?"

"Nay, I have been in Carlisle town,
Where Sir Robert Bewick there met me;
He said thou was bad, and calld thee a lad,
And a baffled man by thou I be.

"He said thou was bad, and calld thee a lad,
And bully to his son cannot be;
For his son Bewick can both write and read,
And sure I am that cannot thee.

"I put thee to school, but thou would not learn,
I bought thee books, but thou would not read;
But my blessing thou's never have
Till I see with Bewick thou can save thy head."

"Oh, pray forbear, my father dear;
That ever such a thing should be!
Shall I venture my body in field to fight
With a man that's faith and troth to me?"

"What's that thou sayst, thou limmer loon?
Or how dare thou stand to speak to me?
If thou do not end this quarrel soon,
Here is my glove thou shalt fight me."

Christy stoopd low unto the ground,
Unto the ground, as you'll understand:
"O father, put on your glove again,
The wind hath blown it from your hand."

"What's that thou sayst, thou limmer loon?
Or how dare thou stand to speak to me?
If thou do not end this quarrel soon,
Here's my hand thou shalt fight me."

Christy Grahame is to his chamber gone,
And for to study, as well might be,
Whether to fight with his father dear,
Or with his bully Bewick he.

"If it be my fortune my bully to kill,
As you shall boldly understand,
In every town that I ride through,
They'll say, 'There rides a brotherless man.'

"Nay, for to kill my bully dear,
I think it will be a deadly sin;
And for to kill my father dear,
The blessing of heaven I neer shall win.

---

18. bully, comrade, or brother.

44. baffled, disgraced. 57. limmer loon, rascally fellow.

"O give me your blessing, father," he said,
"And pray well for me for to thrive;
If it be my fortune my bully to kill,
I swear I'll neer come home alive."

He put on his back a good plate-jack,
And on his head a cap of steel,
With sword and buckler by his side;
O gin he did not become them well!

"O fare thee well, my father dear!
And fare thee well, thou Carlisle town!
If it be my fortune my bully to kill,
I swear I'll neer eat bread again."

Now we'll leave talking of Christy Grahame,
And talk of him again belive;
But we will talk of bonny Bewick,
Where he was teaching his scholars five.

Now when he had learned them well to fence,
To handle their swords without any doubt,
He's taken his own sword under his arm,
And walkd his father's close about.

He lookd between him and the sun,
To see what farleys he could see;
There he spy'd a man with armor on,
As he came riding over the lee.

"I wonder much what man yon be
That so boldly this way does come;
I think it is my nighest friend,
I think it is my bully Grahame.

"O welcome, O welcome, bully Grahame!
O man, thou art my dear, welcome!
O man, thou art my dear, welcome!
For I love thee best in Christendom."

"Away, away, O bully Bewick,
And of thy bullyship let me be!
The day is come I never thought on;
Bully, I'm come here to fight with thee."

"O no! not so, O bully Grahame!
That eer such a word should spoken be!
I was thy master, thou was my scholar,
So well as I have learnëd thee."

"My father he was in Carlisle town,
Where thy father Bewick there met he;
He said I was bad, and he calld me a lad,
And a baffled man by thou I be."

"Away, away, O bully Grahame,
And of all that talk, man, let us be!
We'll take three men of either side
To see if we can our fathers agree."

"Away, away, O bully Bewick,
And of thy bullyship let me be!
But if thou be a man, as I trow thou art,
Come over this ditch and fight with me."

"O no! not so, my bully Grahame!
That eer such a word should spoken be!
Shall I venture my body in field to fight
With a man that's faith and troth to me?"

"Away, away, O bully Bewick,
And of all that care, man, let us be!
If thou be a man, as I trow thou art,
Come over this ditch and fight with me."

"Now, if it be my fortune thee, Grahame, to kill,
As God's will's, man, it all must be;
But if it be my fortune thee, Grahame, to kill,
'Tis home again I'll never gae."

"Thou art of my mind then, bully Bewick,
And sworn-brethren will we be;
If thou be a man, as I trow thou art,
Come over this ditch and fight with me."

He flang his cloak from off his shoulders;
His psalm-book out of his hand flang he;
He clapt his hand upon the hedge,
And oer lap he right wantonly.

When Grahame did see his bully come,
The salt tear stood long in his eye:
"Now needs must I say that thou art a man,
That dare venture thy body to fight with me.

"Now I have a harness on my back;
I know that thou hath none on thine;
But as little as thou hath on thy back,
Sure as little shall there be on mine."

---

85. **plate-jack**, sleeveless jacket of leather plated with iron. 94. **belive**, immediately. 102. **farleys**, strange sights, marvels.

152. **lap**, leaped.

He flang his jack from off his back;
His steel cap from his head flang he;
He's taken his sword into his hand;
He's tyed his horse unto a tree.

Now they fell to it with two broad swords;
For two long hours fought Bewick and he;
Much sweat was to be seen on them both,
But never a drop of blood to see.

Now Grahame gave Bewick an ackward stroke,
An ackward stroke surely struck he;
He struck him now under the left breast;
Then down to the ground as dead fell he.

"Arise, arise, O bully Bewick,
Arise, and speak three words to me!
Whether this be thy deadly wound,
Or God and good surgeons will mend thee."

"O horse, O horse, O bully Grahame,
And pray do get thee far from me!
Thy sword is sharp, it hath wounded my heart,
And so no further can I gae.

"O horse, O horse, O bully Grahame,
And get thee far from me with speed!
And get thee out of this country quite!
That none may know who's done the deed."

"O if this be true, my bully dear,
The words that thou dost tell to me,
The vow I made, and the vow I'll keep;
I swear I'll be the first that die."

Then he stuck his sword in a moody-hill,
Where he lap thirty good foot and three;
First he bequeathed his soul to God,
And upon his own sword-point lap he.

Now Grahame he was the first that died,
And then came Robin Bewick to see;
"Arise, arise, O son!" he said,
"For I see thou's won the victory.

"Arise, arise, O son!" he said,
"For I see thou's won the victory."
"Father, could ye not drunk your wine at home,
And letten me and my brother be?

"Nay, dig a grave both low and wide,
And in it us two pray bury;
But bury my bully Grahame on the sun-side,
For I'm sure he's won the victory."

Now we'll leave talking of these two brethren,
In Carlisle town where they lie slain,
And talk of these two good old men,
Where they were making a pitiful moan.

With that bespoke now Robin Bewick:
"O man, was I not much to blame?
I have lost one of the liveliest lads
That ever was bred unto my name."

With that bespoke my good lord Grahame:
"O man, I have lost the better block;
I have lost my comfort and my joy,
I have lost my key, I have lost my lock.

"Had I gone through all Ladderdale,
And forty horse had set on me,
Had Christy Grahame been at my back,
So well as he woud guarded me."

I have no more of my song to sing,
But two or three words to you I'll name;
But 'twill be talk'd in Carlisle town
That these two old men were all the blame.

189. **moody-hill**, mole-hill.

214. **block**, bargain.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Divide this ballad into scenes as if for dramatization; tell the setting of each scene and the characters that take part in it.
2. What is the cause of the fathers' quarrel?
3. Note that the two sons are brothers-in-arms, or "blood-brothers," and that each, therefore, is bound by oath to protect the other, to avenge his death, and not to survive him. Young Christy Grahame is thus forced to choose between fighting his blood-brother or his own father. What does he do?
4. Decide who is speaking in each stanza from lines 105–148. What do lines 165–168 show about the fighting quality of the two friends? What is young Bewick's attitude toward his slayer, as shown in lines 177–184?
5. Do you recall other instances in literature of the blood-brother relationship?
6. Judging from this ballad, what qualities were considered most admirable in a man?

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY

"Rise up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas," she says,
"And put on your armor so bright;
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine
Was married to a lord under night.

"Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armor so bright,
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest's awa the last night."

He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple gray,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

Lord William lookit oer his left shoulder,
To see what he could see,
And there he spy'd her seven brethren bold,
Come riding over the lee.

"Light down, light down, Lady Margret," he said,
"And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold,
And your father, I mak a stand."

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa,
And her father hard fighting, who lov'd her so dear.

"O hold your hand, Lord William!" she said,
"For your strokes they are wondrous sair;
True lovers I can get many a ane,
But a father I can never get mair."

O she's taen out her handkerchief,
It was o the holland sae fine,
And aye she dighted her father's bloody wounds,
That were redder than the wine.

"O chuse, O chuse, Lady Margret," he said,
"O whether will ye gang or bide?"
"I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William," she said,
"For ye have left me no other guide."

He's lifted her on a milk-white steed;
And himself on a dapple gray,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rade away.

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to tak a drink
Of the spring that ran sae clear,
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
And sair she gan to fear.

"Hold up, hold up, Lord William," she says,
"For I fear that you are slain."
"'Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,
That shines in the water sae plain."

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to his mother's ha door,
And there they lighted down.

"Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"Get up and let me in!
Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"For this night my fair lady I've win.

"O mak my bed, lady mother," he says,
"O mak it braid and deep,
And lay Lady Margret close at my back
And the sounder I will sleep."

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
Lady Margret lang ere day;
And all true lovers that go thegither,
May they have mair luck than they!

Lord William was buried in St. Mary's kirk,
Lady Margret in Mary's quire;
Out o the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out o the knight's a briar.

And they twa met, and they twa plat,
And fain they wad be near;
And a' the warld might ken right weel
They were twa lovers dear.

---

26. sair, sore, strong.

73. plat, intertwined.

But bye and rade the Black Douglas,
And wow but he was rough!
For he pulld up the bonny brier,
And flang 't in St. Mary's Loch.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. What has occurred before the opening of the ballad? Who is speaking in lines 1–8?

2. Which is the center of interest—the elopement or the fight of Lord William against the seven brothers and the father of his bride?

3. This ballad presents several very vivid pictures; point out the one that seems most vivid to you and tell the details that make it so.

KING ESTMERE

Hearken to me, gentlemen,
Come and you shall heare;
Ile tell you of two of the boldest brether
That ever borne were.

The tone of them was Adler Younge,
The tother was Kyng Estmere;
The were as bolde men in their deeds
As any were, farr and neare.

As they were drinking ale and wine
Within his brother's hall,
"When will ye marry a wyfe, brother,
A wyfe to glad us all?"

Then bespake him Kyng Estmere,
And answered him hartilye:
"I know not that ladye in any land,
That's able to marrye with mee."

"Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brother,
Men call her bright and sheene;
If I were kyng here in your stead,
That ladye shold be my queene."

Saies, "Reade me, reade me, deare brother,
Throughout merry England,
Where we might find a messenger
Betwixt us towe to sende."

Saies, "You shal ryde yourselfe, brother,
Ile beare you companye;
Many a man throughe fals messengers is deceived,
And I feare lest soe shold wee."

Thus the renisht them to ryde,
Of twoe good renisht steeds,
And when the came to King Adland's halle,
Of redd gold shone their weeds.

And when the came to Kyng Adlands hall,
Before the goodlye gate,
There they found good Kyng Adland
Rearing himselfe thereatt.

"Now Christ thee save, good Kyng Adland;
Now Christ you save and see."
Sayd, "You be welcome, King Estmere,
Right hartilye to mee."

"You have a daughter," said Adler Younge,
"Men call her bright and sheene;
My brother will marrye her to his wiffe,
Of England to be queene."

"Yesterday was att my deere daughter
The king his sonne of Spayn,
And then she nickéd him of naye,
And I doubt sheele do you the same."

"The kyng of Spayne is a foule paynim,
And 'leeveth on Mahound,
And pitye it were that fayre ladye
Shold marry a heathen hound.

"But grant to me," sayes Kyng Estmere,
"For my love I you praye,
That I may see your daughter deere
Before I goe hence awaye."

'Although itt is seven years and more
Since my daughter was in halle,
She shall come once downe for your sake,
To glad my guestës alle."

Downe then came that mayden fayre,
With ladyes laced in pall,
And halfe a hundred of bold knightes,
To bring her from bowre to hall,
And as many gentle squiers,
To tend upon them all.

The talents of golde were on her head sette,
Hanged low downe to her knee,
And everye ring on her small finger
Shone of the chrystall free.

---

21. Saies, he says. Reade, advise.

29. the renisht, they prepared. 47. nickéd, answered.

Saies, "God you save, my deere madam,"
Saies, "God you save and see."
Said, "You be welcome, Kyng Estmere,
Right welcome unto mee."

"And if you love me, as you saye,
Soe well and hartilee,
All that ever you are comen about
Soone sped now itt shal bee."

Then bespake her father deare:
"My daughter, I saye naye;
Remember well the kyng of Spayne,
What he sayd yesterdaye.

"He wold pull downe my halles and castles,
And reave me of my lyfe;
I cannot blame him if he doe,
If I reave him of his wyfe."

"Your castles and your towres, father,
Are stronglye built aboute,
And therefore of the king his sonne of Spaine
Wee neede not stande in doubt.

"Plight me your troth, nowe, Kyng Estmere,
By heaven and your righte hand,
That you will marrye me to your wyfe,
And make me queene of your land."

Then Kyng Estmere he plight his troth,
By heaven and his righte hand,
That he wolde marrye her to his wyfe,
And make her queene of his land.

And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,
To goe to his owne countree,
To fetche him dukes and lordes and knightes,
That marryed the might bee.

They had not ridden scant a myle,
A myle forthe of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With kempës many one.

But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With manye a bold barone,
Tone day to marrye Kyng Adlands daughter,
Tother daye to carrye her home.

Shee sent one after Kyng Estmere,
In all the spede might bee,
That he must either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home and loose his ladye.

One whyle then the page he went,
Another while he ranne;
Till he had oretaken King Estmere,
I-wis he never blanne.

"Tydings, tydings, Kyng Estmere!"
"What tydings nowe, my boye?"
"O tydings I can tell to you,
That will you sore annoye.

"You had not ridden scant a mile,
A mile out of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With kempës many a one.

"But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With manye a bold barone,
Tone daye to marrye King Adlands daughter,
Tother day to carry her home.

"My ladye fayre she greetes you well,
And ever-more well by mee;
You must either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home and loose your ladye."

Saies, "Reade me, reade me, deere brother,
My reade shall ryse at thee,
Whether it is better to turne and fighte,
Or goe home and loose my ladye."

"Now hearken to me," sayes Adler Yonge,
"And your reade must rise at me;
I quicklye will devise a waye
To sette thy ladye free.

"My mother was a westerne woman,
And learned in gramarye,
And when I learnéd at the schole,
Something shee taught itt mee.

"There growes an hearbe within this field,
And iff it were but knowne,
His color, which is whyte and redd,
It will make blacke and browne.

---

106. **kempës**, fighting men.

118. **blanne**, stopped. 136. **My reade shall ryse at thee**, my advice must come from thee. 144. **gramarye**, magic.

"His color, which is browne and blacke,
Itt will make redd and whyte;
That sworde is not in all Englande
Upon his coate will byte.

"And you shal be a harper, brother,
Out of the north countrye,
And Ile be your boy, soe faine of fighte,
And beare your harpe by your knee.

"And you shal be the best harper
That ever tooke harpe in hand,
And I wil be the best singer
That ever sung in this lande.

"Itt shal be written in our forheads,
All and in grammarye,
That we towe are the boldest men
That are in all Christentye."

And thus they renisht them to ryde,
Of tow good renisht steedes,
And when they came to King Adlands hall,
Of redd gold shone their weedes.

And whan they came to Kyng Adlands hall
Untill the fayre hall-yate,
There they found a proud porter,
Rearing himselfe thereatt.

Sayes, "Christ thee save, thou proud porter,"
Sayes, "Christ thee save and see."
"Nowe you be welcome," sayd the porter,
"Of what land soever ye bee."

"Wee beene harpers," sayd Adler Younge,
"Come out of the northe countrye;
"We beene come hither untill this place
This proud weddinge for to see."

Sayd, "And your color were white and redd,
As it is blacke and browne,
I wold saye King Estmere and his brother
Were comen untill this towne."

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,
Layd itt on the porters arme:
"And ever we will thee, proud porter,
Thow wilt saye us no harme."

Sore he looked on Kyng Estmere,
And sore he handled the ryng,
Then opened to them the fayre hall-yates,
He lett for no kind of thyng.

Kyng Estmere he stabled his steede
Soe fayre att the hall-bord;
The froth that came from his brydle bitte
Light in Kyng Bremors beard.

Saies, "Stable thy steed, thou proud harper,"
Saies, "Stable him in the stalle;
It doth not beseeme a proud harper
To stable his steed in a kyngs halle."

"My ladde he is so lither," he said,
"He will doe nought that's meete;
And is there any man in this hall
Were able him to beate?"

"Thou speakst proud words," sayes the king of Spaine,
"Thou harper, here to mee;
There is a man within this halle
Will beate thy ladd and thee."

"O let that man come downe," he said,
"A sight of him wold I see;
And when hee hath beaten well my ladd,
Then he shall beate of mee."

Downe then came the kemperye man,
And looked him in the eare;
For all the gold that was under heaven,
He durst not neigh him neare.

"And how nowe, kempe," said the kyng of Spaine,
"And how, what aileth thee?"
He saies, "It is writt in his forhead,
All and in gramarye,
That for all the gold that is under heaven,
I dare not neigh him nye."

Then Kyng Estmere pulld forth his harpe,
And plaid a pretty thinge;
The ladye upstart from the borde,
And wold have gone from the king.

"Stay thy harpe, thou proud harper,
For Gods love I pray thee;
For and thou playes as thou beginns,
Thou'lt till my bryde from mee."

He stroake upon his harpe againe,
And playd a pretty thinge;
The ladye lough a loud laughter,
As shee sate by the king.

---

189. **will thee**, will of thee, desire of thee. 194. **lett**, delayed.

196. **hall-bord**, dining table. 215. **kemperye**, fighting. 218. **neigh**, approach. 232. **till**, entice.

Saies, “Sell me thy harpe, thou proud
harper,
And thy stringës all;
For as many gold nobles thou shalt have,
As heere bee ringes in the hall.”

Hee played agayne both loud and shrille,
And Adler he did syng,
“O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
Noe harper, but a kyng.

“O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
As playnlye thou mayest see,
And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim
Who partes thy love and thee.”

The ladye looked, the ladye blushte,
And blushte and lookt agayne,
While Adler he hath drawne his brande,
And hath the sowdan slayne.

Up then rose the kemperye men,
And loud they gan to crye:
“Ah! traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,
And therefore yee shall dye.”

Kyng Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,
And swith he drew his brand,
And Estmere he and Adler Yonge
Right stiffe in stour can stand.

And aye their swordes soe sore can byte,
Throughe help of gramarye,
That soone they have slayne the kempery
men
Or forst them forth to flee.

King Estmere tooke that fayre ladye,
And marryed her to his wiffe,
And brought her home to merry England,
With her to lead his life.

252. **sowdan**, sultan (the King of Spain considered as a Mohammedan sovereign). 258. **swith**, quickly.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. “King Estmere” and “Young Bicham” are illustrations of ballads in which the chief interest is in the romance that they tell rather than in heroic action. To a certain extent this is also true of the “Douglas Tragedy.” In “King Estmere” there is no tragedy, for we feel that the Spanish king and his men got only what they deserved. While the balladist, as always, is interested chiefly in *events* and not in character, you are able in this ballad to tell something about the heroine, the hero, the girl's father, and the unpopular suitor. You can also distinguish between the lover and his brother. Pick out the words and phrases that give you information on these points.

2. Note the spirit and zest with which the story is told. Point out the successive steps in the development of the plot. In what scenes do you *see* or make a picture of what is happening?

3. Point out examples of conventional ballad words and phrases.

4. Are there any instances of humor in this ballad? Is humor frequently found in ballads?

5. Note that the return of the lover disguised as a harper and the battle in the hall in which the unwelcome suitor is killed are details closely similar to the story of Ulysses's return to his home and his battle with the suitors of Penelope. Observe also the introduction of “gramarye,” or magic.

6. Some details of social life and customs may be noted, as for example driving the horse into the great hall. Why does the King of Spain object? Find other passages which reflect the manners of the time.

YOUNG BICHAM

In London city was Bicham born,
He longd strange countries for to see,
But he was taen by a savage Moor,
Who handld him right cruely.

For thro his shoulder he put a bore,
And thro the bore has pitten a tree,
An he's gard him draw the carts o wine,
Where horse and oxen had wont to be.

He's casten him in a dungeon deep,
Where he coud neither hear nor see;
He's shut him up in a prison strong,
An he's handld him right cruely.

O this Moor he had but ae daughter,
I wot her name was Shusy Pye;
She's doen her to the prison-house,
And she's calld Young Bicham one word
by.

6. **pitten a tree**, put a rod or pole.

"O hae ye ony lands or rents,
Or citys in your ain country,
Coud free you out of prison strong,
An coud mantain a lady free?"

"O London city is my own,
An other citys twa or three,
Coud loose me out o prison strong
An coud mantain a lady free."

O she has bribed her father's men
Wi meikle goud and white money,
She's gotten the key o the prison doors,
An she has set Young Bicham free.

She's gi'n him a loaf o good white bread,
But an a flask o Spanish wine,
An she bad him mind on the ladie's love
That sae kindly freed him out o pine.

"Go set your foot on good ship-board,
An haste you back to your ain country,
An before that seven years has an end,
Come back again, love, and marry me."

It was long or seven years had an end
She longd fu sair her love to see;
She's set her foot on good ship-board,
An turnd her back on her ain country.

She's saild up, so has she doun,
Till she came to the other side;
She's landed at Young Bicham's gates,
An I hop this day she sal be his bride.

"Is this Young Bicham's gates?" says she,
"Or is that noble prince within?"
"He's up the stairs wi his bonny bride,
An monny a lord and lady wi him."

"O has he taen a bonny bride,
An has he clean forgotten me!"
An sighing said that gay lady,
"I wish I were in my ain country!"

But she's pitten her han in her pocket,
An gin the porter guineas three;
Says, "Take ye that, ye proud porter,
An bid the bridegroom speak to me."

O whan the porter came up the stair,
He's fa'n low down upon his knee:
"Won up, won up, ye proud porter,
An what makes a' this courtesy?"

"O I've been porter at your gates
This mair nor seven years an three,
But there is a lady at them now
The like of whom I never did see.

"For on every finger she has a ring,
An on the mid-finger she has three,
An there's as meikle goud aboon her brow
As woud buy an earldome o lan to me."

Then up it started Young Bicham,
An sware so loud by Our Lady,
"It can be nane but Shusy Pye,
That has come oer the sea to me."

O quickly ran he down the stair,
O fifteen steps he has made but three;
He's tane his bonny love in his arms,
An a wot he kissd her tenderly.

"O hae you tane a bonny bride?
An hae you quite forsaken me?
An hae ye quite forgotten her
That gae you life an liberty?"

She's lookit oer her left shoulder
To hide the tears stood in her ee;
"Now fare thee well, Young Bicham," she says,
"I'll strive to think nae mair on thee."

"Take back your daughter, madam," he says,
"An a double dowry I'll gi her wi;
For I maun marry my first true love,
That's done and suffered so much for me."

He's take his bonny love by the han,
And led her to yon fountain stane;
He's changd her name frae Shusy Pye,
An he's cald her his bonny love, Lady Jane.

---

32. pine, pain. 59. Won up, get up.

76. An a wot, and I know.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. There is material for a novel in this comparatively short ballad. If you were to outline the plot for such a novel what would you add? What explanation, for example, would you give for the lover's failure to return to claim the girl? For his arrangements to marry another girl?

2. Note that the ending is happy, not tragic, as in "Twa Sisters" and in many other love-ballads. Are you glad the heroine triumphed here? Tell what sort of person you think she was, and cite the passages that lead to your judgment. What significance is there in her change of name?

3. If you were to paint a picture illustrating this ballad, what scene would you choose? Why?

THE WEE, WEE, MAN

As I was wa'king all alone,
  Between a water and a wa,
And there I spy'd a wee, wee, man,
  And he was the least that ere I saw.

His legs were scarce a shathmont's length,
  And thick and thimber was his thigh;
Between his brows there was a span,
  And between his shoulders there was three.

He took up a meikle stane,
  And he flang't as far as I could see;
Though I had been a Wallace wight,
  I couldna liften't to my knee.

"O wee, wee, man, but thou be strang!
  O tell me where thy dwelling be?"
"My dwelling's down at yon bonny bower;
  O will you go with me and see?"

On we lap, and awa we rade,
  Till we came to yon bonny green;
We lighted down for to bait our horse,
  And out there came a lady fine.

Four and twenty at her back,
  And they were a' clad out in green;
Though the King of Scotland had been there,
  The warst o them might hae been his queen.

On we lap, and awa we rade,
  Till we came to yon bonny ha,
Whare the roof was o the beaten gould,
  And the floor was o the cristal a'.

When we came to the stair-foot,
  Ladies were dancing, jimp and sma,
But in the twinkling of an eye,
  My wee, wee, man was clean awa.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. This ballad introduces a group in which the supernatural plays a part. Here it is a version of a theme very popular in folklore in which a mortal lover woos a fairy. Such legends give various ways in which a mortal may win access to the world of enchantment; sometimes he crosses a bridge, or is ferried across a stream in a boat that moves without oars or sails. Often he meets a strange being, as here.

2. Describe the "wee, wee man." Compare the use of the fairy element in this ballad with its use in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (in *Junior High School Literature Book II*).

3. In line 20 the "lady fine" is a fairy. How do you know? The story is obviously incomplete. What do you suppose happened?

THOMAS RYMER

True Thomas lay oer yond grassy bank,
  And he beheld a ladie gay,
A ladie that was brisk and bold,
  Come riding oer the fernie brae.

Her skirt was of the grass-green silk,
  Her mantel of the velvet fine;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane
  Hung fifty silver bells and nine.

True Thomas he took off his hat,
  And bowed him low down till his knee:
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!
  For your peer on earth I never did see."

"O no, O no, True Thomas," she says,
  "That name does not belong to me;
I am but the queen of fair Elfland,
  And I'm come here for to visit thee.

"But ye maun go wi me now, Thomas,
  True Thomas, ye maun go wi me,
For ye maun serve me seven years,
  Thro weel or wae as may chance to be."

---

5. **shathmont's**, shaftment's, the distance from the end of the extended thumb to the opposite side of the palm; six inches. 6. **thimber**, heavy. 9. **meikle**, very large. 11. **Wallace**, Sir William Wallace (c. 1270-1305), the popular national hero of Scotland, famous for his strength and bravery.

7. **ilka tett**, each lock.

She turned about her milk-white steed,
  And took True Thomas up behind,
And aye wheneer her bridle rang,
  The steed flew swifter than the wind.

For forty days and forty nights
  He wade thro red blude to the knee,
And he saw neither sun nor moon,
  But heard the roaring of the sea.

O they rade on, and further on,
  Until they came to a garden green:
"Light down, light down, ye ladie free;
  Some of that fruit let me pull to thee."

"O no, O no, True Thomas," she says,
  "That fruit maun not be touched by thee,
For a' the plagues that are in hell
  Light on the fruit of this countrie.

"But I have a loaf here in my lap,
  Likewise a bottle of claret wine,
And now ere we go farther on,
  We'll rest a while, and ye may dine."

When he had eaten and drunk his fill,
  "Lay down your head upon my knee,"
The lady sayd, "ere we climb yon hill,
  And I will show you fairlies three.

"O see not ye yon narrow road,
  So thick beset wi thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
  Tho after it but few enquires.

"And see not ye that braid, braid, road,
  That lies across yon lillie leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
  Tho some call it the road to heaven.

"And see not ye that bonny road,
  Which winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
  Where you and I this night maun gae.

"But Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
  Whatever you may hear or see,
For gin ae word you should chance to speak,
  You will neer get back to your ain countrie."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
  And a pair of shoes of velvet green,
And till seven years were past and gone
  True Thomas on earth was never seen.

44. **fairlies**, wonders. 50. **leven**, glade.

61. **even**, smooth.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. There was a Thomas the Rymer (a minstrel) who lived in the latter part of the thirteenth century. There are many legends about him. This ballad is at least a century older than Shakespeare's plays.

2. The ballad should be compared with "The Wee, Wee Man." In what way is it more complete? How do the two ballads resemble each other?

3. Note carefully the following details and explain from them what you think they indicate as to popular belief in such stories: (a) Thomas thinks the lady is Queen of Heaven; who is she? (b) They pass through blood forty days and forty nights; there are other strange aspects of nature. (c) Thomas is not allowed to eat the fruit in the "garden green." (d) The three roads and what they represent.

4. Note the use of numbers in this ballad. Have you any explanation? What other fairy-tale elements do you find in the ballad?

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

There lived a wife at Usher's Well,
  And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
  And sent them oer the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
  A week but barely ane,
Whan word came to the carline wife
  That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
  A week but barely three,
Whan word came to the carlin wife
  That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,
  Nor fashes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
  In earthly flesh and blood."

14. **fashes**, troubles.

It fell about the Martinmass,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carlin wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh;
But at the gates o Paradise,
That birk grew fair eneugh.

"Blow up the fire, my maidens,
Bring water from the well;
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well."

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide,
And she's taen her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bed-side.

Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
"'Tis time we were away."

The cock he hadna crawd but once,
And clappd his wings at a',
When the youngest to the eldest said,
"Brother, we must awa.

"The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin worm doth chide;
Gin we be mist out o our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

"Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire!"

20. **birk**, birch; that is, they were wearing wreaths of birch. 21. **syke**, trench. 22. **sheugh**, furrow. 42. **channerin**, devouring.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Is the form of this ballad like that of any other you have read? Is the story like any other story that you have read?

2. This ballad recites the strange experience of a peasant woman. Can you think of any reason why many of the old ballads which have come down to us are stories of kings and queens, or powerful knights and nobles?

3. What tidings came to this woman? Notice that we are told nothing of the woman's grief; was the ballad maker intent upon something more amazing than sorrow for the dead? What is the occurrence to which everything else in the ballad is subordinated?

4. How do we learn that the three sons did not return "in earthly flesh and blood"? Does the mother realize this or not? Does anything in the story tell you?

5. Of what is the crowing of the cock a sign? During what hours did popular superstition hold that spirits and elves had power?

6. Note that the ghosts are taken as a matter of course. There is no attempt to arouse a feeling of horror in the reader or hearer. Compare this attitude toward the supernatural or the weird with that found in other forms of literature, such as a story by Poe or the ghosts in Shakespeare's dramas.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR

It fell about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was than,
That our gudewife had puddings to mak'
And she boil'd them in the pan.

The wind blew cauld frae east and north
And blew intil the floor;
Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
"Get up and bar the door."

"My hand is in my hussyskep,
Gudeman, as ye may see;
An it shou'dna be barr'd this hunder year,
It's ne'er be barr'd by me."

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure,
That the first word whaever spak,
Should rise and bar the door.

Than by there came twa gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night,
When they can see na ither house,
And at the door they light.

"Now whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether it is a poor?"
But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,
For barring of the door.

9. **hussyskep**, housewifery. 13. **paction**, compact, bargain.

And first they ate the white puddings
  And syne they ate the black;
Muckle thought the gudewife to hersell,
  Yet ne'er a word she spak.

Then ane unto the ither said,
  "Here, man tak ye my knife;
Do ye tak off the auld man's beard,
  And I'll kiss the gudewife."

"But there's na water in the house,
  And what shall we do than?"
"What ails ye at the pudding bree
  That boils into the pan?"

O up then started our gudeman,
  An angry man was he;
"Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
  And scaud me wi' pudding bree?"

O up then started our gudewife,
  Gied three skips on the floor;
"Gudeman, ye've spak the foremost word;
  Get up and bar the door."

---

26. **syne**, then. 35. **pudding bree**, water in which the pudding was boiling. 40. **scaud**, scald.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. If you were to dramatize this incident, how should you arrange the stage? Write the story of the ballad in the form of a one-act play.

2. Why does the incident in this old ballad appeal to the modern reader? Can you recall any similar incident in your own experience?

3. Humor is rarely met with in the ballad. Can you give any reasons for this?

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

PART THE FIRST

An ancient Mariner meeteth three Gallants bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one.

I

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

II

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set—
May'st hear the merry din."

III

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, graybeard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The Wedding-Guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old sea-faring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

IV

He holds him with his glittering eye;
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child—
The Mariner hath his will.

V

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone—
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather till it reached the Line.

VI

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared;
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

VII

The Sun came up upon the left;
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

VIII

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—"
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wedding-Guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

IX

The bride hath paced into the hall;
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

X

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship drawn by storm toward the south pole.

XI

"And now the Storm-Blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

XII

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

XIII

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast-high, came floating by
As green as emerald.

XIV

The land of ice, and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be seen;

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

XV

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

XVI

Till a great sea-bird called the Albatross, came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

At length did cross an Albatross;
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

XVII

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

XVIII

And lo! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward, through fog and floating ice.

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

XIX

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white
Glimmered the white moonshine."

XX

The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—"With my crossbow
I shot the Albatross."

PART THE SECOND

XXI

"The Sun now rose upon the right;
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

XXII

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

XXIII

His shipmates cry out against the ancient Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe;
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
'Ah, wretch!' said they, 'the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!'

XXIV

But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist;
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
''Twas right,' said they, 'such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.'

XXV

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean and sails northward, even till it reaches the Line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

XXVI

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

Stanza XXIV. uprist, uprose.

XXVII

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

XXVIII

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

XXIX

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

XXX

The very deep did rot—O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

XXXI

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

XXXII

And some in dreams assuréd were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

A spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew Josephus and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

XXXIII

The shipmates in their sore distress would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner; in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot

XXXIV

Ah! well-a-day!— what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART THE THIRD

XXXV

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye!
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

XXXVI

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved, and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

XXXVII

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared;
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

XXXVIII

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, "A sail! a sail!"

XXXIX

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call;
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

A flash of joy;

XL

And horror follows. For can it be a *ship* that comes onward without wind or tide?

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

XLI

The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave

Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

XLII

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!),
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered,
With broad and burning face.

XLIII

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

XLIV

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun. The Specter-Woman and her Death-mate, and no other on board the skeleton-ship.

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that Woman's mate?

XLV

Like vessel, like crew!

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold;
Her skin was as white as leprosy;
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

XLVI

Death and Life-in-Death have diced for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won! I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

XLVII

No twilight within the courts of the Sun.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the specter-bark.

XLVIII

At the rising of the Moon,

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night;
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornéd Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

XLIX

One after another

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

L

His shipmates drop down dead,

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

LI

But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.

The souls did from their bodies fly—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my crossbow!"

PART THE FOURTH

LII

The Wedding-Guest feareth that a Spirit is talking to him;

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

LIII

But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown"—
"Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

Stanza XLVIII. **clomb**, climbed.

LIV

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
  Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
  My soul in agony.

LV

He despiseth the creatures of the calm,

The many men, so beautiful!
  And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
  Lived on; and so did I.

LVI

And envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead,

I looked upon the rotting sea,
  And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
  And there the dead men lay.

LVII

I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray;
  But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
  My heart as dry as dust.

LVIII

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
  And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
  And the dead were at my feet.

LIX

But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
  Nor rot nor reek did they;
The look with which they looked on me
  Had never passed away.

LX

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
  A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
  Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse
  And yet I could not die.

LXI

The moving Moon went up the sky,
  And nowhere did abide;
Softly she was going up,
  And a star or two beside—

LXII

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
  Like April hoarfrost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charméd water burnt alway
  A still and awful red.

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth toward the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

LXIII

By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm,

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
  I watched the water-snakes;
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
  Fell off in hoary flakes.

LXIV

Within the shadow of the ship
  I watched their rich attire;
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black
They coiled and swam; and every track
  Was a flash of golden fire.

LXV

Their beauty and their happiness.

O happy living things! no tongue
  Their beauty might declare;
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
  And I blessed them unaware!
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
  And I blessed them unaware.

He blesseth them in his heart.

LXVI

The spell begins to break.

The selfsame moment I could pray;
  And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
  Like lead into the sea.

PART THE FIFTH

LXVII

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

By grace of the holy Mother, the ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.

LXVIII

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

LXIX

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

LXX

I moved, and could not feel my limbs.
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth sounds, and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element.

LXXI

And soon I heard a roaring wind;
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails
That were so thin and sear.

LXXII

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen;
To and fro they were hurried about;
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

LXXIII

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

LXXIV

The thick, black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side;
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on;

LXXV

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

LXXVI

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

LXXVII

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up-blew.
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

But not by the souls of the men, nor by demons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.

LXXVIII

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee;
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said naught to me."

LXXIX

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest;

LXXX

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

LXXXI

Around, around, flew each sweet
sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

LXXXII

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and
air
With their sweet jargoning!

LXXXIII

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

LXXXIV

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

LXXXV

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe;
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

LXXXVI

The lonesome Spirit from the south pole carries on the ship as far as the Line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid; and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

LXXXVII

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean;
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short, uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her
length
With a short, uneasy motion.

LXXXVIII

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

LXXXIX

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

XC

The Polar Spirit's fellow demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the
man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

XCI

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the
man
Who shot him with his bow.'

XCII

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew;
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance
done
And penance more will do.'

PART THE SIXTH

XCIII

FIRST VOICE

'But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so
fast?
What is the Ocean doing?'

XCIV

SECOND VOICE

'Still as a slave before his lord,
The Ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

XCV

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'

XCVI

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.

First Voice

'But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?'

Second Voice

'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

XCVII

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high,
Or we shall be belated;
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

XCVIII

The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather.
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

XCIX

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter;
All fixed on me their stony eyes
That in the Moon did glitter.

C

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away;
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

CI

The curse is finally expiated.

And now this spell was snapt; once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

CII

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

CIII

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made;
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

CIV

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

CV

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too;
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

CVI

And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? Is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

CVII

We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
'O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.'

CVIII

The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

CIX

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock;
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

CX

The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies,

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colors came.

CXI

And appear in their own forms of light.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were;
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

CXII

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

CXIII

This seraph-band, each waved his hand—
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

CXIV

This seraph-band, each waved his hand;
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

CXV

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

CXVI

The Pilot, and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast;
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

CXVII

I saw a third—I heard his voice;
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

Stanza CXVII. **shrieve**, shrive, impose penance.

PART THE SEVENTH

CXVIII

The Hermit of the wood

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea;
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

CXIX

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump;
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

CXX

The skiff-boat neared; I heard them talk,
'Why this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair
That signal made but now?'

CXXI

Approacheth the ship with wonder.

'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit said—
'And they answered not our cheer!
The planks look warped! and see those sails
How thin they are and sear!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

CXXII

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

CXXIII

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look'—
(The Pilot made reply)
'I am a-feared'—'Push on, push on!'
Said the Hermit cheerily.

CXXIV

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

CXXV

The ship suddenly sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread;
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

CXXVI

The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

CXXVII

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

CXXVIII

I moved my lips — the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes
And prayed where he did sit.

CXXIX

I took the oars; the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

CXXX

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

CXXXI

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him.

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'
The Hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?'

CXXXII

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

CXXXIII

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land,

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

CXXXIV

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me—
To him my tale I teach.

CXXXV

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there;
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are;
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

CXXXVI

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea;
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seeméd there to be.

CXXXVII

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

CXXXVIII

And to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

CXXXIX

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well,
Both man and bird and beast.

CXL

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

CXLI

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

CXLII

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn;
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" was Coleridge's chief contribution to a small volume of poems, called *Lyrical Ballads*, which he and Wordsworth published in 1798. Both poets, who were great friends, believed that poetry should be simple in language, sincere in expression, free from conventional words and phrases, and drawn from the experience and feelings of ordinary men. They were fond of talking with peasants and using their language. They were also passionately devoted to Nature, and loved to write poetry about flowers, animals, natural scenery, and the lives of men and women who lived in the country, not the city. They saw the beauty in Nature, and they liked tales of wonder and magic. In these respects they were much like Burns, whom they greatly admired. The *Lyrical Ballads* were illustrations of these beliefs about poetry. Not all the poems were ballads in the strict sense; they used the word to apply to any simple, song-like poem. The new poems were attacked by the critics, who preferred the poetry of city life, full of classical allusions and written in a rather stilted, conventional style that had been popular for more than a century.

2. Some idea of the book may be gained from the fact that in it Wordsworth set himself to contribute poems in which the natural, as he put it, should seem supernatural, while Coleridge was to write poems in which the supernatural should seem natural. That is, Wordsworth was to show the magic and mystery in common things, such as flowers and the simple aspects of Nature; while his friend was to show how a poem containing supernatural elements, like "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," might be so treated as to make these things seem real.

3. Coleridge, while one of the greatest English poets, left very few completed poems. He was a man of marvelous genius, who could do so many things that he was continually turning from one kind of activity to another. His whole life was a succession of brilliant experiments. He was a journalist, a scholar, a philosopher, a great critic, a lecturer, and a poet. When a mere boy at Christ's Hospital School, he translated from Greek poetry, read everything he could get hold of, and astonished his teachers and fellow pupils by the brilliance of his mind. He was a great dreamer, often imagining that he was living the life of some old hero or undergoing marvelous adventures. Once he was walking along a street, completely forgetful of his surroundings, when he happened to run against a gentleman who promptly had him arrested as a pickpocket. Coleridge explained that he was not conscious of what he was doing, since he thought he was Leander, an old Greek hero who swam across the Hellespont to visit his sweetheart Hero, and he not only convinced the gentleman who had complained of him, but got from him a ticket of admission to a subscription library. Coleridge tells us that he went to this library and read every book in it. He acquired a taste for

medicine, and committed to memory a Latin medical dictionary. He was a great student of philosophy, even as a boy, and read books that few older men are acquainted with now. He became interested in a shoemaker, and came near entering that trade.

4. At Cambridge, where Coleridge went for his university training, he excelled in the classics but did not complete his course. At one time he ran away and joined the army under the name of Silas Tomkyn Cumberback. He was a wretched horseman, but got on well with the men because he helped them with their love letters. By accident it was found out that he was a classical scholar, and from this his officers found that he had run away from Cambridge, so he was discharged from the army and returned to college. He was greatly interested in human liberty and wrote about the French Revolution. With several friends he planned to go to America and set up an ideal community on the banks of the Susquehanna. There was to be no private property; each member of the colony was to work for two hours a day in the garden or on the farm; the rest of the time was to be spent in conversation and study. This plan was never carried out, partly because Coleridge became intimate with Lamb and Wordsworth, and wrote a number of poems, which included, besides the "Ancient Mariner," "Christabel" and "Kubla Khan." His fondness for dreaming, his out-of-the-way learning, his love of romance, and his wonderful genius combined to make these three poems unique in English literature.

5. The facts brought out in the preceding paragraphs will help you to understand the "Ancient Mariner"; its mystery, its marvelous verse, its seeming reality in spite of the supernatural elements that it contains. The suggestion of the poem came from a dream of a skeleton ship which he learned from a friend. To this Wordsworth contributed a story about an albatross that he had read in a book of travels. A few lines of the poem were written by Wordsworth, and at first the two friends planned to write the entire poem together. This plan was soon given up, however, and the poem expresses Coleridge's own brilliant imagination uncolored by any considerable influence of his friend.

6. The theme of the poem is the well-known superstition that a sacred bird or animal, if slain, will bring a curse upon the slayer. Therefore the "moral" expressed near the end is in a sense not applicable. It was not because the sailor wantonly slew a bird that the dreadful sufferings came upon him and his fellows, but because the bird was sacred, the representative of the spirit that brooded over the vast waters of the southern ocean. This story of sailors' superstition has just the right setting: it is put into the mouth of an old sailor, and is told like a ballad. Coleridge's "Gloss," or explanatory matter, printed in small type at the side of the text of the poem, is an imitation of something often found in medieval manuscripts, where authors or their readers wrote similar explanations or abstracts of what they were reading. The skeleton ship, the awful figures of Life-in-Death and Death, the water-snakes, the curse in the eyes of the dead sailors —these are all ballad elements that add to the wonder and terror of the tale. The ballad-stanza, the use of refrain and repetition, the peculiar rimes, are also examples of the way in which the poet has hit upon just the right form for telling such a tale. In your study of the poem, therefore, you should take note of these things, comparing the poem with a genuine ballad of the supernatural such as "The Wife of Usher's Well."

7. The poem is much more than a marvelous imitation of the old ballads. You have already learned that one difference between the folk ballad and other forms of literature is that in the old ballads you are not conscious of the presence of the author; they seem to be telling themselves. But the "Ancient Mariner" is not "a tale telling itself in song." On the contrary, you will easily find illustrations of the fact that you are in the presence of literary art of extraordinary delicacy and beauty. The careful planning of the effects; the author's comments; the detailed descriptions of Nature; the way in which the horror and mystery are dwelt on so that you are certain to feel their effects; and the deeper meaning of the poem as a whole—these supply all the proof you need of the difference between a ballad of the supernatural like "The Wife of Usher's Well" and the "Ancient Mariner."

8. The sailors, who have merely surrendered to the superstition that the albatross is a bird of ill omen, are punished with death. Their crime was less than that of the Ancient Mariner himself; therefore his is the greater punishment. The Mariner is condemned to a life that is far more terrible than death. His suffering is not merely physical, but spiritual. He cannot pray until the hate that is in his heart has turned to love. This love springs from Nature: the sight of the moon, a revelation of beauty he had not known before, and the unearthly beauty of the light that rests upon the sea. As soon as Nature has taught him this lesson of love, the spell is broken. From that moment, he can pray, and the angelic spirits guide the ship back to the haven. The idea of Nature as a teacher, not

merely something external to man and independent of his life, is one that Wordsworth as well as Coleridge taught in verse. You will find other illustrations of the meaning of this idea in your later reading; you will never find it more beautifully expressed than here.

Questions and Topics

1. Note imitations of the ballad in the first five stanzas. Is the speaker clearly indicated in each case? Is there any formal introduction to the story or are you left to work out the situation for yourself? Is there anything corresponding to ballad repetition? Are stanza and rime like those of the ballad?

2. Explain the meaning of the statement that the Mariner holds the Wedding-Guest "with his glittering eye." Why does the Mariner stop the Wedding-Guest? Do you imagine he has stopped other men at other times? Why?

3. What is the effect of the interruption in stanzas viii–x? Why is stanza ix effective? What do you *see* as you read it?

4. Into what parts of the world does the ship go? Follow its course through the remainder of the poem. Where do the marvelous adventures take place? Would the tale be as convincing if the scene were laid in the English channel or in the Mediterranean? Why?

5. Why is stanza xx effective? What do you *see?*

6. Beginning with stanza xxi, where is the ship and in what direction is it moving? What share in the guilt have the sailors? What is the beginning of the curse? In what ways are you made aware that the experience these men were passing through was not the ordinary experience of men becalmed at sea?

7. Study the approach of the strange ship. What effect had it at first on the Mariner? On the men? What vivid line is in stanza xxix? In stanza xli? What is the effect of questions rather than direct statements in stanzas xliii and xliv? Could you understand the meaning of xlvi without the gloss? Of xlvii? Why is xlvii effective? The last line of li?

8. What do you *see,* as you look at the Mariner in reading lii? Who is the speaker? Would a description of the Mariner's face be as effective as the words of the Wedding-Guest? Why is stanza liv effective? Read the first line aloud.

9. Why is the Mariner unable to pray? Several stanzas (lviii, lx, lxii) have more than four lines each; what effect is gained? Compare lviii and lxi–lxii. What brings about the change in the Mariner? Compare stanza lxv with lv.

10. Stanzas lxvii–lxx express the wonderful peace given by sleep after a great nervous strain or after the crisis of a disease. What changes in Nature take place after the curse is lightened? Is there any wind? Does it move the ship? Why? Does the Mariner pause again in his tale? Why? How do you know?

11. Compare the sounds and sights in stanzas lxxxii–lxxxiv with those in lxxi–lxxv. Explain the difference.

12. Why does the ship stop? Where? What causes it to proceed? Study carefully stanzas lxxxvi–xcii for the answers.

13. Give in your own words the conversation between the two spirits. What do they represent? In what way does the curse return? What is the effect on the Mariner? Explain stanza cii. What breaks the spell? Study cvii and tell what the stanza suggests to you. What happens to the bodies of the sailors? Why is the Mariner glad to see the Hermit?

14. By what details are you made aware of the effect of the terrible journey on the ship itself? What is the value of your knowing this? Once more, observe that you are given this information indirectly, this time through the comments of the Pilot and the Hermit.

15. Why does the ship sink? What is the effect on the Pilot, the Hermit, the Pilot's boy, the Mariner?

16. What is the penance that the Mariner must pay? Does the Hermit impose it? What does? Does this seem reasonable to you? How does the Mariner know whom to stop?

17. Tell in your own words the meaning of stanzas cxxxvi–cxxxviii. Of stanzas cxxxix–cxl. What is the effect of the story on the Wedding-Guest? On you?

18. Pick out the old and obsolete words in the poem; the words and phrases conveying sound and color; the Nature-pictures.

19. Make a study of the Gloss, now that you have become familiar with the story. Does it help you to understand the poem? Does it add anything? What parts of the Gloss are not necessary to fuller understanding of the story? Do these parts add anything to the value of the poem? Why, or why not?

20. Compare the poem, as a story of adventure at sea, with *Treasure Island.* What differences do you recall in the description of the ships, of life at sea, etc. Do you think Coleridge could have written a good pirate story?

21. What illustrations would you suggest for an edition of this poem? Describe in detail one or two of the most vivid of these subjects as if you were telling an artist what to put in his picture.

FORTY SINGING SEAMEN*

Alfred Noyes

Across the seas of Wonderland to Mogadore we plodded,
Forty singing seamen in an old black bark,
And we landed in the twilight where a Polyphemus nodded
With his battered moon-eye winking red and yellow through the dark!
For his eye was growing mellow,
Rich and ripe and red and yellow,
As was time, since old Ulysses made him bellow in the dark!
Cho.—Since Ulysses bunged his eye up with a pine-torch in the dark!

Were they mountains in the gloaming or the giant’s ugly shoulders
Just beneath the rolling eyeball, with its bleared and vinous glow,
Red and yellow o’er the purple of the pines among the bowlders
And the shaggy horror brooding on the sullen slopes below?
Were they pines among the bowlders
Or the hair upon his shoulders?
We were only simple seamen, so of course we didn’t know.
Cho.—We were simple singing seamen, so of course we couldn’t know.

But we crossed a plain of poppies, and we came upon a fountain
Not of water, but of jewels, like a spray of leaping fire;
And behind it, in an emerald glade, beneath a golden mountain
There stood a crystal palace, for a sailor to admire;
For a troop of ghosts came round us,
Which with leaves of bay they crowned us,
Then with grog they well nigh drowned us, to the depth of our desire!
Cho.—And ’twas very friendly of them, as a sailor can admire!

There was music all about us; we were growing quite forgetful
We were only singing seamen from the dirt of London-town,
Though the nectar that we swallowed seemed to vanish half regretful
As if we wasn’t good enough to take such vittles down,
When we saw a sudden figure,
Tall and black as any nigger,
Like the Devil—only bigger—drawing near us with a frown!
Cho.—Like the Devil—but much bigger—and he wore a golden crown!

And “What’s all this?” he growls at us! With dignity we chanted,
“Forty singing seamen, sir, as won’t be put upon!”
“What? Englishmen?” he cries, “Well, if ye don’t mind being haunted,
Faith, you’re welcome to my palace; I’m the famous Prester John!
Will ye walk into my palace?
I don’t bear ’ee any malice!
One and all ye shall be welcome in the halls of Prester John!
Cho.—So we walked into the palace and the halls of Prester John!

Now the door was one great diamond and the hall a hollow ruby—
Big as Beachy Head, my lads, nay, bigger by a half!
And I sees the mate wi’ mouth agape, a-staring like a booby,
And the skipper close behind him, with his tongue out like a calf!
Now the way to take it rightly
Was to walk along politely,

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3. **Polyphemus**, one of the Cyclops, one-eyed giants with whom Ulysses had an adventure.

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36. **Prester John**, a fabulous Christian monarch said to have reigned in Asia in the twelfth century. 42. **Beachy Head**, a chalk cliff 575 feet high, projecting into the English Channel on the coast of Sussex.

Just as if you didn't notice—so I couldn't help but laugh!
Cho.—For they both forgot their manners and the crew was bound to laugh!

But he took us through his palace and, my lads, as I'm a sinner,
We walked into an opal like a sunset-colored cloud—
"My dining-room," he says, and, quick as light, we saw a dinner
Spread before us by the fingers of a hidden fairy crowd;
And the skipper, swaying gently
After dinner, murmurs faintly,
"I looks to-wards you, Prester John, you've done us very proud!"
Cho.—And we drank his health with honors, for he *done* us *very* proud!

Then he walks us to his garden where we sees a feathered demon
Very splendid and important on a sort of spicy tree!
"That's the Phœnix," whispers Prester, "which all eddicated seamen
Knows the only one existent, and *he's* waiting for to flee!
When his hundred years expire
Then he'll set hisself a-fire,
And another from his ashes rise most beautiful to see!"
Cho.—With wings of rose and emerald most beautiful to see!

Then he says, "In yonder forest there's a little silver river,
And whosoever drinks of it, his youth shall never die!
The centuries go by, but Prester John endures forever
With his music in the mountains and his magic on the sky!
While *your* hearts are growing colder,
While your world is growing older,
There's a magic in the distance, where the sea line meets the sky."
Cho.—It shall call to singing seamen till the fount o' song is dry!

So we thought we'd up and seek it, but that forest fair defied us—
First a crimson leopard laughs at us most horrible to see,
Then a sea-green lion came and sniffed and licked his chops and eyed us,
While a red and yellow unicorn was dancing round a tree!
We was trying to look thinner,
Which was hard, because our dinner
Must ha' made us very tempting to a cat o' high degree!
Cho.—Must ha' made us very tempting to the whole menarjeree!

So we scuttled from that forest and across the poppy meadows
Where the awful shaggy horror brooded o'er us in the dark!
And we pushes out from shore again a-jumping at our shadows,
And pulls away most joyful to the old black bark!
And home again we plodded
While the Polyphemus nodded
With his battered moon-eye winking red and yellow through the dark,
Cho.—Oh, the moon above the mountains. red and yellow through the dark!

Across the seas of Wonderland to London-town we blundered,
Forty singing seamen as was puzzled for to know
If the visions that we saw was caused by—here again we pondered—
A tipple in a vision forty thousand years ago.
Could the grog we *dreamt* we swallowed
Make us *dream* of all that followed?
We were only simple seamen, so of course we didn't know!
Cho.—We were simple singing seamen, so of course we could not know!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. This lively ballad is a recent version of a very old legend found in the folklore of many peoples. The theme that runs through all versions is that of a wanderer, or a company of wanderers, who meet with marvelous adventures on a mysterious island. Homer tells such a story of Ulysses on the island of Calypso, an enchantress. Stories about Circe, most famous of all enchantresses, are illustrations. There are many old Irish tales of a similar character. One of the best of the stories of this type is Tennyson's "Voyage of Maeldune." You might look up this poem in any complete edition of Tennyson.

2. In order to enjoy Mr. Noyes's poem it is not necessary for you to know all about the legends that are involved. Two of them, however, are so interesting that they ought to be mentioned. The first is the story of Polyphemus, a giant whom Ulysses met on his travels. You should read the story in *The Odyssey*, Book IX, lines 130-670. When you have done this, you will be able to point out the use Mr. Noyes makes of the one-eyed giant in this poem. What does he say of the giant's eye in the first stanza? In the second? Has the giant turned into a mountain, judging from the second stanza? Do you find any further evidence later in the poem? Look up the story of Atlas. Toward the end of the poem the giant's eye is explained. What is it? Is there any suggestion of this earlier in the poem?

3. The other story that is used in the poem is that of Prester John. He was a fabulous medieval king and priest ("prester" means "presbyter," or priest). Many stories are told about him and about his kingdom. In the land of Prester John, which few travelers from Europe ever penetrated, there were many strange animals; there was a fountain of eternal youth (With what Spanish explorer in America is this story connected?); there were marvelous jewels and the most magnificent palace in the world. Which of these elements in the Prester John story do you find in this poem? If you wish to know more about this wonderful king, look up his story in a good encyclopedia.

4. Look up the story of the Phoenix in a book of mythology or an encyclopedia. Why is the name Phoenix used by an insurance company?

5. Point out examples of sailors' slang in the poem. "Forty Singing Seamen" was written as a humorous poem; do you find lines that seem to you particularly humorous?

6. For phonograph records of old-time ballads see Victor Catalogue.

BETH GÊLERT

William Robert Spencer

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
  And cheerily smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
  Obeyed Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
  And gave a lustier cheer,
"Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last
  Llewellyn's horn to hear.

"O where does faithful Gêlert roam,
  The flower of all his race;
So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
  A lion in the chase?"

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
  The gift of royal John;
But now no Gêlert could be found,
  And all the chase rode on.

That day Llewellyn little loved
  The chase of hart and hare;
And scant and small the booty proved,
  For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
  When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied,
  Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained his castle-door,
  Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore;
  His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewellyn gazed with fierce surprise;
  Unused such looks to meet,
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
  And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewellyn passed,
  And on went Gêlert too;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
  Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
  With blood-stained covert rent;
And all around the walls and ground
  With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied—
He searched with terror wild;
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured,"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gêlert's side.

Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh;
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewellyn's heir.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Is this ballad like any of the old ballads that you have read? In what respect does it differ?

2. Where do you imagine Gêlert was when his master called him for the chase? How does the poet make us feel the master's need of his hound? Do you think it was only the loss of the dog's help in the hunt that his master felt, or did he miss the dog's companionship? What should Llewellyn have remembered when appearances were against the dog?

3. Many old ballads and stories recite the remorse consequent upon the hasty vow or the passionate act; can you tell why people handed down such stories from generation to generation? Do you know of an instance in which a hasty act brought deep remorse?

4. What virtue does this ballad honor? What does it deplore? Do these things belong to one generation or are they common to all times? Why is this ballad a favorite? Would it have been loved by the people for whom the old ballads were made?

5. What other poems that pay tribute to animals have you read?

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE

Robert Southey

A Well there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind doth an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveler came to the Well of St. Keyne;
Joyfully he drew nigh;
For from cock-crow he had been traveling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank,
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard by,
At the Well to fill his pail;
On the Well-side he rested it,
And bade the stranger hail.

"Now, art thou a bachelor, Stranger?" quoth he;
"For, and if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been?
For, an if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drunk of the Well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"
The stranger he made reply;
"But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you answer me why."

"St. Keyne," quoth the Cornish-man, "many a time
Drank of this crystal Well;
And before the angel summoned her,
She laid on the water a spell—

'If the husband, of this gifted Well
Shall drink before his wife,

A happy man henceforth is he,
  For he shall be master for life;

"But if the wife should drink of it first,
  Heaven help the Husband then!"
The Stranger stooped to the Well of St. Keyne,
  And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the Well, I warrant, betimes?"
  He to the Cornish-man said;
But the Cornish-man smiled as the stranger spake,
  And sheepishly shook his head:

"I hastened, as soon as the wedding was done,
  And left my wife in the porch;
But i' faith, she had been wiser than me,
  For she took a bottle to church."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. In the parish of St. Neots, Cornwall, is a well, dedicated to St. Keyne. It was believed that if husband and wife came to this well, the one who drank first would get the mastery.

2. Of what other ballads does the opening of this ballad remind you?

3. Who are represented as holding converse at the well? What does this device of question and answer add to the ballad? In what older ballad did you find this device employed?

4. Why did the traveler drink of the well the second time? What does the story gain from the fact that the poet offers no explanation for this act?

5. Where is the climax of the story?

6. Do you think the story stops at the right point or do you think something more is needed? What argument can you give to support your opinion?

DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

Lord Byron

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold;
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill;
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

21. **Ashur**, Assyria. 22. **Baal**, the sun-god worshiped by the Assyrians.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Sennacherib was King of Assyria. His army invaded Judea and besieged Jerusalem, but was overthrown; the bulk of his army was destroyed in a single night. Sennacherib returned in haste with the remnant of his army to his own country. Byron's description of this incident in Biblical history is one of the most beautiful in literature. For the Bible story of this event, read *2 Kings* XIX, 6–36.

2. Read the poem aloud, to enjoy the rhythm. Indicate the rhythm by the use of vertical lines.

3. Note the development: the brilliant onset of the Assyrian cavalry; their summer changes to winter; the angel turns their sleep into death; the steed and the rider; the mourning; their idols powerless to help them; their religion broken down; their power "melted like snow"; point out lines in which each of these steps is traced.

4. The poet makes large use of comparison; point out effective examples. Explain the use of "The Assyrian," in line 1.

5. What gives you the impression that the Assyrian army was very large? What lines describe the splendor of the Assyrian army? What tells you that the Assyrian army was destroyed in the night?

LEXINGTON

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

No Berserk thirst of blood had they,
  No battle-joy was theirs, who set
  Against the alien bayonet
Their homespun breasts in that old day.

Their feet had trodden peaceful ways;
  They loved not strife, they dreaded pain;
  They saw not, what to us is plain,
That God would make man's wrath his praise.

No seers were they, but simple men;
  Its vast results the future hid.
  The meaning of the work they did
Was strange and dark and doubtful then.

Swift as their summons came they left
  The plow mid-furrow standing still,
  The half-ground corn grist in the mill,
The spade in earth, the ax in cleft.

They went where duty seemed to call,
  They scarcely asked the reason why;
  They only knew they could but die,
And death was not the worst of all!

Of man for man the sacrifice,
  All that was theirs to give, they gave.
  The flowers that blossomed from their grave
Have sown themselves beneath all skies.

Their death-shot shook the feudal tower,
  And shattered slavery's chain as well;
  On the sky's dome, as on a bell,
Its echo struck the world's great hour.

That fateful echo is not dumb;
  The nations listening to its sound
  Wait, from a century's vantage-ground,
The holier triumphs yet to come—

The bridal time of Law and Love,
  The gladness of the world's release,
  When, war-sick, at the feet of Peace
The hawk shall nestle with the dove!

The golden age of brotherhood
  Unknown to other rivalries
  Than of the mild humanities,
And gracious interchange of good,

When closer strand shall lean to strand,
  Till meet, beneath saluting flags,
  The eagle of our mountain-crags,
The lion of our Motherland!

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1. **Berserk**, in Norse folklore, a wild warrior of a heathen age.

25. **shook the feudal tower**, weakened the form of government in which one man ruled supreme; in this instance, the reference is to George III of England.

39. **humanities**, cultivation of the mind.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. When was the battle of Lexington fought? How long afterwards was the Declaration of Independence adopted? What led to the battles of Lexington and Concord? Answers to these questions will help you to see why to the men who fought in these early battles "the meaning of the work they did was strange and dark and doubtful then."

2. This poem was written in 1875. What are the "holier triumphs" to come from "a century's vantage-ground"?

HALE IN THE BUSH

Anonymous

The breezes went steadily through the tall pines,
A-saying "Oh! hu-ush!" a-saying "Oh! hu-ush!"
As stilly stole by a bold legion of horse,
For Hale in the bush, for Hale in the bush.

"Keep still!" said the thrush, as she nestled her young
In a nest by the road, in a nest by the road;
"For the tyrants are near, and with them appear
What bodes us no good, what bodes us no good."

The brave captain heard it, and thought of his home
In a cot by the brook, in a cot by the brook;
With mother and sister and memories dear,
He so gaily forsook, he so gaily forsook.

Cooling shades of the night were coming apace,
The tattoo had beat, the tattoo had beat;
The noble one sprang from his dark lurking-place
To make his retreat, to make his retreat.

He warily trod on the dry, rustling leaves,
As he passed through the wood, as he passed through the wood,
And silently gained his rude launch on the shore,
As she played with the flood, as she played with the flood.

The guards of the camp on that dark, dreary night,
Had a murderous will, had a murderous will;
They took him and bore him afar from the shore,
To a hut on the hill, to a hut on the hill.

No mother was there, nor a friend who could cheer,
In that little stone cell, in that little stone cell;
But he trusted in love from his Father above—
In his heart all was well, in his heart all was well.

An ominous owl with his solemn bass voice
Sat moaning hard by, sat moaning hard by:
"The tyrant's proud minions most gladly rejoice,
For he must soon die, for he must soon die."

The brave fellow told them, no thing he restrained—
The cruel gen'ral; the cruel gen'ral!—
His errand from camp, of the ends to be gained,
And said that was all, and said that was all.

They took him and bound him and bore him away,
Down the hill's grassy side, down the hill's grassy side.
'Twas there the base hirelings, in royal array,
His cause did deride, his cause did deride.

Five minutes were given, short moments, no more,
For him to repent, for him to repent.
He prayed for his mother—he asked not another—
To heaven he went, to heaven he went.

The faith of a martyr the tragedy showed,
As he trod the last stage, as he trod the last stage.
And Britons will shudder at gallant Hale's blood,
As his words do presage, as his words do presage:

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31. **tyrant's proud minions**, willing slaves, i. e., soldiers of George III, the king who had so tyrannized over the colonists.

"Thou pale king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the slave, go frighten the slave;
Tell tyrants, to you their allegiance they owe—
No fears for the brave, no fears for the brave!"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

The author of this ballad is unknown. It is a good example of the ballad, since it is a story, told in verse, of an event that powerfully moved the people who knew about it. One of these people composed the ballad. The poem is a tribute to Nathan Hale, who was hanged as a spy in September, 1776. You remember his dying words: "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country!"

HERVÉ RIEL

ROBERT BROWNING

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signaled to the place,
"Help the winners of a race!
Give us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they;
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the *Formidable* here with her twelve and eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And, "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel;
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell

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46. Malouins, inhabitants of Malo.

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this *Formidable* clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,
—Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life—here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief.
Still the north-wind, by God's grace!
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock;
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past;
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas, "Anchor!"—sure as fate
Up the English come—too late!

So the storm subsides to calm;
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance;
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth, and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"

How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!
Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips;
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?—
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come—A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked and that he got—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost.
Not a pillar nor a post

In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.

Go to Paris; rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank!
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle Aurore!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Early in 1692 King Louis of France planned the invasion of England with an army of 30,000 men. Transports were provided for their passage, and the French fleet under Admiral Tourville was ordered to protect their crossing. In a battle near La Hogue the French were badly defeated by the English and fled away along the rocky coast. Twenty-two of their vessels reached St. Malo and were piloted through the shallows at the mouth of the river to safety under the fortress Solidor.

2. Is this a ballad? Why do you think so? Have you read any other ballad that has as long lines as this? Compare these long lines with the short lines of some ballads you have read and note the difference in musical effect.

3. To what is the flight of the French squadron compared in the first stanza? What makes this an appropriate comparison?

4. What did the ships signal to the port? What answer did the pilots give? What do you think was their reason for answering in this way?

5. Who held council? To what decision did they come? What prevented the carrying out of this plan?

6. Notice the words which the poet uses to tell us that someone broke in on the Captains' council. Are these different expressions necessary? Does such a line make smooth reading? What do you think was the poet's reason for making such a line? Read the next line. Here the poet suggests official titles only to reject them. Can you read this line smoothly? Does it add anything to the impressiveness of the scene?

7. What was Hervé Riel's opinion of the St. Malo pilots? What request did he make? Was his experience such as to justify him in believing that he could find the channel? Was Hervé Riel under any obligation to make this offer? Think how easily he might have excused himself if he had kept silence. What might he have thought or said afterward? Do you think France had ever done very much for Hervé Riel? Did that fact influence him? Has anyone the right to choose whether he will be patriotic or not?

8. What do you think of Damfreville's speech of thanks? What do you think of Hervé Riel's answer? What words tell you much about the sailor's character?

9. Was it possible to repay Hervé Riel for his service?

THE HELL-GATE OF SOISSONS

HERBERT KAUFMAN

My name is Darino, the poet. You have heard? *Oui, Comédie Française.*
Perchance it has happened, *mon ami*, you know of my unworthy lays.
Ah, then you must guess how my fingers are itching to talk to a pen;
For I was at Soissons, and saw it, the death of the twelve Englishmen.

My leg, *malheureusement*, I left it behind on the banks of the Aisne.
Regret? I would pay with the other to witness their valor again.
A trifle, indeed, I assure you, to give for the honor to tell
How that handful of British, undaunted, went into the Gateway of Hell.

Let me draw you a plan of the battle. Here we French and your Engineers stood;
Over there a detachment of German sharpshooters lay hid in a wood.

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1. **Oui, Comédie Française**, yes, the Comédie Française (the most noted Paris theater). 2. **mon ami**, my friend. 5. **malheureusement**, unluckily.

A *mitrailleuse* battery planted on top of this well-chosen ridge
Held the road for the Prussians and covered the direct approach to the bridge.

It was madness to dare the dense murder that spewed from those ghastly machines.
(Only those who have danced to its music can know what the *mitrailleuse* means.)
But the bridge on the Aisne was a menace; our safety demanded its fall:
"Engineers—volunteers!" In a body, the Royals stood out at the call.

Death at best was the fate of that mission—to their glory not one was dismayed.
A party was chosen—and seven survived till the powder was laid,
And *they* died with their fuses unlighted. Another detachment! Again
A sortie is made—all too vainly. The bridge still commanded the Aisne.

We were fighting two foes—Time and Prussia—the moments were worth more than the troops.
We *must* blow up the bridge. A lone soldier darts out from the Royals and swoops
For the fuse! Fate seems with us. We cheer him; he answers—our hopes are reborn!
A ball rips his visor—his khaki shows red where another has torn.

Will he live—will he last—will he make it? *Hélas!* And so near the goal!
A second, he dies! then a third one! A fourth! Still the Germans take toll!
A fifth, *magnifique!* It is magic! How does he escape them? He may . . . .
Yes, he *does!* See, the match flares! A rifle rings out from the wood and says, "Nay!"

Six, seven, eight, nine take their places, six, seven, eight, nine brave their hail;
Six, seven, eight, nine—how we count them! But the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth fail!
A tenth! *Sacré nom!* But these English are soldiers—they know how to try;
(He fumbles the place where his jaw was)—they show, too, how heroes can die.

Ten we count—ten who ventured unquailing—ten there were—and ten are no more!
Yet another salutes and superbly essays where the ten failed before.
God of Battles, look down and protect him! Lord, his heart is as Thine—let him live!
But *mitrailleuse* splutters and stutters, and riddles him into a sieve.

Then I thought of my sins, and sat waiting the charge that we could not withstand.
And I thought of my beautiful Paris, and gave a last look at the land,
At France, my *belle France*, in her glory of blue sky and green field and wood.
Death with honor, but never surrender. And to die with such men—it was good.

They are forming—the bugles are blaring—they will cross in a moment and then . . . .
When out of the line of the Royals (your island, *mon ami*, breeds men)
Burst a private, a tawny-haired giant—it was hopeless, but, *ciel!* how he ran!
Bon Dieu, please remember the pattern, and make many more on his plan!

No cheers from our ranks, and the Germans, they halted in wonderment too;
See, he reaches the bridge; ah! he lights it! I am dreaming, it *cannot* be true.
Screams of rage! *Fusillade!* They have killed him! Too late though, the good work is done.
By the valor of twelve English martyrs, the Hell-Gate of Soissons is won!

---

11. **mitrailleuse**, machine gun. 25. **Hélas**, alas. 27. **magnifique**, magnificent.

31. **Sacré nom**, sacred name. 39. **belle France**, beautiful France. 43. **ciel**, heaven. 44. **Bon Dieu**, good God.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Who is represented as telling this story? Is he English or French? How do you know? Where do you think he is when telling the story? Why does he long to be able to use a pen? Of whose valor does his story tell? What does he say of his own injury?

2. What were the English Engineers called upon to do? Why was this necessary? How many answered the call for volunteers? What became of the detachments sent out? What did they accomplish? What remained to be done? How was this accomplished?

3. Do you think it requires more courage to venture alone under fire than it does to take part in a charge? Can you explain why this is so?

4. Why were there no cheers when the twelfth man ran for the fuse?

5. This poem pays tribute to valor in action. In what other ways may valor be shown?

VIVE LA FRANCE!*

CHARLOTTE HOLMES CRAWFORD

Franceline rose in the dawning gray,
And her heart would dance though she knelt to pray,
For her man Michel had holiday,
Fighting for France.

She offered her prayer by the cradle-side,
And with baby palms folded in hers she cried:
"If I have but one prayer, dear, crucified
Christ—save France!

"But if I have two, then, by Mary's grace,
Carry me safe to the meeting-place,
Let me look once again on my dear love's face,
Save him for France!"

She crooned to her boy: "Oh, how glad he'll be,
Little three-months old, to set eyes on thee!
For, 'Rather than gold, would I give,' wrote he,
'A son to France.'

"Come, now, be good, little stray *sauterelle*,
For we're going by-by to thy papa Michel,
But I'll not say where for fear thou wilt tell,
Little pigeon of France!

"Six days' leave and a year between!
But what would you have? In six days clean,
Heaven was made," said Franceline,
"Heaven and France."

She came to the town of the nameless name,
To the marching troops in the street she came,
And she held high her boy like a taper flame
Burning for France.

Fresh from the trenches and gray with grime,
Silent they marched like a pantomime;
"But what need of music? My heart beats time—
Vive la France!"

His regiment comes. Oh, then where is he?
"There is dust in my eyes, for I cannot see—
Is that my Michel to the right of thee,
Soldier of France?"

Then out of the ranks a comrade fell—
"Yesterday—'twas a splinter of shell—
And he whispered thy name, did thy poor Michel,
Dying for France."

The tread of the troops on the pavement throbbed
Like a woman's heart of its last joy robbed,
As she lifted her boy to the flag, and sobbed:
"*Vive la France!*"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. This poem, like the one preceding, is based upon incidents in the story of the World War.

2. What did this woman put first in her prayer? What came second?

Vive la France, long live France.

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17. **sauterelle**, grasshopper.

3. Why did she not name the place at which she expected to meet her husband?

4. What news did she receive? With what thought did she support herself?

5. Do you like the measure in which this poem is written? Does it seem appropriate to the story? With what word does each stanza end? Does this add to the rhythm of the poem? Can you explain how it helps to impress the spirit of the poem upon the reader?

6. What kind of valor is honored in this poem? Have you read any other poem which pays tribute to this kind of valor?

TOMMY

Rudyard Kipling

I went into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer;
The publican 'e up an' sez, "We serve no redcoats here."
The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die;
I outs into the street again an' to myself sez I:

O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, go away";
But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play,
The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins to play;
O it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play.

I went into a theater as sober as could be;
They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me;
They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls;
But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll shove me in the stalls!

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, wait outside";
But it's "Special train for Atkins," when the trooper's on the tide,
The troopship's on the tide, my boys, the troopship's on the tide;
O it's "Special train for Atkins," when the trooper's on the tide.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while you sleep
Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starvation cheap;
An' hustlin' drunken sodgers when they're goin' large a bit
Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?"
But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes," when the drums begin to roll,
The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums begin to roll;
O it's "Thin red line of 'eroes," when the drums begin to roll.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too,
But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you;
An' if sometimes our conduck isn't all your fancy paints,
Why, single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints;

While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, fall be'ind,"
But it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when there's trouble in the wind,
There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's trouble in the wind;
O it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when there's trouble in the wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an' all;
We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us rational.
Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to our face
The Widow's uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck him out, the brute!"
But it's "Savior of 'is country," when the guns begin to shoot;
Yes, it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please;
But Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet that Tommy sees!

---

36. Widow, Queen Victoria.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Kipling is the friend of the brave man everywhere, but he is especially the friend of the British soldier, because he knows him so well. In this ballad he presents the grievance of Tommy Atkins, as the British regular soldier is called. Remember, this poem was written long before the World War. To what can you ascribe the refusal of the public house to serve the soldier? How can you explain his treatment in the theater?

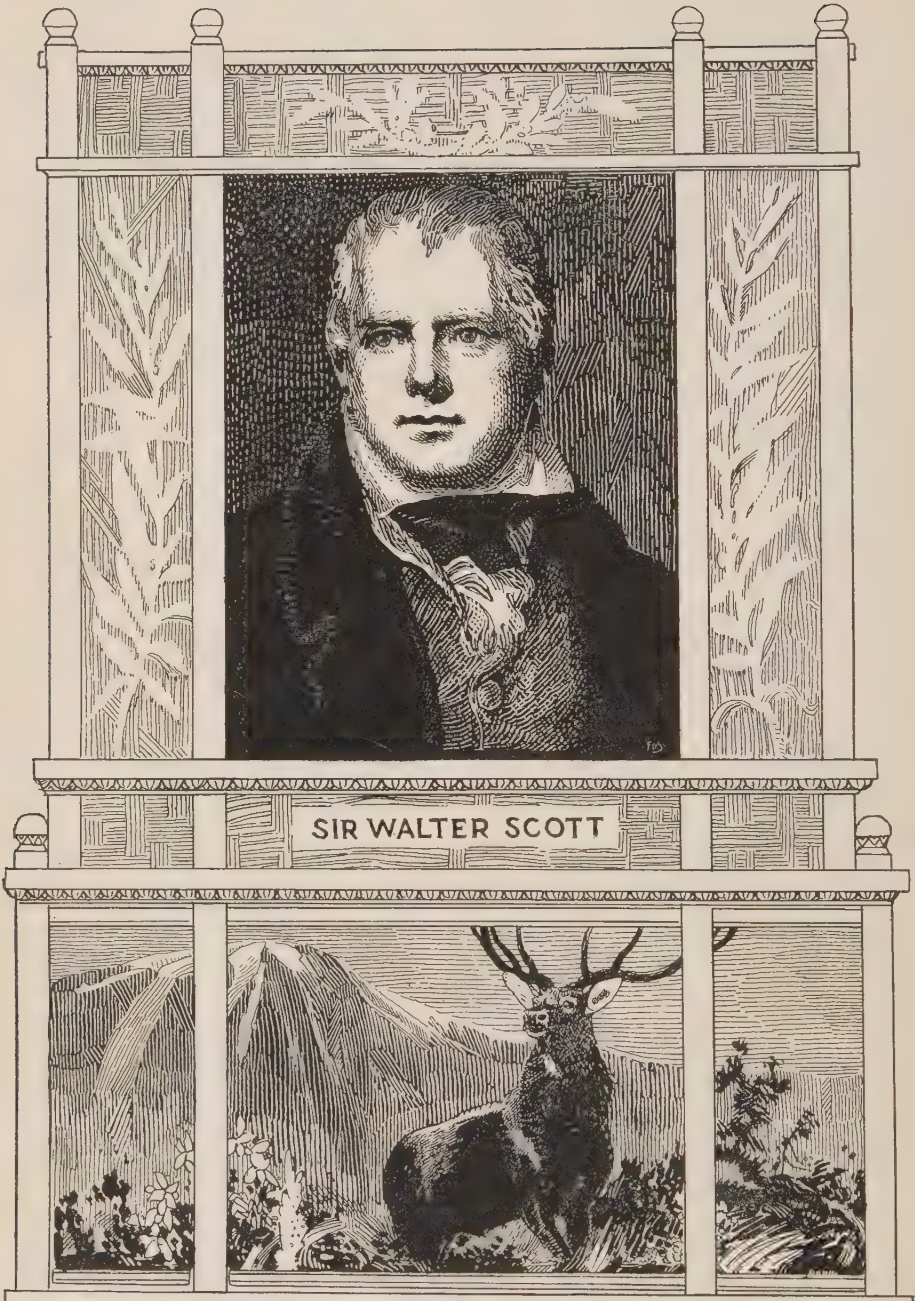
2. How can you account for the fact that soldiers are so poorly paid?

3. What qualities are needed to make a good soldier?

4. How much of the indifference shown toward soldiers in time of peace may be attributed to the fact that a nation thinks the loyalty and patriotism of the soldiers will hold them true no matter how they are treated?

5. Who is the Widow referred to in the poem? Who was her husband?

6. Do you think the soldiers liked this poem? Why? How would they feel toward its author? When do you think they would sing this ballad?


SIR WALTER SCOTT

SCOTT'S "LADY OF THE LAKE"

AN INTRODUCTION

I

The Author of the Poem

Sir Walter Scott, like most writers of great literature, was a man to whom life was a marvelous adventure. For many generations his ancestors had been men fond of daring deeds. His father, an Edinburgh lawyer, was the first of his family to live in a city. Auld Wat, of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, belonged to the sixth generation before Sir Walter. Auld Wat's son William was asked to choose between being hanged, after he had been captured in a Border raid, and marrying the ugliest of his captor's daughters. The lady had the reputation of being the ugliest in four counties, and William was a handsome man. After three days' consideration of the matter he married the girl.

Sir Walter, who was born August 15, 1771, in Edinburgh, Scotland, was the ninth of twelve children. He was lame from childhood, and at sixteen was struck by an illness so severe that for a long time he was compelled to remain in bed without speaking to anyone. He arranged the mirrors about his bed in such a way that he could watch the troops marching in the meadows. From childhood he loved animals and out-of-door sports. He had a pet pony that came into the house to be fed. He learned ballads by heart and shouted them at the top of his voice. At fifteen, he took up the study of law, in which he was distinguished for his prodigious memory; but his schooling was more or less irregular, and his real delight, apart from his pets and his sports, was in reading history, romance, and ballads. He learned Italian and Spanish in order to read some tales of chivalry and burlesque romance. Often he would tramp long distances in search of ballads or of some legend that had captured his fancy.

Some time after his marriage to the daughter of a French royalist who had died during the Revolution, he published a collection of ballads under the title *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.* The first two volumes of this collection appeared in 1802, and 850 copies were sold within a year. The third volume was published in 1803. Two years later his first important original work appeared, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.* This poem grew out of his collection of native ballads, and 44,000 copies of it were sold in twenty-five years. In 1808 *Marmion* appeared, composed in great part while he was out on riding expeditions. He spoke of himself, at about this time, as a rattle-skulled, half-lawyer, half-sportsman, through whose head a regiment of horse had been exercising since he was five years old. Parts of *Marmion* were read to Scottish troops when they were under French fire.

Perhaps the best way to realize the abounding vitality of Scott, and the zest which he found in life, is to fix one's attention for a moment on his life at Ashestiel, overlooking the Tweed, where he lived from 1804 to 1812. He rose at five and by six was at his desk, with books on every side of him. Breakfast came at nine and after a little more work he was "his own man." On rainy days he worked all day, but was in the habit of allowing excess work on such days to count in favor of a longer time out-of-doors when the weather was fine. His rule was to be out by one o'clock; long trips would begin by ten. It has been said that his life might be divided, as history is divided into reigns, by the succession of his favorite horses and dogs. His horses, in succession, were Captain, Lieutenant, Brown Adam, Daisy, Sybil Grey, and Covenanter. His favorite dogs were Camp, Maida, and Nimrod. When Camp died, Scott refused a dinner invitation on account of "the death of an old friend." To Maida he erected a marble monument. One of his chief sports was salmon-spearing by torchlight—"burning the water," as it was called.

These eight years, despite the seeming disproportion between the hours at his desk and his hours out-of-doors, were marked by tremendous accomplishment. He finished *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, wrote *Marmion, The Lady of the Lake*, part of *The Bridal of Triermain*, and part of *Rokeby*. In addition he wrote a life of Dryden, edited many volumes of records and historical materials, and began an edition of Swift. During part of this time he also held the offices of sheriff and deputy clerk of the session.

In May of 1812 he moved to Abbotsford, five miles down the Tweed from Ashestiel, near Melrose Abbey. With him he took twenty-five cartloads of "trash," beside dogs, pigs, ponies, poultry, cows, calves, "bareheaded wenches and bare-breeched boys." There were old swords, bows, targets, and lances. He said, "The very cows, for aught I know, were bearing banners and muskets." All animals loved him; his servants and the poor adored him. At Abbotsford he acquired a hundred acres of land, to which he constantly added, so that he possessed an estate of baronial proportions. To keep up this estate required an enormous income. For a time he succeeded, since in addition to his official salaries the returns from his literary work were very great. For *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* he received £600; for *Marmion* £1000. When he gave up his law practice he became a partner in the publishing house of the Ballantynes.

In 1814 he turned from metrical romance to prose. *Waverley*, begun in 1805, was the result. The last two volumes of the work were written in three weeks. In the next fourteen years he produced twenty-three novels and some tales. All these were published anonymously, partly because he feared that his reputation as a poet might be injured if it were found that he was writing prose romance, and partly because he delighted in mystifying the public. He liked being a private man one day and a king the next. He lived many lives actually as well as in the creation of so many characters in his tales.

The prose romances relate to many periods and show the most exhaustive study of the periods he described. Through his imaginative power, the brilliant light in which he saw past events, he re-created past times as truly as Shakespeare in his historical plays. *Old Mortality* goes back more than a century before his own time; *Quentin Durward* belongs to the fifteenth century and *Kenilworth* to the sixteenth, while *Ivanhoe* and *The Talisman* go back five centuries. Other romances belong nearer his own time. In all this vast expanse of history Scott moves like a man among familiar haunts. It is as though he could project himself at will out of the body of his mortal life and take up a temporary abode amid scenes and people of distant generations. Thus he appeals to old and young, and to men of every occupation. Puritans and Cavaliers live in his pages, as well as outlaws, border chiefs, lords and ladies of Elizabeth's court, gypsies, beggars, every rank and condition of men. For this reason, no one can read Scott without an enlargement of his sympathy, a quickening of his imagination, and a sense of the reality of history such as textbooks cannot give. In this he is like Shakespeare.

Scott lived at Abbotsford from 1814 to 1825. He lived like a feudal baron, surrounded by retainers, possessing a vast estate, visited by throngs of men and women from every part of the world. He had an enormous correspondence. He befriended young writers who made pilgrimages to his estate. Washington Irving writes delightfully of his own visits to Abbotsford, and Scott was one of the first to recognize the worth of Irving's *Knickerbocker*, the first considerable work of prose imagination written in America.

Financial trouble came upon Scott in 1826. He had himself lived for years beyond his income. His publishers were unfortunate in some of their ventures; at last they failed, the liabilities being more than £100,000. Scott was then fifty-five years old. His wife, whose health had been failing for some time, died four months after the crisis. Two days later Scott was at work on *Woodstock*, determined to pay off the whole gigantic indebtedness. No knight of chivalry ever devoted himself to so generous and lofty a task. Scott was not legally liable, and might have escaped without contributing a cent to the creditors. He was not made of that kind of stuff. He spoke of adversity as a "tonic and bracer." In two years he had paid off £40,000 of the debt. He gave up his dearly loved home and went to live in lodgings in Edinburgh. By 1830 he had paid £63,000. Soon after, he was stricken by paralysis and sailed for Malta in an effort to regain his health. On the 7th of July, 1832, he returned to Abbotsford, so wasted from sickness that he was almost helpless, but so overjoyed at his return that it was with difficulty that he was held in his carriage. It was like the return of Ulysses to Ithaca. Scott's dogs, like the faithful dog of Ulysses immortalized by Homer, welcomed him as eagerly as his friends and dependents. After a few days, he made a manful effort to do some more writing, but it was impossible. Before death came he was in a state of coma for days. On the 17th of September he had a moment of consciousness, when he spoke the famous words to Lockhart, his son-in-law, "Lockhart, I may have but a moment to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous, be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

So died, September 21, 1832, a brave-hearted and knightly gentleman. The copyright on his works, assigned to the creditors, paid off the balance of the debt in fifteen years. He had liked, in the time of vigor and prosperity, to think of himself as the head of a great house, a survivor into the nineteenth century of the nobleman of heroic times. In this he failed. His poems and tales, valued by himself mainly as a means for providing his estate and later for paying the obligations that he voluntarily assumed, are immortal. Immortal, too, is his personality. In his vast appetite for life, for friendship; in his love for nature and dogs; in his love for old tales and for the simple, straightforward life they dealt with, he reminds one of Theodore Roosevelt. Unlike the great American, Scott had no sense of reform or mission. Through the influence of a great personality, each man was greater than the work he performed. Like Ulysses, they were men cast in heroic mold.

II

THE POEM

The Lady of the Lake is a story dealing with the life of King James V of Scotland, who lived in the sixteenth century. The events narrated in it may be imagined as having taken place in about 1529, and while the story is not historical, being chiefly the product of Scott's imagination, it is a good example of the poet's power to reconstruct the life of a past time so vividly as to give to it something of the truth of history. The historical background needed for a clearer reading of the poem is here given.

As a boy, King James was under the guardianship of Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, who had married his mother. The young King for a long time wished to free himself, but the Douglases were a powerful clan, and virtually held James as their captive. In 1528, however, he escaped to Stirling Castle, where he was received by the governor, an enemy to the Douglas clan. In a short time so many chieftains joined the King that they were able to banish the Earl of Angus to England. The Douglas whom we meet in the poem is an imaginary uncle of the banished regent, who is hiding on a lonely island in Loch Katrine under the protection of Roderick Dhu. Both the Douglas of the poem, therefore, and Roderick, are fictitious characters. The same is true of Ellen, the Lady of the Lake, Malcolm Græme, and the minstrel, Allan-bane. But all these characters are drawn from an intimate knowledge of the history and customs of the time, and the action of the poem might well have taken place in 1529, when the King took steps toward putting an end to the outrages that had long characterized life on the Scottish Border.

The name of the poem is itself a suggestion of the romantic character of the story. The old romances about Arthur and the knights of the Round Table had much to say about a fairy called the Lady of the Lake, who lived on a mysterious island which mortals could visit only rarely and where wonderful adventures awaited them. Ellen, you will observe, is called a fairy, though not with any suggestion of supernatural qualities. The minstrel, Allan-bane, is just such a person as one meets in the old romances. Such minstrels were not mere entertainers; they were wise men whose counsel was highly valued, and many of them were supposed to possess the gift of prophecy.

Other illustrations of the romantic spirit that gives charm to the poem are easily found. The summoning of the warriors by means of the small wooden cross with its points scorched and dipped in blood, vividly suggests a primitive life, one in which simple passions of hate, loyalty, and the spirit of the clan figure in place of the conventional virtues of courtly society. Indeed, this story will no doubt seem even more primitive than the story of Ulysses among the Phæacians. Again, you will notice the relatively large space given to descriptions of nature. This is characteristic of the age in which Scott lived. Men began to find in the wilder aspects of nature a fascination that the eighteenth century utterly failed to realize. Wordsworth, Byron, and Scott owed much of their popularity to the fact that in their poems the beauty of river and forest, of the mountains and remote and almost inaccessible places, found expression. An excellent illustration of this is to be found in the fact that immediately following the publication of *The Lady of the Lake* in 1810, the journey to Loch Katrine and Ellen's Isle became a sort of pilgrimage for hundreds of travelers.

You will observe that the poem is divided into six cantos, or divisions, corresponding somewhat to the acts of a drama. These cantos are much shorter than the "books," or divisions, of the epic poem. Each canto is subdivided into smaller units, of varying numbers of lines, which are not stanzas but serve the same purpose, that of breaking up the narrative into paragraph-like units. The verse rimes in couplets, and in the normal line there are four accents, or stresses. This verse-form lends itself to rapidity of movement; the eight syllables in the line, with the rime, give a sort of rhythmic beat like that of the ballad. Variety is gained through the introduction of songs and of little poems of introduction and conclusion, in the various cantos, written in a different meter.

The Lady of the Lake is neither ballad nor epic but metrical romance. In this respect it revives a form of poetry popular all over civilized Europe from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. The most famous of these old romances were written about King Arthur and his knights, or about Charlemagne, the great king of France. They dealt with the age of chivalry, while Scott deals here with a later period. Scott's poem has many of the characteristics of the ballad, as you will see if you compare it with one of the romantic ballads previously read. But it tells a long and sustained story, and this the ballad cannot do. It is like the epic in its use of history and legend, and in its portrayal of the life of a past time through a poetic biography of national or racial heroes. But it is more simple than the epic; it lacks the stately dignity that you have found in the story of Ulysses. It also finds a large part of its interest in the love-story, something that the epic does not stress. King James is a romantic and deeply interesting figure, but he is not the founder of a civilization, like one of the heroes of the epics written so many centuries ago.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

Sir Walter Scott

CANTO FIRST

The Chase

Harp of the North! that moldering long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string—
O Minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep?
Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep?

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.
At each according pause was heard aloud
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high!
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bowed;
For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's matchless eye.

O wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray;
O wake once more! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay;
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
The wizard note has not been touched in vain.
Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again!

I

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
But when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

II

As Chief, who hears his warder call,
"To arms! the foemen storm the wall,"
The antlered monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
But ere his fleet career he took,
The dewdrops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky;
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
A moment listened to the cry,
That thickened as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

III

Yelled on the view the opening pack;
Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountain gave response.

---

2. **Saint Fillan,** a Scotch abbot of the eighth century. 3. **numbers,** songs. 10. **Caledon,** Caledonia, poetic name for Scotland. 14. **according pause,** pause filled by the harp accompaniment.

29. **Monan,** a Scottish martyr of the fourth century. 31. **Glenartney,** glen or valley of the Artney. For all geographical references, see map, page 300. 33. **Benvoirlich,** *ben* is Scottish for "mountain."

A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong;
Clattered a hundred steeds along;
Their peal the merry horns rung out;
A hundred voices joined the shout.
With hark and whoop and wild halloo,
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
Far from the tumult fled the roe;
Close in her covert cowered the doe;
The falcon, from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint, and more faint, its failing din
Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

IV

Less loud the sounds of silvan war
Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var,
And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old;
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun,
And many a gallant, stayed perforce,
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,
And of the trackers of the deer
Scarce half the lessening pack was near;
So shrewdly on the mountain side
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

V

The noble stag was pausing now
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where broad extended, far beneath,
The varied realms of fair Menteith.
With anxious eye he wandered o'er
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
And pondered refuge from his toil,
By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.
But nearer was the copsewood gray
That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,
And mingled with the pine-trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.
Fresh vigor with the hope returned,
With flying foot the heath he spurned,
Held westward with unwearied race,
And left behind the panting chase.

VI

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
As swept the hunt through Cambusmore;
What reins were tightened in despair,
When rose Benledi's ridge in air;
Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,
Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith—
For twice that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reached the lake of Vennachar;
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone.

VII

Alone, but with unbated zeal,
That horseman plied the scourge and steel;
For jaded now, and spent with toil,
Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The laboring stag strained full in view.
Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,
Fast on his flying traces came,
And all but won that desperate game;
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
Vindictive toiled the bloodhounds stanch;
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
Nor farther might the quarry strain.
Thus up the margin of the lake,
Between the precipice and brake,
O'er stock and rock their race they take.

VIII

The hunter marked that mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deemed the stag must turn to bay
Where that huge rampart barred the way;
Already glorying in the prize,
Measured his antlers with his eyes;
For the death-wound and death-halloo,
Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew—
But thundering as he came prepared,
With ready arm and weapon bared,
The wily quarry shunned the shock,
And turned him from the opposing rock;
Then dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and Hunter's ken,
In the deep Trosachs' wildest nook
His solitary refuge took.
There, while close couched, the thicket shed
Cold dews and wild-flowers on his head,
He heard the baffled dogs in vain

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89. **Menteith**, district along the River Teith. 93. **Lochard**, loch is Scottish for "lake." 103. **Cambusmore**, an estate on the border of the Braes of Doune.

106. **Bochastle's heath**, a plain between Loch Vennachar and the Teith River. 112. **Brigg**, Scottish for "bridge." 138. **whinyard**, sword.

Rave through the hollow pass amain,
Chiding the rocks that yelled again.

IX

Close on the hounds the Hunter came,
To cheer them on the vanished game;
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell.
The impatient rider strove in vain
To rouse him with the spur and rein,
For the good steed, his labors o'er,
Stretched his stiff limbs, to rise no more;
Then, touched with pity and remorse,
He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse.
"I little thought, when first thy rein
I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
That Highland eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That costs thy life, my gallant gray!"

X

Then through the dell his horn resounds,
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
Back limped, with slow and crippled pace,
The sulky leaders of the chase;
Close to their master's side they pressed,
With drooping tail and humbled crest;
But still the dingle's hollow throat
Prolonged the swelling bugle-note.
The owlets started from their dream;
The eagles answered with their scream;
Round and around the sounds were cast,
Till echo seemed an answering blast.
And on the Hunter hied his way,
To join some comrades of the day;
Yet often paused, so strange the road,
So wondrous were the scenes it showed.

XI

The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.
Nor were these earthborn castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair;
For, from their shivered brows displayed,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dewdrops sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

XII

Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale and violet flower
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Grouped their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

XIII

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet, still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As served the wild duck's brood to swim.
Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing,

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166. **Woe worth**, woe be to.

197. **Shinar's plain**, location of the tower of Babel; see *Genesis XI*, 1-9. 214. **embalmed**, perfumed

Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark-blue mirror trace;
And farther as the Hunter strayed,
Still broader sweep its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,
Like castle girdled with its moat;
Yet broader floods extending still
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an island sea.

XIV

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Benvenue
Down to the lake in masses threw
Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

XV

From the steep promontory gazed
The stranger, raptured and amazed,
And, "What a scene were here," he cried,
"For princely pomp, or churchman's pride!
On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
On yonder meadow, far away,
The turrets of a cloister gray;
How blithely might the bugle-horn
Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!
How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute
Chime, when the groves were still and mute!
And when the midnight moon should lave
Her forehead in the silver wave,

LOCH KATRINE

How solemn on the ear would come
The holy matin's distant hum,
While the deep peal's commanding tone
Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
A sainted hermit from his cell,
To drop a bead with every knell—
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
Should each bewildered stranger call
To friendly feast and lighted hall.

XVI

"Blithe were it then to wander here!
But now—beshrew yon nimble deer—
Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,
The copse must give my evening fare;
Some mossy bank my couch must be,
Some rustling oak my canopy.
Yet pass we that; the war and chase
Give little choice of resting-place—
A summer night, in greenwood spent,
Were but tomorrow's merriment;
But hosts may in these wilds abound,
Such as are better missed than found;
To meet with Highland plunderers here
Were worse than loss of steed or deer.
I am alone—my bugle-strain
May call some straggler of the train;
Or, fall the worst that may betide,
Ere now this falchion has been tried."

XVII

But scarce again his horn he wound,
When lo! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged oak,
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
The weeping willow-twig to lave,
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
The boat had touched this silver strand
Just as the Hunter left his stand,
And stood concealed amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake.
The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain.
With head upraised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood, she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

XVIII

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace
Of finer form or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown—
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow.
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread.
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue—
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear!

XIX

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild, luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair,
Mantled a plaid with modest care,
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine in her mirror blue
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confessed
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
Or tale of injury called forth
The indignant spirit of the North.
One only passion unrevealed,
With maiden pride the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame—
O, need I tell that passion's name!

XX

Impatient of the silent horn,
Now on the gale her voice was borne—
"Father!" she cried; the rocks around
Loved to prolong the gentle sound.
A while she paused, no answer came—
"Malcolm, was thine the blast?" the name
Less resolutely uttered fell,
The echoes could not catch the swell.
"A stranger I," the Huntsman said,
Advancing from the hazel shade.
The maid, alarmed, with hasty oar,
Pushed her light shallop from the shore,
And when a space was gained between,
Closer she drew her bosom's screen—
So forth the startled swan would swing,
So turn to prune his ruffled wing.
Then safe, though fluttered and amazed,
She paused, and on the stranger gazed.
Not his the form, nor his the eye,
That youthful maidens wont to fly.

XXI

On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly pressed its signet sage,
Yet had not quenched the open truth
And fiery vehemence of youth;
Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare,
The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,
Of hasty love, or headlong ire.
His limbs were cast in manly mold,
For hardy sports or contest bold;
And though in peaceful garb arrayed,
And weaponless, except his blade,
His stately mien as well implied
A highborn heart, a martial pride,
As if a Baron's crest he wore,
And sheathed in armor trod the shore.
Slighting the petty need he showed,
He told of his benighted road;
His ready speech flowed fair and free,
In phrase of gentlest courtesy;
Yet seemed that tone and gesture bland
Less used to sue than to command.

XXII

A while the maid the stranger eyed,
And, reassured, at length replied,
That Highland halls were open still
To wildered wanderers of the hill.
"Nor think you unexpected come
To yon lone isle, our desert home;
Before the heath had lost the dew,
This morn, a couch was pulled for you;
On yonder mountain's purple head
Have ptarmigan and heath-cock bled,
And our broad nets have swept the mere,
To furnish forth your evening cheer."
"Now, by the rood, my lovely maid,
Your courtesy has erred," he said;
"No right have I to claim, misplaced,
The welcome of expected guest.
A wanderer, here by fortune tost,
My way, my friends, my courser lost,
I ne'er before, believe me, fair,
Have ever drawn your mountain air,
Till on this lake's romantic strand,
I found a fay in fairyland!"

XXIII

"I well believe," the maid replied,
As her light skiff approached the side,
"I well believe, that ne'er before
Your foot has trod Loch Katrine's shore;
But yet, as far as yesternight,
Old Allan-bane foretold your plight—
A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent
Was on the visioned future bent.
He saw your steed, a dappled gray,
Lie dead beneath the birchen way;
Painted exact your form and mien,
Your hunting suit of Lincoln green,
That tasseled horn so gaily gilt,
That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,
That cap with heron plumage trim,
And yon two hounds so dark and grim.
He bade that all should ready be
To grace a guest of fair degree;
But light I held his prophecy,
And deemed it was my father's horn
Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne."

XXIV

The stranger smiled: "Since to your home
A destined errant-knight I come,
Announced by prophet sooth and old,
Doomed, doubtless, for achievement bold,
I'll lightly front each high emprise,
For one kind glance of those bright eyes.
Permit me, first, the task to guide
Your fairy frigate o'er the tide."
The maid, with smile suppressed and sly,

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404. **prune**, smooth.

438. **couch**, heather for a couch.

The toil unwonted saw him try;
For seldom, sure, if e'er before,
His noble hand had grasped an oar.
Yet with main strength his strokes he drew,
And o'er the lake the shallop flew;
With heads erect, and whimpering cry,
The hounds behind their passage ply.
Nor frequent does the bright oar break
The dark'ning mirror of the lake,
Until the rocky isle they reach,
And moor their shallop on the beach.

XXV

The stranger viewed the shore around,
'Twas all so close with copsewood bound,
Nor track nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there,
Until the mountain-maiden showed
A clambering, unsuspected road,
That winded through the tangled screen,
And opened on a narrow green,
Where weeping birch and willow round
With their long fibers swept the ground.
Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

XXVI

It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device;
Of such materials as, around,
The workman's hand had readiest found.
Lopped of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,
And by the hatchet rudely squared,
To give the walls their destined height,
The sturdy oak and ash unite;
While moss and clay and leaves combined
To fence each crevice from the wind.
The lighter pine-trees, overhead,
Their slender length for rafters spread,
And withered heath and rushes dry
Supplied a russet canopy.
Due westward, fronting to the green,
A rural portico was seen,
Aloft on native pillars borne,
Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
The ivy and Idæan vine,
The clematis, the favored flower
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,
And every hardy plant could bear
Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.
An instant in this porch she stayed,
And gaily to the stranger said,
"On heaven and on thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall!"

XXVII

"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
My gentle guide, in following thee!"
He crossed the threshold—and a clang
Of angry steel that instant rang.
To his bold brow his spirit rushed,
But soon for vain alarm he blushed,
When on the floor he saw displayed,
Cause of the din, a naked blade
Dropped from the sheath, that careless flung
Upon a stag's huge antlers swung;
For all around, the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase:
A target there, a bugle here,
A battle-ax, a hunting spear,
And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,
With the tusked trophies of the boar.
Here grins the wolf as when he died,
And there the wildcat's brindled hide
The frontlet of the elk adorns,
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns;
Pennons and flags defaced and stained,
That blackening streaks of blood retained,
And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white,
With otter's fur and seal's unite,
In rude and uncouth tapestry all,
To garnish forth the silvan hall.

XXVIII

The wondering stranger round him gazed,
And next the fallen weapon raised—
Few were the arms whose sinewy strength
Sufficed to stretch it forth at length.
And as the brand he poised and swayed,
"I never knew but one," he said,
"Whose stalwart arm might brook to wield
A blade like this in battlefield."
She sighed, then smiled and took the word:
"You see the guardian champion's sword;
As light it trembles in his hand
As in my grasp a hazel wand;
My sire's tall form might grace the part
Of Ferragus, or Ascabart;
But in the absent giant's hold
Are women now, and menials old."

---

525. **Idæan**, from Ida, a mountain near Troy, famous for its vines.

546. **target**, a shield. 573. **Ferragus, Ascabart**, two giants of enormous strength celebrated in medieval romances. 574. **hold**, castle.

XXIX

The mistress of the mansion came,
Mature of age, a graceful dame,
Whose easy step and stately port
Had well become a princely court,
To whom, though more than kindred knew,
Young Ellen gave a mother's due.
Meet welcome to her guest she made,
And every courteous rite was paid
That hospitality could claim,
Though all unasked his birth and name.
Such then the reverence to a guest,
That fellest foe might join the feast,
And from his deadliest foeman's door
Unquestioned turn, the banquet o'er.
At length his rank the stranger names,
"The Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James;
Lord of a barren heritage,
Which his brave sires, from age to age,
By their good swords had held with toil;
His sire had fallen in such turmoil,
And he, God wot, was forced to stand
Oft for his right with blade in hand.
This morning, with Lord Moray's train
He chased a stalwart stag in vain,
Outstripped his comrades, missed the deer,
Lost his good steed, and wandered here."

XXX

Fain would the Knight in turn require
The name and state of Ellen's sire.
Well showed the elder lady's mien
That courts and cities she had seen;
Ellen, though more her looks displayed
The simple grace of silvan maid,
In speech and gesture, form and face,
Showed she was come of gentle race.
'Twere strange in ruder rank to find
Such looks, such manners, and such mind.
Each hint the Knight of Snowdoun gave,
Dame Margaret heard with silence grave;
Or Ellen, innocently gay,
Turned all inquiry light away—
"Weird women we— by dale and down
We dwell, afar from tower and town.
We stem the flood, we ride the blast,
On wandering knights our spells we cast;
While viewless minstrels touch the string,
'Tis thus our charméd rimes we sing."
She sung, and still a harp unseen
Filled up the symphony between.

XXXI

Song

"Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing;
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

"No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing;
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here;
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping."

XXXII

She paused—then, blushing, led the lay
To grace the stranger of the day.
Her mellow notes awhile prolong
The cadence of the flowing song,
Till to her lips in measured frame
The minstrel verse spontaneous came.

Song (*Continued*)

"Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveillé."

---

580. **though . . knew**, though it was more than the kinship itself really warranted.

XXXIII

The hall was cleared—the stranger's bed
Was there of mountain heather spread,
Where oft a hundred guests had lain,
And dreamed their forest sports again.
But vainly did the heath-flower shed
Its moorland fragrance round his head;
Not Ellen's spell had lulled to rest
The fever of his troubled breast.
In broken dreams the image rose
Of varied perils, pains, and woes:
His steed now flounders in the brake;
Now sinks his barge upon the lake;
Now leader of a broken host,
His standard falls, his honor's lost.
Then—from my couch may heavenly might
Chase that worst phantom of the night!
Again returned the scenes of youth,
Of confident, undoubting truth;
Again his soul he interchanged
With friends whose hearts were long estranged.
They come, in dim procession led,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead;
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
As if they parted yesterday.
And doubt distracts him at the view—
O were his senses false or true?
Dreamed he of death, or broken vow,
Or is it all a vision now?

XXXIV

At length, with Ellen in a grove
He seemed to walk, and speak of love;
She listened with a blush and sigh;
His suit was warm, his hopes were high.
He sought her yielded hand to clasp,
And a cold gauntlet met his grasp;
The phantom's sex was changed and gone,
Upon its head a helmet shone;
Slowly enlarged to giant size,
With darkened cheek and threatening eyes,
The grisly visage, stern and hoar,
To Ellen still a likeness bore.
He woke, and, panting with affright,
Recalled the vision of the night.
The hearth's decaying brands were red,
And deep and dusky luster shed,
Half showing, half concealing, all
The uncouth trophies of the hall.
Mid those the stranger fixed his eye
Where that huge falchion hung on high,
And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,
Rushed, chasing countless thoughts along,
Until, the giddy whirl to cure,
He rose, and sought the moonshine pure.

XXXV

The wild-rose, eglantine, and broom
Wasted around their rich perfume,
The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm;
The aspens slept beneath the calm;
The silver light, with quivering glance,
Played on the water's still expanse—
Wild were the heart whose passion's sway
Could rage beneath the sober ray!
He felt its calm, that warrior guest,
While thus he communed with his breast:
"Why is it, at each turn I trace
Some memory of that exiled race?
Can I not mountain-maiden spy,
But she must bear the Douglas eye?
Can I not view a Highland brand,
But it must match the Douglas hand?
Can I not frame a fevered dream,
But still the Douglas is the theme?
I'll dream no more—by manly mind
Not even in sleep is will resigned.
My midnight orisons said o'er,
I'll turn to rest, and dream no more."
His midnight orisons he told,
A prayer with every bead of gold,
Consigned to heaven his cares and woes,
And sunk in undisturbed repose,
Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,
And morning dawned on Benvenue.

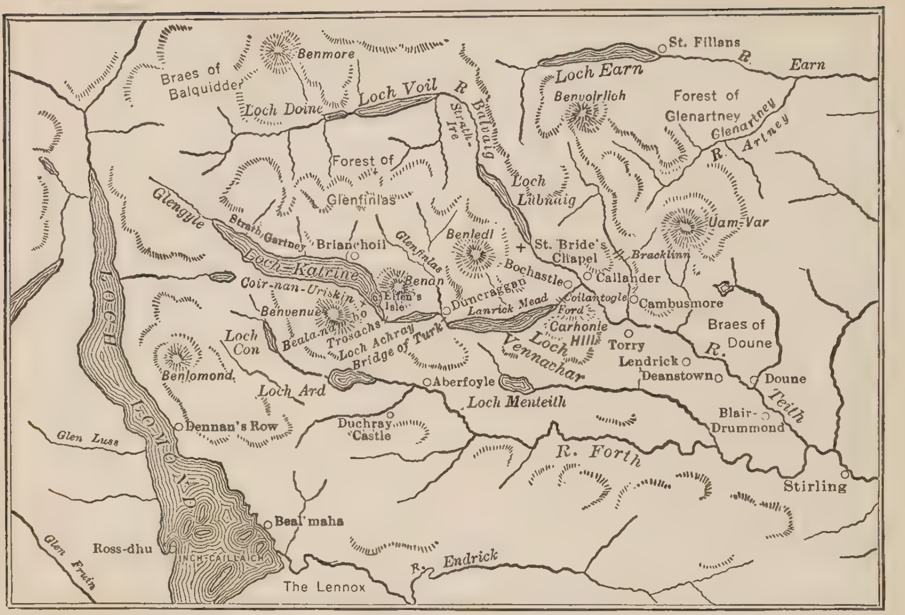
NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. The poet loved the country he describes; find descriptions that show his love and intimate knowledge of the scenes treated. Find lines that show he knew also the details of the landscape—the birds, trees, and flowers. Learn by heart the description you like best.

2. What characters did you become acquainted with in Canto First? Find lines that reveal the fine qualities of the knight and his hosts. What are you able to gather of the knight's life from his dream? How does the poet arouse the reader's interest in Douglas? What hint is there of Malcolm?

3. Using the last four lines of stanza XXIX as an outline, tell the story of Canto First. Follow the hunt on the map, page 300, that shows the lakes and mountains mentioned in the poem.

4. Scott, like his young friend Landseer, the celebrated animal painter, was a great lover



MAP ILLUSTRATING "THE LADY OF THE LAKE"

of animals, especially dogs; find passages that you think reflect the poet's love of animals.

5. Scott's home, Abbotsford, was filled with trophies of Scottish life—the clans, the chase, and border warfare; the beautiful garden had in it trees, shrubs, and flowers—examples of practically everything that grows in Scotland. Find passages that might apply to his own home and garden.

6. Notice how much is added to the enjoyableness of the poem by its music—the meter, the rime, alliteration, and the choice of certain words the sounds of which enhance the ideas expressed. Choosing a passage of about ten lines, mark the syllables that receive stresses or accents. How many are in each line? Such a line is sometimes called iambic tetrameter. Why? (At the end of this book, under the heading "Index of Special Terms," you will find many helpful definitions and illustrations of some of the terms mentioned above, such as meter, alliteration, stanza, figures of speech, etc.) Find examples that show by the rime that Scott probably pronounced certain words differently from the way you are accustomed to hearing them pronounced. Read stanza III aloud to show the crescendo and diminuendo effect which is as pronounced as if it were a piece of music. Find lines that seem to you to be especially musical. Give examples showing that alliteration heightens the musical effect. Find lines in which the sentence order is transposed; why did the poet use this order? The poet uses figurative language to stimulate the reader's imagination by suggestions; find examples of especially suggestive figures of speech.

Illustrations. Blue prints illustrating this poem can be secured of the Thompson Publishing Co., Syracuse, New York.

CANTO SECOND

THE ISLAND

I

At morn the blackcock trims his jetty wing;
'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay;
All Nature's children feel the matin spring
Of life reviving, with reviving day;
And while yon little bark glides down the bay,
Wafting the stranger on his way again,
Morn's genial influence roused a minstrel gray,
And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy strain,
Mixed with the sounding harp, O white-haired Allan-bane!

II

Song

"Not faster yonder rowers' might
Flings from their oars the spray,
Not faster yonder rippling bright,
That tracks the shallop's course in light,
Melts in the lake away,
Than men from memory erase
The benefits of former days;
Then, stranger, go! Good speed the while,
Nor think again of the lonely isle.

"High place to thee in royal court,
High place in battle line;
Good hawk and hound for silvan sport,
Where beauty sees the brave resort;
The honored meed be thine!
True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,
Thy lady constant, kind, and dear,
And lost in love, and friendship's smile
Be memory of the lonely isle.

III

Song (*Continued*)

"But if beneath yon southern sky
A plaided stranger roam,
Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh,
And sunken cheek and heavy eye,
Pine for his Highland home;
Then, warrior, then be thine to show
The care that soothes a wanderer's woe;
Remember then thy hap ere while,
A stranger in the lonely isle.

"Or if on life's uncertain main
Mishap shall mar thy sail;
If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
Woe, want, and exile thou sustain
Beneath the fickle gale;
Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,
On thankless courts, or friends estranged,
But come where kindred worth shall smile,
To greet thee in the lonely isle."

IV

As died the sounds upon the tide,
The shallop reached the mainland side,
And ere his onward way he took,
The stranger cast a lingering look,
Where easily his eye might reach
The Harper on the islet beach,
Reclined against a blighted tree,
As wasted, gray, and worn as he.
To minstrel meditation given,
His reverend brow was raised to heaven,
As from the rising sun to claim
A sparkle of inspiring flame.
His hand, reclined upon the wire,
Seemed watching the awakening fire;
So still he sat, as those who wait
Till judgment speak the doom of fate;
So still, as if no breeze might dare
To lift one lock of hoary hair;
So still, as life itself were fled
In the last sound his harp had sped.

V

Upon a rock with lichens wild,
Beside him Ellen sat and smiled—
Smiled she to see the stately drake
Lead forth his fleet upon the lake,
While her vexed spaniel, from the beach,
Bayed at the prize beyond his reach?
Yet tell me, then, the maid who knows,
Why deepened on her cheek the rose?
Forgive, forgive, Fidelity!
Perchance the maiden smiled to see
Yon parting lingerer wave adieu,
And stop and turn to wave anew;
And, lovely ladies, ere your ire
Condemn the heroine of my lyre,
Show me the fair would scorn to spy,
And prize such conquest of her eye!

VI

While yet he loitered on the spot,
It seemed as Ellen marked him not;
But when he turned him to the glade,
One courteous parting sign she made;
And after, oft the knight would say,
That not when prize of festal day
Was dealt him by the brightest fair,
Who e'er wore jewel in her hair,
So highly did his bosom swell
As at that simple mute farewell.
Now with a trusty mountain-guide,
And his dark stag-hounds by his side,
He parts—the maid, unconscious still,
Watched him wind slowly round the hill;
But when his stately form was hid,
The guardian in her bosom chid—
"Thy Malcolm! vain and selfish maid!"
'Twas thus upbraiding conscience said—
"Not so had Malcolm idly hung
On the smooth phrase of southern tongue;

---

35. **hap ere while**, misfortune of a former time.

Not so had Malcolm strained his eye
Another step than thine to spy.
Wake, Allan-bane," aloud she cried
To the old Minstrel by her side—
"Arouse thee from thy moody dream!
I'll give thy harp heroic theme,
And warm thee with a noble name;
Pour forth the glory of the Græme!"
Scarce from her lip the word had rushed,
When deep the conscious maiden blushed;
For of his clan, in hall and bower,
Young Malcolm Græme was held the flower.

VII

The Minstrel waked his harp—three times
Arose the well-known martial chimes,
And thrice their high, heroic pride
In melancholy murmurs died.
"Vainly thou bidst, O noble maid,"
Clasping his withered hands, he said,
"Vainly thou bidst me wake the strain,
Though all unwont to bid in vain.
Alas! than mine a mightier hand
Has tuned my harp, my strings has spanned!
I touch the chords of joy, but low
And mournful answer notes of woe;
And the proud march, which victors tread,
Sinks in the wailing for the dead.
O well for me, if mine alone
That dirge's deep, prophetic tone!
If, as my tuneful fathers said,
This harp, which erst Saint Modan swayed,
Can thus its master's fate foretell,
Then welcome be the minstrel's knell!

VIII

"But ah! dear lady, thus it sighed
The eve thy sainted mother died;
And such the sounds which, while I strove
To wake a lay of war or love,
Came marring all the festal mirth,
Appalling me who gave them birth,
And, disobedient to my call,
Wailed loud through Bothwell's bannered hall,
Ere Douglases, to ruin driven,
Were exiled from their native heaven.
Oh! if yet worse mishap and woe,
My master's house must undergo,
Or aught but weal to Ellen fair,
Brood in these accents of despair,
No future bard, sad Harp! shall fling
Triumph or rapture from thy string;
One short, one final, strain shall flow,
Fraught with unutterable woe,
Then shivered shall thy fragments lie,
Thy master cast him down and die!"

IX

Soothing she answered him—"Assuage,
Mine honored friend, the fears of age;
All melodies to thee are known
That harp has rung, or pipe has blown,
In Lowland vale or Highland glen,
From Tweed to Spey—what marvel, then,
At times, unbidden notes should rise,
Confusedly bound in memory's ties,
Entangling, as they rush along,
The war-march with the funeral song?
Small ground is now for boding fear;
Obscure, but safe, we rest us here.
My sire, in native virtue great,
Resigning lordship, lands, and state,
Not then to fortune more resigned
Than yonder oak might give the wind;
The graceful foliage storms may reave,
The noble stem they cannot grieve.
For me"—she stooped, and, looking round,
Plucked a blue harebell from the ground—
"For me, whose memory scarce conveys
An image of more splendid days,
This little flower, that loves the lea,
May well my simple emblem be;
It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose
That in the King's own garden grows;
And when I place it in my hair,
Allan, a bard is bound to swear
He ne'er saw coronet so fair."
Then playfully the chaplet wild
She wreathed in her dark locks, and smiled.

X

Her smile, her speech, with winning sway,
Wiled the old harper's mood away.
With such a look as hermits throw,
When angels stoop to soothe their woe,
He gazed, till fond regret and pride
Thrilled to a tear, then thus replied:
"Loveliest and best! thou little know'st

---

109. **Græme**, Graham, a powerful Scottish family. 131. **Saint Modan**, a Scottish abbot of the seventh century. 141. **Bothwell**, a castle southeast of Glasgow, belonging to the Douglas family.

159. **Tweed, Spey**, rivers in the extreme southern parts and in the northern part, respectively, of Scotland.

The rank, the honors, thou hast lost!
O might I live to see thee grace,
In Scotland's court, thy birthright place,
To see my favorite's step advance,
The lightest in the courtly dance,
The cause of every gallant's sigh,
And leading star of every eye,
And theme of every minstrel's art,
The Lady of the Bleeding Heart!"

XI

"Fair dreams are these," the maiden cried
—Light was her accent, yet she sighed—
"Yet is this mossy rock to me
Worth splendid chair and canopy;
Nor would my footsteps spring more gay
In courtly dance than blithe strathspey;
Nor half so pleased mine ear incline
To royal minstrel's lay as thine.
And then for suitors proud and high,
To bend before my conquering eye—
Thou, flattering bard! thyself wilt say
That grim Sir Roderick owns its sway.
The Saxon scourge, Clan-Alpine's pride,
The terror of Loch Lomond's side,
Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay
A Lennox foray—for a day."

XII

The ancient bard her glee repressed:
"Ill hast thou chosen theme for jest!
For who, through all this western wild,
Named Black Sir Roderick e'er, and smiled?
In Holy-Rood a knight he slew;
I saw, when back the dirk he drew,
Courtiers give place before the stride
Of the undaunted homicide;
And since, though outlawed, hath his hand
Full sternly kept his mountain land.
Who else dared give—ah! woe the day,
That I such hated truth should say—
The Douglas, like a stricken deer,
Disowned by every noble peer,
Even the rude refuge we have here?
Alas, this wild, marauding Chief
Alone might hazard our relief,
And now thy maiden charms expand,
Looks for his guerdon in thy hand;
Full soon may dispensation sought,
To back his suit, from Rome be brought.
Then, though an exile on the hill,
Thy father, as the Douglas, still
Be held in reverence and fear;
And though to Roderick thou'rt so dear,
That thou might'st guide with silken thread,
Slave of thy will, this chieftain dread,
Yet, O loved maid, thy mirth refrain!
Thy hand is on a lion's mane."

XIII

"Minstrel," the maid replied, and high
Her father's soul glanced from her eye,
"My debts to Roderick's house I know;
All that a mother could bestow,
To Lady Margaret's care I owe,
Since first an orphan in the wild
She sorrowed o'er her sister's child;
To her brave chieftain son, from ire
Of Scotland's King who shrouds my sire,
A deeper, holier debt is owed;
And, could I pay it with my blood,
Allan! Sir Roderick should command
My blood, my life—but not my hand.
Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell
A votaress in Maronnan's cell;
Rather through realms beyond the sea,
Seeking the world's cold charity,
Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word,
And ne'er the name of Douglas heard,
An outcast pilgrim will she rove,
Than wed the man she cannot love.

XIV

"Thou shakest, good friend, thy tresses gray—
That pleading look, what can it say
But what I own?—I grant him brave,
But wild as Bracklinn's thundering wave;
And generous—save vindictive mood
Or jealous transport chafe his blood;
I grant him true to friendly band,
As his claymore is to his hand;
But oh! that very blade of steel
More mercy for a foe would feel;
I grant him liberal, to fling
Among his clan the wealth they bring,
When back by lake and glen they wind,
And in the Lowland leave behind,

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200. **Bleeding Heart,** the emblem of the Douglas family. 213. **Clan-Alpine,** the collective name of the followers of Sir Roderick Dhu. 216. **Lennox foray,** a raid into Lennox, a district south of Menteith. 221. **Holy-Rood,** Holyrood Palace in Edinburgh.

254. **shrouds,** protects. 260. **Maronnan's cell,** a small chapel at the eastern end of Loch Lomond. 270. **Bracklinn,** a cascade in Menteith; *linn* means "waterfall."

Where once some pleasant hamlet stood,
A mass of ashes slaked with blood.
The hand that for my father fought,
I honor, as his daughter ought;
But can I clasp it reeking red
From peasants slaughtered in their shed?
No! wildly while his virtues gleam,
They make his passions darker seem,
And flash along his spirit high,
Like lightning o'er the midnight sky.
While yet a child—and children know,
Instinctive taught, the friend and foe—
I shuddered at his brow of gloom,
His shadowy plaid, and sable plume;
A maiden grown, I ill could bear
His haughty mien and lordly air;
But, if thou join'st a suitor's claim,
In serious mood, to Roderick's name,
I thrill with anguish! or, if e'er
A Douglas knew the word, with fear.
To change such odious theme were best—
What think'st thou of our stranger guest?"

XV

"What think I of him?—woe the while
That brought such wanderer to our isle!
Thy father's battle-brand, of yore
For Tine-man forged by fairy lore,
What time he leagued, no longer foes,
His Border spears with Hotspur's bows,
Did, self-unscabbarded, foreshow
The footstep of a secret foe.
If courtly spy hath harbored here,
What may we for the Douglas fear?
What for this island, deemed of old
Clan-Alpine's last and surest hold?
If neither spy nor foe, I pray
What yet may jealous Roderick say?
—Nay, wave not thy disdainful head,
Bethink thee of the discord dread
That kindled when at Beltane game
Thou ledst the dance with Malcolm Græme;
Still, though thy sire the peace renewed,
Smolders in Roderick's breast the feud;
Beware!—But hark, what sounds are these?
My dull ears catch no faltering breeze;
No weeping birch, nor aspens wake,
Nor breath is dimpling in the lake;
Still is the canna's hoary beard,
Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard—
And hark again! some pipe of war
Sends the bold pibroch from afar."

XVI

Far up the lengthened lake were spied
Four darkening specks upon the tide,
That, slow enlarging on the view,
Four manned and masted barges grew,
And, bearing downwards from Glengyle,
Steered full upon the lonely isle:
The point of Brianchoil they passed,
And, to the windward as they cast,
Against the sun they gave to shine
The bold Sir Roderick's bannered Pine.
Nearer and nearer as they bear,
Spears, pikes, and axes flash in air.
Now might you see the tartans brave,
And plaids and plumage dance and wave;
Now see the bonnets sink and rise,
As his tough oar the rower plies;
See, flashing at each sturdy stroke,
The wave ascending into smoke;
See the proud pipers on the bow,
And mark the gaudy streamers flow
From their loud chanters down, and sweep
The furrowed bosom of the deep,
As, rushing through the lake amain,
They plied the ancient Highland strain.

XVII

Ever, as on they bore, more loud
And louder rung the pibroch proud.
At first the sound, by distance tame,
Mellowed along the waters came,
And, lingering long by cape and bay,
Wailed every harsher note away,
Then bursting bolder on the ear,
The clan's shrill Gathering they could hear;
Those thrilling sounds, that call the might
Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.
Thick beat the rapid notes, as when
The mustering hundreds shake the glen,
And hurrying at the signal dread,
The battered earth returns their tread.
Then prelude light, of livelier tone,
Expressed their merry marching on,
Ere peal of closing battle rose,
With mingled outcry, shrieks, and blows;
And mimic din of stroke and ward,
As broadsword upon target jarred;
And groaning pause, ere yet again,

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306. **Tine-man,** "Lose-man," an ancestor of Douglas's, so-called because he always lost his men in battle. 319. **Beltane game,** May-day festival. 327. **canna,** cotton-grass.

335, 337. **Glengyle, Brianchoil,** names used by Scott to help give vividness to the picture. 351. **chanter,** in a bagpipe the finger pipe on which the melody is played. 362. **Gathering,** summons to a gathering.

Condensed, the battle yelled amain;
The rapid charge, the rallying shout,
Retreat borne headlong into rout,
And bursts of triumph, to declare
Clan-Alpine's conquest—all were there.
Nor ended thus the strain; but slow
Sunk in a moan prolonged and low,
And changed the conquering clarion swell,
For wild lament o'er those that fell.

XVIII

The war-pipes ceased; but lake and hill
Were busy with their echoes still;
And, when they slept, a vocal strain
Bade their hoarse chorus wake again,
While loud a hundred clansmen raise
Their voices in their Chieftain's praise.
Each boatman, bending to his oar,
With measured sweep the burden bore,
In such wild cadence as the breeze
Makes through December's leafless trees.
The chorus first could Allan know,
"Roderick Vich Alpine, ho! iro!"
And near, and nearer as they rowed,
Distinct the martial ditty flowed.

XIX

Boat Song

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
  Honored and blessed be the evergreen Pine!
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
  Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
    Heaven send it happy dew,
    Earth lend it sap anew,
  Gayly to burgeon, and broadly to grow,
    While every Highland glen
    Sends our shout back again,
  "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
  Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain,
  The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
    Moored in the rifted rock,
    Proof to the tempest's shock,
  Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
    Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
    Echo his praise again,
  "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

XX

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
  And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
  And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on her side.
    Widow and Saxon maid
    Long shall lament our raid,
  Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;
    Lennox and Leven-glen
    Shake when they hear again
  "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
  Stretch to your oars, for the evergreen Pine!
O that the rosebud that graces yon islands
  Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
    O that some seedling gem,
    Worthy such noble stem,
  Honored and blessed in their shadow might grow;
    Loud should Clan-Alpine then
    Ring from her deepmost glen,
  "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

XXI

With all her joyful female band,
Had Lady Margaret sought the strand.
Loose on the breeze their tresses flew,
And high their snowy arms they threw,
As echoing back with shrill acclaim,
And chorus wild, the Chieftain's name;
While, prompt to please, with mother's art,
The darling passion of his heart,
The Dame called Ellen to the strand,
To greet her kinsman ere he land:
"Come, loiterer, come! a Douglas thou,

---

392. **burden**, chorus. 396. **Vich**, Gaelic for "descendant of." King Alpine was the half-mythical ancestor of Clan-Alpine. 408. **dhu**, black.

416. **Breadalbane**, the district north of the scene of this story. 419-426. **Glen Fruin, Glen Luss, Ross-dhu, Leven-glen**, names used by Scott to add realism to the song. 420. **Bannochar**, a castle where a terrible massacre had taken place. 423. **Saxon**, Lowland. 431. **rosebud**, Ellen.

And shun to wreathe a victor's brow?"
Reluctantly and slow, the maid
The unwelcome summoning obeyed,
And, when a distant bugle rung,
In the mid-path aside she sprung—
"List, Allan-bane! From mainland cast
I hear my father's signal blast.
Be ours," she cried, "the skiff to guide,
And waft him from the mountain side."
Then, like a sunbeam, swift and bright,
She darted to her shallop light,
And, eagerly while Roderick scanned,
For her dear form, his mother's band,
The islet far behind her lay,
And she had landed in the bay.

XXII

Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven;
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head!
And as the Douglas to his breast
His darling Ellen closely pressed,
Such holy drops her tresses steeped,
Though 'twas an hero's eye that weeped.
Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue
Her filial welcomes crowded hung,
Marked she, that fear, affection's proof,
Still held a graceful youth aloof;
No! not till Douglas named his name,
Although the youth was Malcolm Græme.

XXIII

Allan, with wistful look the while,
Marked Roderick landing on the isle;
His master piteously he eyed,
Then gazed upon the Chieftain's pride,
Then dashed with hasty hand away
From his dimmed eye the gathering spray;
And Douglas, as his hand he laid
On Malcolm's shoulder, kindly said,
"Canst thou, young friend, no meaning spy
In my poor follower's glistening eye?
I'll tell thee: he recalls the day
When in my praise he led the lay
O'er the arched gate of Bothwell proud,
While many a minstrel answered loud,
When Percy's Norman pennon, won
In bloody field, before me shone,
And twice ten knights, the least a name
As mighty as yon Chief may claim,
Gracing my pomp, behind me came.
Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud
Was I of all that marshaled crowd,
Though the waned crescent owned my might,
And in my train trooped lord and knight,
Though Blantyre hymned her holiest lays,
And Bothwell's bards flung back my praise,
As when this old man's silent tear,
And this poor maid's affection dear,
A welcome give more kind and true
Than aught my better fortunes knew.
Forgive, my friend, a father's boast—
Oh! it out-beggars all I lost!"

XXIV

Delightful praise!—like summer rose,
That brighter in the dewdrop glows,
The bashful maiden's cheek appeared,
For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard.
The flush of shamefaced joy to hide,
The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide;
The loved caresses of the maid
The dogs with crouch and whimper paid;
And, at her whistle, on her hand
The falcon took his favorite stand,
Closed his dark wing, relaxed his eye,
Nor, though unhooded, sought to fly.
And, trust, while in such guise she stood,
Like fabled Goddess of the wood,
That if a father's partial thought
O'erweighed her worth and beauty aught,
Well might the lover's judgment fail
To balance with a juster scale;
For with each secret glance he stole,
The fond enthusiast sent his soul.

XXV

Of stature fair, and slender frame,
But firmly knit, was Malcolm Græme.
The belted plaid and tartan hose
Did ne'er more graceful limbs disclose;
His flaxen hair, of sunny hue,
Curled closely round his bonnet blue.

---

495. **Bothwell**, Douglas's castle.

497. **Percy's Norman pennon**, captured by The Douglas in the raid which led to the battle of Otterburn. 504. **waned crescent**, perhaps a reference to the defeat of Scott's ancestor, also a Sir Walter Scott, in his attempt to set the young king free from The Douglas. Sir Walter's emblem was a crescent moon. 506. **Blantyre**, a cloister near Bothwell Castle. 513. **out-beggars**, makes up for. 527. **Goddess**, probably Diana.

Trained to the chase, his eagle eye
The ptarmigan in snow could spy;
Each pass, by mountain, lake, and heath,
He knew, through Lennox and Menteith;
Vain was the bound of dark-brown doe
When Malcolm bent his sounding bow,
And scarce that doe, though winged with fear,
Outstripped in speed the mountaineer;
Right up Ben-Lomond could he press,
And not a sob his toil confess.
His form accorded with a mind
Lively and ardent, frank and kind;
A blither heart, till Ellen came,
Did never love nor sorrow tame;
It danced as lightsome in his breast,
As played the feather on his crest.
Yet friends, who nearest knew the youth,
His scorn of wrong, his zeal for truth,
And bards, who saw his features bold,
When kindled by the tales of old,
Said, were that youth to manhood grown,
Not long should Roderick Dhu's renown
Be foremost voiced by mountain fame,
But quail to that of Malcolm Græme.

XXVI

Now back they wend their watery way,
And, "O my sire!" did Ellen say,
"Why urge thy chase so far astray?
And why so late returned? And why"—
The rest was in her speaking eye.
"My child, the chase I follow far,
'Tis mimicry of noble war;
And with that gallant pastime reft
Were all of Douglas I have left.
I met young Malcolm as I strayed
Far eastward, in Glenfinlas' shade,
Nor strayed I safe; for, all around,
Hunters and horsemen scoured the ground.
This youth, though still a royal ward,
Risked life and land to be my guard,
And through the passes of the wood
Guided my steps, not unpursued;
And Roderick shall his welcome make,
Despite old spleen, for Douglas' sake.
Then must he seek Strath-Endrick glen,
Nor peril aught for me again."

XXVII

Sir Roderick, who to meet them came,
Reddened at sight of Malcolm Græme,
Yet, not in action, word, or eye,
Failed aught in hospitality.
In talk and sport they whiled away
The morning of that summer day;
But at high noon a courier light
Held secret parley with the knight,
Whose moody aspect soon declared
That evil were the news he heard.
Deep thought seemed toiling in his head;
Yet was the evening banquet made,
Ere he assembled round the flame
His mother, Douglas, and the Græme,
And Ellen, too; then cast around
His eyes, then fixed them on the ground,
As studying phrase that might avail
Best to convey unpleasant tale.
Long with his dagger's hilt he played,
Then raised his haughty brow, and said:

XXVIII

"Short be my speech—nor time affords,
Nor my plain temper, glozing words.
Kinsman and father—if such name
Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick's claim;
Mine honored mother—Ellen—why,
My cousin, turn away thine eye?
And Græme, in whom I hope to know
Full soon a noble friend or foe,
When age shall give thee thy command,
And leading in thy native land—
List all!—The King's vindictive pride
Boasts to have tamed the Border-side,
Where chiefs, with hound and hawk who came
To share their monarch's silvan game,
Themselves in bloody toils were snared;
And when the banquet they prepared,
And wide their loyal portals flung,
O'er their own gateway struggling hung.
Loud cries their blood from Meggat's mead
From Yarrow braes, and banks of Tweed,
Where the lone streams of Ettrick glide,
And from the silver Teviot's side;
The dales, where martial clans did ride,
Are now one sheepwalk, waste and wide.
This tyrant of the Scottish throne,
So faithless, and so ruthless known,
Now hither comes; his end the same,
The same pretext of silvan game.

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583. **Strath-Endrick**, a valley southeast of Loch Lomond, evidently Malcolm's home.

606. **glozing words**, speech that is not plain and to the point. 616. **Border-side**, part of Scotland claimed by both Highlanders and Lowlanders. 623-626. **Meggat, Yarrow, Tweed, Ettrick, Teviot**, rivers in the southern part of Scotland.

What grace for Highland Chiefs, judge ye
By fate of Border chivalry.
Yet more; amid Glenfinlas' green,
Douglas, thy stately form was seen.
This by espial sure I know;
Your counsel in the strait I show."

XXIX

Ellen and Margaret fearfully
Sought comfort in each other's eye,
Then turned their ghastly look, each one,
This to her sire, that to her son.
The hasty color went and came
In the bold cheek of Malcolm Græme;
But from his glance it well appeared,
'Twas but for Ellen that he feared;
While, sorrowful, but undismayed,
The Douglas thus his counsel said:
"Brave Roderick, though the tempest roar,
It may but thunder and pass o'er;
Nor will I here remain an hour,
To draw the lightning on thy bower;
For well thou know'st, at this gray head
The royal bolt were fiercest sped.
For thee, who, at thy King's command,
Canst aid him with a gallant band,
Submission, homage, humbled pride,
Shall turn the Monarch's wrath aside.
Poor remnants of the Bleeding Heart,
Ellen and I will seek, apart,
The refuge of some forest cell,
There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,
Till on the mountain and the moor,
The stern pursuit be passed and o'er."

XXX

"No, by mine honor," Roderick said,
"So help me Heaven, and my good blade!
No, never! Blasted be yon Pine,
My fathers' ancient crest and mine,
If from its shade in danger part
The lineage of the Bleeding Heart!
Hear my blunt speech: Grant me this maid
To wife, thy counsel to mine aid;
To Douglas, leagued with Roderick Dhu,
Will friends and allies flock enow;
Like cause of doubt, distrust, and grief
Will bind to us each Western Chief.
When the loud pipes my bridal tell,
The Links of Forth shall hear the knell,
The guards shall start in Stirling's porch;
And when I light the nuptial torch,
A thousand villages in flames
Shall scare the slumbers of King James!
—Nay, Ellen, blench not thus away,
And, mother, cease these signs, I pray;
I meant not all my heat might say.
Small need of inroad, or of fight,
When the sage Douglas may unite
Each mountain clan in friendly band,
To guard the passes of their land,
Till the foiled king, from pathless glen,
Shall bootless turn him home again."

XXXI

There are who have, at midnight hour,
In slumber scaled a dizzy tower,
And, on the verge that beetled o'er
The ocean tide's incessant roar,
Dreamed calmly out their dangerous dream,
Till wakened by the morning beam;
When, dazzled by the eastern glow,
Such startler cast his glance below,
And saw unmeasured depth around,
And heard unintermitted sound,
And thought the battled fence so frail,
It waved like cobweb in the gale;
Amid his senses' giddy wheel,
Did he not desperate impulse feel,
Headlong to plunge himself below,
And meet the worst his fears foreshow?
Thus, Ellen, dizzy and astound,
As sudden ruin yawned around,
By crossing terrors wildly tossed,
Still for the Douglas fearing most,
Could scarce the desperate thought withstand,
To buy his safety with her hand.

XXXII

Such purpose dread could Malcolm spy
In Ellen's quivering lip and eye,
And eager rose to speak—but ere
His tongue could hurry forth his fear,
Had Douglas marked the hectic strife,
Where death seemed combating with life;
For to her cheek, in feverish flood,
One instant rushed the throbbing blood,
Then ebbing back, with sudden sway,
Left its domain as wan as clay.
"Roderick, enough! enough!" he cried,
"My daughter cannot be thy bride;
Not that the blush to wooer dear,
Nor paleness that of maiden fear.
It may not be—forgive her, Chief,
Nor hazard aught for our relief.

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678. **Links of Forth**, windings of the River Forth.
679. **Stirling's porch**, the gate of Stirling Castle, a royal residence in the town of Stirling.

Against his sovereign, Douglas ne'er
Will level a rebellious spear.
'Twas I that taught his youthful hand
To rein a steed and wield a brand;
I see him yet, the princely boy!
Not Ellen more my pride and joy;
I love him still, despite my wrongs,
By hasty wrath, and slanderous tongues.
O seek the grace you well may find,
Without a cause to mine combined."

XXXIII

Twice through the hall the Chieftain strode;
The waving of his tartans broad,
And darkened brow, where wounded pride
With ire and disappointment vied,
Seemed, by the torch's gloomy light,
Like the ill Demon of the night,
Stooping his pinions' shadowy sway
Upon the nighted pilgrim's way;
But, unrequited Love! thy dart
Plunged deepest its envenomed smart,
And Roderick, with thine anguish stung,
At length the hand of Douglas wrung,
While eyes, that mocked at tears before,
With bitter drops were running o'er.
The death-pangs of long-cherished hope
Scarce in that ample breast had scope,
But, struggling with his spirit proud,
Convulsive heaved its checkered shroud,
While every sob—so mute were all—
Was heard distinctly through the hall.
The son's despair, the mother's look,
Ill might the gentle Ellen brook;
She rose, and to her side there came,
To aid her parting steps, the Græme.

XXXIV

Then Roderick from the Douglas broke—
As flashes flame through sable smoke,
Kindling its wreaths, long, dark, and low,
To one broad blaze of ruddy glow,
So the deep anguish of despair
Burst, in fierce jealousy, to air.
With stalwart grasp his hand he laid
On Malcolm's breast and belted plaid:
"Back, beardless boy!" he sternly said,
"Back, minion! hold'st thou thus at naught
The lesson I so lately taught?
This roof, the Douglas, and that maid,
Thank thou for punishment delayed."
Eager as greyhound on his game
Fiercely with Roderick grappled Græme.
"Perish my name, if aught afford
Its Chieftain's safety save his sword!"
Thus as they strove, their desperate hand
Griped to the dagger or the brand,
And death had been—but Douglas rose,
And thrust between the struggling foes
His giant strength: "Chieftains, forego!
I hold the first who strikes, my foe.
Madmen, forbear your frantic jar!
What! is the Douglas fall'n so far,
His daughter's hand is deemed the spoil
Of such dishonorable broil!"
Sullen and slowly they unclasp,
As struck with shame, their desperate grasp,
And each upon his rival glared,
With foot advanced, and blade half bared.

XXXV

Ere yet the brands aloft were flung,
Margaret on Roderick's mantle hung,
And Malcolm heard his Ellen's scream,
As faltered through terrific dream.
Then Roderick plunged in sheath his sword
And veiled his wrath in scornful word:
"Rest safe till morning; pity 'twere
Such cheek should feel the midnight air!
Then mayest thou to James Stuart tell,
Roderick will keep the lake and fell,
Nor lackey, with his freeborn clan,
The pageant pomp of earthly man.
More would he of Clan-Alpine know,
Thou canst our strength and passes show.
Malise, what ho!"—his henchman came;
"Give our safe-conduct to the Græme."
Young Malcolm answered, calm and bold,
"Fear nothing for thy favorite hold;
The spot an angel deigned to grace
Is blessed, though robbers haunt the place.
Thy churlish courtesy for those
Reserve, who fear to be thy foes.
As safe to me the mountain way
At midnight as in blaze of day,
Though with his boldest at his back
Even Roderick Dhu beset the track.
Brave Douglas—lovely Ellen—nay,
Naught here of parting will I say.
Earth does not hold a lonesome glen
So secret but we meet again.
Chieftain! we too shall find an hour,"
He said, and left the silvan bower.

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757. **its checkered shroud**, his plaid.

803. **James Stuart**, James V, King of Scotland. 804. **fell**, mountain. 805. **lackey**, serve.

XXXVI

Old Allan followed to the strand—
Such was the Douglas's command—
And anxious told, how, on the morn,
The stern Sir Roderick deep had sworn
The Fiery Cross should circle o'er
Dale, glen, and valley, down and moor.
Much were the peril to the Græme
From those who to the signal came;
Far up the lake 'twere safest land;
Himself would row him to the strand.
He gave his counsel to the wind,
While Malcolm did, unheeding, bind,
Round dirk and pouch and broadsword rolled,
His ample plaid in tightened fold,
And stripped his limbs to such array
As best might suit the watery way—

XXXVII

Then spoke abrupt: "Farewell to thee,
Pattern of old fidelity!"
The Minstrel's hand he kindly pressed—
"Oh, could I point a place of rest!
My sovereign holds in ward my land,
My uncle leads my vassal band;
To tame his foes, his friends to aid,
Poor Malcolm has but heart and blade.
Yet, if there be one faithful Græme
Who loves the chieftain of his name,
Not long shall honored Douglas dwell
Like hunted stag in mountain cell;
Nor, ere yon pride-swoll'n robber dare,
I may not give the rest to air!
Tell Roderick Dhu I owed him naught,
Not the poor service of a boat,
To waft me to yon mountain-side."
Then plunged he in the flashing tide.
Bold o'er the flood his head he bore,
And stoutly steered him from the shore;
And Allan strained his anxious eye,
Far mid the lake his form to spy,
Darkening across each puny wave,
To which the moon her silver gave.
Fast as the cormorant could skim,
The swimmer plied each active limb;
Then landing in the moonlight dell,
Loud shouted of his weal to tell.
The Minstrel heard the far halloo,
And joyful from the shore withdrew.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Sir Walter Scott in this poem gives expression to his own feeling that there is something mysterious about the music of the harp; find passages in both Cantos First and Second that make the reader feel that the harp is inspired.

2. Canto First was full of action, and as we followed the hunt we became acquainted with the scene of the story, its lakes and mountains; Canto Second, on the other hand, deals rather with human feelings and emotions, and we learn to know the characters in the story better. Name the persons in the poem and tell what you learned about their relations to each other. From the conversation between Ellen and Allan-bane, what did you learn about Ellen, the Douglas family, and Roderick Dhu? Find lines describing the departing guest, Allan-bane, Ellen, Lady Margaret and her band, Roderick Dhu, The Douglas, Malcolm Græme. Which character is described the most vividly? Find lines pertaining to Roderick that make the reader realize that Ellen cannot respect him. Find lines that influence the reader's liking for Malcolm. What have you learned, from this Canto and Canto First, about the hospitality of the Highlanders? Can you discover especially vivid descriptive lines? See, for example, stanzas XIV, XVI, etc.

3. Tell the story of Canto Second briefly from this outline: the departure of the guest; the conversation between Ellen and Allan-bane; the arrival of Roderick Dhu; The Douglas's bugle blast; Malcolm Græme; the meeting of Sir Roderick and Malcolm; the courier's message; The Douglas's offer; Sir Roderick's plan; Ellen's hesitation; The Douglas's love for his daughter and his loyalty to the King; Roderick's jealousy and anger; Malcolm's departure. Are there any hints in the story as to the guest's identity?

4. Learn by heart any one of the beautiful passages in this Canto, such as: Allan-bane's song, stanzas II and III; Ellen and the blue harebell, stanza IX; Douglas and Ellen, stanza XXII; the loyalty of Douglas, stanza XXXII; or any other that you may especially like. For phonograph records of the songs in this poem, see Victor catalogue.

5. Note how the pentameter lines fit the mood in stanza I. What is the effect of the trochaic feet in the Song, stanzas I and II? What familiar poem by Tennyson has the same meter as the short lines in the Boat Song, stanzas XIX and XX? (For explanations of "pentameter," "trochaic," etc., see the "Index of Special Terms" given at the end of this book.)

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831. **Fiery Cross**, the signal for the gathering of the clan to war. Its preparation and carrying abroad are given in detail in Canto Third.

CANTO THIRD

The Gathering

I

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marveling boyhood legends store
Of their strange ventures happed by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and withered of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless course.

Yet live there still who can remember well
How, when a mountain chief his bugle blew,
Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,
And solitary heath, the signal knew;
And fast the faithful clan around him drew,
What time the warning note was keenly wound,
What time aloft their kindred banner flew,
While clamorous war-pipes yelled the gathering sound,
And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor, round.

II

The summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain-shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.
The water-lily to the light
Her chalice reared of silver bright;
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begemmed with dewdrops, led her fawn;
The gray mist left the mountain-side;
The torrent showed its glistening pride;
Invisible in fleckéd sky,
The lark sent down her revelry;
The blackbird and the speckled thrush
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush;
In answer cooed the cushat dove
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

III

No thought of peace, no thought of rest,
Assuaged the storm in Roderick's breast.
With sheathéd broadsword in his hand,
Abrupt he paced the islet strand,
And eyed the rising sun, and laid
His hand on his impatient blade.
Beneath a rock, his vassals' care
Was prompt the ritual to prepare,
With deep and deathful meaning fraught;
For such Antiquity had taught
Was preface meet, ere yet abroad
The Cross of Fire should take its road.
The shrinking band stood oft aghast
At the impatient glance he cast—
Such glance the mountain eagle threw,
As, from the cliffs of Benvenue,
She spread her dark sails on the wind,
And, high in middle heaven reclined,
With her broad shadow on the lake,
Silenced the warblers of the brake.

IV

A heap of withered boughs was piled,
Of juniper and rowan wild,
Mingled with shivers from the oak,
Rent by the lightning's recent stroke.
Brian, the Hermit, by it stood,
Barefooted, in his frock and hood.
His grizzled beard and matted hair
Obscured a visage of despair;
His naked arms and legs, seamed o'er,
The scars of frantic penance bore.
That monk, of savage form and face,
The impending danger of his race
Had drawn from deepest solitude,
Far in Benharrow's bosom rude.
Not his the mien of Christian priest,
But Druid's, from the grave released,
Whose hardened heart and eye might brook
On human sacrifice to look;
And much, 'twas said, of heathen lore
Mixed in the charms he muttered o'er.
The hallowed creed gave only worse

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63. **shivers**, splinters. 74. **Benharrow**, a mountain near Loch Lomond. 81. **hallowed creed**, Christianity.

And deadlier emphasis of curse;
No peasant sought that Hermit's prayer,
His cave the pilgrim shunned with care,
The eager huntsman knew his bound,
And in mid chase called off his hound;
Or if, in lonely glen or strath,
The desert-dweller met his path,
He prayed, and signed the cross between,
While terror took devotion's mien.

V

Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.
His mother watched a midnight fold,
Built deep within a dreary glen,
Where scattered lay the bones of men,
In some forgotten battle slain,
And bleached by drifting wind and rain.
It might have tamed a warrior's heart
To view such mockery of his art!
The knotgrass fettered there the hand
Which once could burst an iron band;
Beneath the broad and ample bone,
That bucklered heart to fear unknown,
A feeble and a timorous guest,
The fieldfare framed her lowly nest;
There the slow blindworm left his slime
On the fleet limbs that mocked at time;
And there, too, lay the leader's skull,
Still wreathed with chaplet, flushed and full,
For heath-bell with her purple bloom
Supplied the bonnet and the plume.
All night, in this sad glen, the maid
Sat, shrouded in her mantle's shade;
She said no shepherd sought her side,
No hunter's hand her snood untied;
Yet ne'er again to braid her hair
The virgin snood did Alice wear;
Gone was her maiden glee and sport,
Her maiden girdle all too short,
Nor sought she, from that fatal night,
Or holy church or blessed rite,
But locked her secret in her breast,
And died in travail, unconfessed.

VI

Alone, among his young compeers,
Was Brian from his infant years;
A moody and heartbroken boy,
Estranged from sympathy and joy,
Bearing each taunt which careless tongue
On his mysterious lineage flung.
Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale,
To wood and stream his hap to wail,
Till, frantic, he as truth received
What of his birth the crowd believed,
And sought, in mist and meteor fire,
To meet and know his Phantom Sire!
In vain, to sooth his wayward fate,
The cloister oped her pitying gate;
In vain, the learning of the age
Unclasped the sable-lettered page;
Even in its treasures he could find
Food for the fever of his mind.
Eager he read whatever tells
Of magic, cabala, and spells,
And every dark pursuit allied
To curious and presumptuous pride;
Till with fired brain and nerves o'erstrung,
And heart with mystic horrors wrung,
Desperate he sought Benharrow's den,
And hid him from the haunts of men.

VII

The desert gave him visions wild,
Such as might suit the specter's child.
Where with black cliffs the torrents toil,
He watched the wheeling eddies boil,
Till, from their foam, his dazzled eyes
Beheld the River Demon rise;
The mountain mist took form and limb
Of noontide hag or goblin grim;
The midnight wind came wild and dread,
Swelled with the voices of the dead;
Far on the future battle-heath
His eyes beheld the ranks of death.
Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurled,
Shaped forth a disembodied world.
One lingering sympathy of mind
Still bound him to the mortal kind;
The only parent he could claim
Of ancient Alpine lineage came.
Late had he heard, in prophet's dream,
The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream;
Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast
Of charging steeds, careering fast
Along Benharrow's shingly side,
Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride;
The thunderbolt had split the pine—
All augured ill to Alpine's line.
He girt his loins, and came to show
The signals of impending woe,
And now stood prompt to bless or ban,
As bade the Chieftain of his clan.

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85. **bound**, haunts. 102. **bucklered**, shielded, protected.

138. **sable-lettered**, black-lettered, because old books used heavy-faced type. 142. **cabala**, mysteries. 168. **Ben-Shie**, banshee, a kind of fairy. 171. **shingly**, pebbly.

VIII

'Twas all prepared—and from the rock,
A goat, the patriarch of the flock,
Before the kindling pile was laid,
And pierced by Roderick's ready blade.
Patient the sickening victim eyed
The lifeblood ebb in crimson tide
Down his clogged beard and shaggy limb,
Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim.
The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,
A slender crosslet formed with care,
A cubit's length in measure due;
The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,
Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach wave
Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave,
And, answering Lomond's breezes deep,
Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep.
The Cross, thus formed, he held on high,
With wasted hand and haggard eye,
And strange and mingled feelings woke,
While his anathema he spoke:

IX

"Woe to the clansman who shall view
This symbol of sepulchral yew,
Forgetful that its branches grew
Where weep the heavens their holiest dew
On Alpine's dwelling low!
Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,
He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,
But, from his sires and kindred thrust,
Each clansman's execration just
Shall doom him wrath and woe."
He paused—the word the vassals took,
With forward step and fiery look;
On high their naked brands they shook;
Their clattering targets wildly strook;
And first in murmur low,
Then, like the billow in his course,
That far to seaward finds his source,
And flings to shore his mustered force,
Burst, with loud roar, their answer hoarse,
"Woe to the traitor, woe!"
Ben-an's gray scalp the accents knew;
The joyous wolf from covert drew;
The exulting eagle screamed afar—
They knew the voice of Alpine's war.

X

The shout was hushed on lake and fell,
The Monk resumed his muttered spell;
Dismal and low its accents came,
The while he scathed the Cross with flame;
And the few words that reached the air,
Although the holiest name was there,
Had more of blasphemy than prayer.
But when he shook above the crowd
Its kindled points, he spoke aloud:
"Woe to the wretch who fails to rear
At this dread sign the ready spear!
For, as the flames this symbol sear,
His home, the refuge of his fear,
A kindred fate shall know;
Far o'er its roof the volumed flame
Clan-Alpine's vengeance shall proclaim,
While maids and matrons on his name
Shall call down wretchedness and shame,
And infamy and woe."
Then rose the cry of females, shrill
As goshawk's whistle on the hill,
Denouncing misery and ill,
Mingled with childhood's babbling trill
Of curses stammered slow;
Answering, with imprecation dread,
"Sunk be his home in embers red!
And cursèd be the meanest shed
That e'er shall hide the houseless head
We doom to want and woe!"
A sharp and shrieking echo gave,
Coir-Uriskin, thy goblin cave!
And the gray pass where birches wave
On Beala-nam-bo.

XI

Then deeper paused the priest anew,
And hard his laboring breath he drew,
While, with set teeth and clenchèd hand,
And eyes that glowed like fiery brand,
He meditated curse more dread,
And deadlier, on the clansman's head,
Who, summoned to his chieftain's aid,
The signal saw and disobeyed.
The crosslet's points of sparkling wood
He quenched among the bubbling blood,
And, as again the sign he reared,
Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard:
"When flits this Cross from man to man,
Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,
Burst be the ear that fails to heed!
Palsied the foot that shuns to speed!
May ravens tear the careless eyes,

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191. **Inch-Cailliach**, the Isle of Nuns in Loch Lomond, used as the clan burial-ground. 200. **sepulchral**, so-called because the yew is common in burial-grounds. 212. **strook**, struck.

253. **Coir-Uriskin**, a hollow in Benvenue, overhanging the southeastern extremity of Loch Katrine, fully described in stanza XXVI. 255. **Beala-nam-bo**, a pass a little higher up on Benvenue.

Wolves make the coward heart their prize!
As sinks that blood-stream in the earth,
So may his heart's blood drench his hearth!
As dies in hissing gore the spark,
Quench thou his light, Destruction dark!
And be the grace to him denied,
Bought by this sign to all beside!"
He ceased; no echo gave again
The murmur of the deep Amen.

XII

Then Roderick, with impatient look,
From Brian's hand the symbol took;
"Speed, Malise, speed!" he said, and gave
The crosslet to his henchman brave.
"The muster-place be Lanrick mead—
Instant the time—speed, Malise, speed!"
Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,
A barge across Loch Katrine flew;
High stood the henchman on the prow;
So rapidly the barge-men row,
The bubbles, where they launched the boat,
Were all unbroken and afloat,
Dancing in foam and ripple still,
When it had neared the mainland hill;
And from the silver beach's side
Still was the prow three fathom wide,
When lightly bounded to the land
The messenger of blood and brand.

XIII

Speed, Malise, speed! the dun deer's hide
On fleeter foot was never tied.
Speed, Malise, speed! such cause of haste
Thine active sinews never braced.
Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,
Burst down like torrent from its crest;
With short and springing footstep pass
The trembling bog and false morass;
Across the brook like roebuck bound,
And thread the brake like questing hound;
The crag is high, the scar is deep,
Yet shrink not from the desperate leap;
Parched are thy burning lips and brow,
Yet by the fountain pause not now;
Herald of battle, fate, and fear,
Stretch onward in thy fleet career!
The wounded hind thou track'st not now
Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough,
Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace
With rivals in the mountain race;
But danger, death, and warrior deed
Are in thy course—speed, Malise, speed!

XIV

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
In arms the huts and hamlets rise;
From winding glen, from upland brown,
They poured each hardy tenant down.
Nor slacked the messenger his pace;
He showed the sign, he named the place,
And, pressing forward like the wind,
Left clamor and surprise behind.
The fisherman forsook the strand,
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand;
With changéd cheer the mower blithe
Left in the half-cut swath the scythe;
The herds without a keeper strayed,
The plow was in mid-furrow stayed,
The falc'ner tossed his hawk away,
The hunter left the stag at bay;
Prompt at the signal of alarms,
Each son of Alpine rushed to arms;
So swept the tumult and affray
Along the margin of Achray.
Alas, thou lovely lake! that e'er
Thy banks should echo sounds of fear!
The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep
So stilly on thy bosom deep,
The lark's blithe carol from the cloud
Seems for the scene too gaily loud.

XV

Speed, Malise, speed! the lake is past;
Duncraggan's huts appear at last,
And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen,
Half hidden in the copse so green;
There mayst thou rest, thy labor done,
Their lord shall speed the signal on.
As stoops the hawk upon his prey,
The henchman shot him down the way.
—What woeful accents load the gale?
The funeral yell, the female wail!
A gallant hunter's sport is o'er,
A valiant warrior fights no more.
Who, in the battle or the chase,
At Roderick's side shall fill his place!—
Within the hall, where torches' ray
Supplies the excluded beams of day,
Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,
And o'er him streams his widow's tear.
His stripling son stands mournful by,
His youngest weeps, but knows not why;
The village maids and matrons round
The dismal coronach resound.

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349. **Duncraggan**, a village near the Bridge of Turk.

XVI

CORONACH

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the raindrops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain
Thou art gone, and forever!

XVII

See Stumah, who, the bier beside,
His master's corpse with wonder eyed—
Poor Stumah! whom his least halloo
Could send like lightning o'er the dew,
Bristles his crest and points his ears,
As if some stranger step he hears.
'Tis not a mourner's muffled tread
Who comes to sorrow o'er the dead,
But headlong haste or deadly fear
Urge the precipitate career.
All stand aghast—unheeding all,
The henchman bursts into the hall;
Before the dead man's bier he stood,
Held forth the Cross besmeared with blood:
"The muster-place is Lanrick mead;
Speed forth the signal; clansmen, speed!"

XVIII

Angus, the heir of Duncan's line,
Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign.
In haste the stripling to his side
His father's dirk and broadsword tied;
But when he saw his mother's eye
Watch him in speechless agony,
Back to her opened arms he flew,
Pressed on her lips a fond adieu—
"Alas!" she sobbed—"and yet be gone,
And speed thee forth, like Duncan's son!"
One look he cast upon the bier,
Dashed from his eye the gathering tear,
Breathed deep to clear his laboring breast,
And tossed aloft his bonnet crest,
Then, like the high-bred colt, when, freed,
First he essays his fire and speed,
He vanished, and o'er moor and moss
Sped forward with the Fiery Cross.
Suspended was the widow's tear
While yet his footsteps she could hear;
And when she marked the henchman's eye
Wet with unwonted sympathy,
"Kinsman," she said, "his race is run
That should have sped thine errand on;
The oak has fallen—the sapling bough
Is all Duncraggan's shelter now.
Yet trust I well, his duty done,
The orphan's God will guard my son.
And you, in many a danger true,
At Duncan's hest your blades that drew,
To arms, and guard that orphan's head!
Let babes and women wail the dead."
Then weapon-clang and martial call
Resounded through the funeral hall,
While from the walls the attendant band
Snatched sword and targe with hurried hand;
And short and flitting energy
Glanced from the mourner's sunken eye,
As if the sounds to warrior dear
Might rouse her Duncan from his bier.
But faded soon that borrowed force;
Grief claimed his right, and tears their course.

XIX

Benledi saw the Cross of Fire;
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.
O'er dale and hill the summons flew;
Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew;
The tear that gathered in his eye
He left the mountain breeze to dry;
Until, where Teith's young waters roll
Betwixt him and a wooded knoll
That graced the sable strath with green,

---

384. **flushing**, full bloom. 386. **correi**, circular hollow in the side of a hill. 387. **cumber**, trouble. 394. **Stumah**, "Faithful," the dog.

453. **Strath-Ire**, a valley between the Teith and Benledi.

The chapel of St. Bride was seen.
Swoln was the stream, remote the bridge,
But Angus paused not on the edge;
Though the dark waves danced dizzily,
Though reeled his sympathetic eye,
He dashed amid the torrent's roar.
His right hand high the crosslet bore,
His left the pole-ax grasped, to guide
And stay his footing in the tide.
He stumbled twice—the foam splashed high;
With hoarser swell the stream raced by;
And had he fall'n—forever there,
Farewell Duncraggan's orphan heir!
But still, as if in parting life,
Firmer he grasped the Cross of strife,
Until the opposing bank he gained,
And up the chapel pathway strained.

XX

A blithesome rout that morning-tide
Had sought the chapel of St. Bride.
Her troth Tombea's Mary gave
To Norman, heir of Armandave.
And, issuing from the Gothic arch
The bridal now resumed their march.
In rude but glad procession came
Bonneted sire and coif-clad dame;
And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,
Which snooded maiden would not hear;
And children, that, unwitting why,
Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry;
And minstrels, that in measures vied
Before the young and bonny bride,
Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose
The tear and blush of morning rose.
With virgin step and bashful hand
She held the kerchief's snowy band;
The gallant bridegroom by her side
Beheld his prize with victor's pride,
And the glad mother in her ear
Was closely whispering word of cheer.

XXI

Who meets them at the churchyard gate?
The messenger of fear and fate!
Haste in his hurried accent lies,
And grief is swimming in his eyes.
All dripping from the recent flood,
Panting and travel-soiled he stood,
The fatal sign of fire and sword
Held forth, and spoke the appointed word:
"The muster-place is Lanrick mead;
Speed forth the signal! Norman, speed!"
And must he change so soon the hand,
Just linked to his by holy band,
For the fell Cross of blood and brand?
And must the day so blithe that rose
And promised rapture in the close,
Before its setting hour, divide
The bridegroom from the plighted bride?
O fatal doom!—it must! it must!
Clan-Alpine's cause, her Chieftain's trust,
Her summons dread, brook no delay;
Stretch to the race—away! away!

XXII

Yet slow he laid his plaid aside,
And, lingering, eyed his lovely bride,
Until he saw the starting tear
Speak woe he might not stop to cheer;
Then, trusting not a second look,
In haste he sped him up the brook,
Nor backward glanced, till on the heath
Where Lubnaig's lake supplies the Teith.
—What in the racer's bosom stirred?
The sickening pang of hope deferred,
And memory with a torturing train
Of all his morning visions vain.
Mingled with love's impatience came
The manly thirst for martial fame;
The stormy joy of mountaineers,
Ere yet they rush upon the spears;
And zeal for Clan and Chieftain burning,
And hope, from well-fought field returning,
With war's red honors on his crest,
To clasp his Mary to his breast.
Stung by such thoughts, o'er bank and brae,
Like fire from flint he glanced away,
While high resolve, and feeling strong,
Burst into voluntary song.

XXIII

Song

The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far, from love and thee, Mary;
Tomorrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!
It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promised me, Mary.

480, 481. Tombea, Armandave, places in the valley.

No fond regret must Norman know;
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught,
For, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.
And if returned from conquered foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose,
To my young bride and me, Mary!

XXIV

Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,
Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze,
Rushing, in conflagration strong,
Thy deep ravines and dells along,
Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow,
And reddening the dark lakes below;
Nor faster speeds it, nor so far,
As o'er thy heaths the voice of war.
The signal roused to martial coil
The sullen margin of Loch Voil,
Waked still Loch Doine, and to the source
Alarmed, Balvaig, thy swampy course;
Thence southward turned its rapid road
Adown Strath-Gartney's valley broad,
Till rose in arms each man might claim
A portion in Clan-Alpine's name,
From the gray sire, whose trembling hand
Could hardly buckle on his brand,
To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow
Were yet scarce terror to the crow.
Each valley, each sequestered glen,
Mustered its little horde of men,
That met as torrents from the height
In Highland dales their streams unite,
Still gathering, as they pour along,
A voice more loud, a tide more strong,
Till at the rendezvous they stood
By hundreds, prompt for blows and blood,
Each trained to arms since life began,
Owning no tie but to his clan,
No oath but by his chieftain's hand,
No law but Roderick Dhu's command.

XXV

That summer morn had Roderick Dhu
Surveyed the skirts of Benvenue,
And sent his scouts o'er hill and heath
To view the frontiers of Menteith.
All backward came with news of truce:
Still lay each martial Græme and Bruce;
In Rednoch courts no horsemen wait;
No banner waved on Cardross gate;
On Duchray's towers no beacon shone,
Nor scared the herons from Loch Con—
All seemed at peace. Now wot ye why
The Chieftain, with such anxious eye,
Ere to the muster he repair,
This western frontier scanned with care?
In Benvenue's most darksome cleft,
A fair, though cruel, pledge was left;
For Douglas, to his promise true,
That morning from the isle withdrew,
And in a deep sequestered dell
Had sought a low and lonely cell.
By many a bard, in Celtic tongue,
Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung;
A softer name the Saxons gave,
And called the grot the Goblin-cave.

XXVI

It was a wild and strange retreat
As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet.
The dell, upon the mountain's crest,
Yawned like a gash on warrior's breast;
Its trench had stayed full many a rock,
Hurled by primeval earthquake shock
From Benvènue's gray summit wild,
And here, in random ruin piled,
They frowned incumbent o'er the spot,
And formed the rugged, silvan grot.
The oak and birch, with mingled shade,
At noontide there a twilight made,
Unless when short and sudden shone
Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,
With such a glimpse as prophet's eye
Gains on thy depth, Futurity.
No murmur waked the solemn still,
Save tinkling of a fountain rill;
But when the wind chafed with the lake,
A sullen sound would upward break,
With dashing hollow voice, that spoke
The incessant war of wave and rock.
Suspended cliffs, with hideous sway,
Seemed nodding o'er the cavern gray.
From such a den the wolf had sprung,

---

570. **midnight blaze**, the hillsides are often burned by the shepherds in order that new grass may grow. 580. **Balvaig**, a river between Loch Voil and Loch Lubnaig.

607-609. **Rednoch**, **Cardross**, **Duchray**, names of castles. 610. **Loch Con**, a small lake south of Loch Katrine. 622. **Coir-nan-Uriskin**, "den of the shaggy men," because it was supposed to be the haunt of beings half man and half goat. 633. **incumbent**, hanging over.

In such the wildcat leaves her young;
Yet Douglas and his daughter fair
Sought for a space their safety there.
Gray Superstition's whisper dread
Debarred the spot to vulgar tread;
For there, she said, did fays resort,
And satyrs hold their silvan court,
By moonlight tread their mystic maze,
And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

XXVII

Now eve, with western shadows long,
Floated on Katrine bright and strong,
When Roderick, with a chosen few,
Repassed the heights of Benvenue.
Above the Goblin-cave they go,
Through the wild pass of Beal-nam-bo;
The prompt retainers speed before,
To launch the shallop from the shore,
For 'cross Loch Katrine lies his way
To view the passes of Achray,
And place his clansmen in array.
Yet lags the chief in musing mind,
Unwonted sight, his men behind.
A single page, to bear his sword,
Alone attended on his lord;
The rest their way through thickets break,
And soon await him by the lake.
It was a fair and gallant sight,
To view them from the neighboring height,
By the low-leveled sunbeam's light!
For strength and stature, from the clan
Each warrior was a chosen man,
As even afar might well be seen,
By their proud step and martial mien.
Their feathers dance, their tartans float,
Their targets gleam, as by the boat
A wild and warlike group they stand,
That well became such mountain-strand.

XXVIII

Their Chief, with step reluctant, still
Was lingering on the craggy hill,
Hard by where turned apart the road
To Douglas's obscure abode.
It was but with that dawning morn
That Roderick Dhu had proudly sworn
To drown his love in war's wild roar,
Nor think of Ellen Douglas more;
But he who stems a stream with sand,
And fetters flame with flaxen band,
Has yet a harder task to prove—
By firm resolve to conquer love!
Eve finds the Chief, like restless ghost,
Still hovering near his treasure lost;
For though his haughty heart deny
A parting meeting to his eye,
Still fondly strains his anxious ear,
The accents of her voice to hear,
And inly did he curse the breeze
That waked to sound the rustling trees.
But hark! what mingles in the strain?
It is the harp of Allan-bane,
That wakes its measure slow and high,
Attuned to sacred minstrelsy.
What melting voice attends the strings?
'Tis Ellen, or an angel, sings.

XXIX

Hymn to the Virgin

Ave Maria! maiden mild!
Listen to a maiden's prayer!
Thou canst hear though from the wild,
Thou canst save amid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banished, outcast, and reviled—
Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother, hear a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! undefiled!
The flinty couch we now must share
Shall seem with down of eider piled,
If thy protection hover there.
The murky cavern's heavy air
Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;
Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother, list a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! stainless styled!
Foul demons of the earth and air,
From this their wonted haunt exiled,
Shall flee before thy presence fair.
We bow us to our lot of care,
Beneath thy guidance reconciled;
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,
And for a father hear a child!
Ave Maria!

XXX

Died on the harp the closing hymn—
Unmoved in attitude and limb,
As listening still, Clan-Alpine's lord
Stood leaning on his heavy sword,
Until the page, with humble sign,

713. **Ave Maria, Hail, Mary!**

Twice pointed to the sun's decline.
Then while his plaid he round him cast,
"It is the last time—'tis the last,"
He muttered thrice, "the last time e'er
That angel voice shall Roderick hear!"
It was a goading thought—his stride
Hied hastier down the mountain-side;
Sullen he flung him in the boat,
And instant 'cross the lake it shot.
They landed in that silvery bay,
And eastward held their hasty way,
Till, with the latest beams of light,
The band arrived on Lanrick height,
Where mustered in the vale below
Clan-Alpine's men in martial show.

XXXI

A various scene the clansmen made;
Some sate, some stood, some slowly strayed;
But most with mantles folded round,
Were couched to rest upon the ground,
Scarce to be known by curious eye,
From the deep heather where they lie,
So well was matched the tartan screen
With heath-bell dark and brackens green,
Unless where, here and there, a blade
Or lance's point a glimmer made,
Like glowworm twinkling through the shade.
But when, advancing through the gloom,
They saw the Chieftain's eagle plume,
Their shout of welcome, shrill and wide,
Shook the steep mountain's steady side.
Thrice it arose, and lake and fell
Three times returned the martial yell;
It died upon Bochastle's plain,
And Silence claimed her evening reign.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Note the effect of peace and quiet in stanza II compared with the impatience and foreboding of stanza III. What words and phrases help especially to produce these contrasting effects?

2. In the description of the priest Brian, Scott brings together many a Highland and Celtic superstition; what are some of these? What well-known Celtic king have you read about whose father was unknown, as Brian's was? Find the lines that tell how it happened that Brian came at the particular time he did. What was Roderick's crest? What significance do you see in the line, stanza VII, "The thunderbolt had split the pine" as you read again the first stanza of the Boat Song, Canto Second?

3. Scott takes his readers out of their present-day surroundings back into the time and spirit of the story he tells; which stanzas do you think help to do this particularly well?

4. The "sepulchral yew," the fire, and the blood of the Fiery Cross—each symbolizes a particular doom; find the stanza that tells the doom symbolized by each. Why was it fitting that the vassals, or clansmen, should all join in pronouncing the first doom, and the women and children join in pronouncing the second? You will be interested in noticing how many synonyms for "doom" Scott uses in these stanzas.

5. Sketch a simple map on the blackboard and trace the route taken by the Fiery Cross. Which one, Malise, Angus, or Norman, to judge by distances on the map, carried the cross farthest? On some maps St. Bride's chapel is located east of Loch Lubnaig and the river Teith; what in stanza XIX would make this location seem to be correct? On the other hand, what reason have you for thinking that the entire route was west of Loch Lubnaig and that the stream Angus crossed probably was a branch of the Teith, called by the poet, "Teith's young waters"? Select lines that give the reader an idea of the speed of Malise, Angus, and Norman. Which stanza gives a vivid picture of the response of the clansmen?

6. Try to tell the action of this Canto in three sentences, the subject-matter of each being, respectively: The Fiery Cross; The gathering of the clan; Roderick Dhu. How do stanzas XXVIII and XXX affect your feeling for Roderick Dhu?

7. What purpose do the songs serve in Canto Third? Which of the three do you like best to repeat? You will find that Scott obtained the effect desired in these songs partly by the rime-scheme he used, analyze the various rime-schemes in the songs and in stanza IX. Notice especially the two-syllabled rimes in the coronach.

CANTO FOURTH

THE PROPHECY

I

"The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;

The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.
O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears,
I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
Emblem of hope and love through future years!"
Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Armandave,
What time the sun arose on Vennachar's broad wave.

II

Such fond conceit, half said, half sung,
Love prompted to the bridegroom's tongue
All while he stripped the wild-rose spray,
His ax and bow beside him lay,
For on a pass 'twixt lake and wood
A wakeful sentinel he stood.
Hark!—on the rock a footstep rung,
And instant to his arms he sprung.
"Stand, or thou diest!—What, Malise?—soon
Art thou returned from Braes of Doune.
By thy keen step and glance I know
Thou bring'st us tidings of the foe."—
For while the Fiery Cross hied on,
On distant scout had Malise gone.—
"Where sleeps the Chief?" the henchman said.
"Apart, in yonder misty glade;
To his lone couch I'll be your guide."
Then called a slumberer by his side,
And stirred him with his slackened bow—
"Up, up, Glentarkin! rouse thee, ho!
We seek the Chieftain; on the track
Keep eagle watch till I come back."

III

Together up the pass they sped;
"What of the foeman?" Norman said.
"Varying reports from near and far;
This certain—that a band of war
Has for two days been ready boune,
At prompt command, to march from Doune;
King James, the while, with princely powers,
Holds revelry in Stirling towers.
Soon will this dark and gathering cloud
Speak on our glens in thunder loud.
Inured to bide such bitter bout,
The warrior's plaid may bear it out;
But, Norman, how wilt thou provide
A shelter for thy bonny bride?"
"What! know ye not that Roderick's care
To the lone isle hath caused repair
Each maid and matron of the clan,
And every child and aged man
Unfit for arms; and given his charge,
Nor skiff nor shallop, boat nor barge,
Upon these lakes shall float at large,
But all beside the islet moor,
That such dear pledge may rest secure?"

IV

"'Tis well advised—the Chieftain's plan
Bespeaks the father of his clan.
But wherefore sleeps Sir Roderick Dhu
Apart from all his followers true?"
"It is because last evening-tide
Brian an augury hath tried,
Of that dread kind which must not be
Unless in dread extremity,
The Taghairm called; by which, afar,
Our sires foresaw the events of war.
Duncraggan's milk-white bull they slew."

Malise

"Ah! well the gallant brute I knew!
The choicest of the prey we had,
When swept our merrymen Gallangad.
His hide was snow, his horns were dark,
His red eye glowed like fiery spark;
So fierce, so tameless, and so fleet,
Sore did he cumber our retreat,
And kept our stoutest kerns in awe,
Even at the pass of Beal 'maha.
But steep and flinty was the road,
And sharp the hurrying pikeman's goad,
And when we came to Dennan's Row,
A child might scatheless stroke his brow."

V

Norman

"That bull was slain; his reeking hide
They stretched the cataract beside,
Whose waters their wild tumult toss
Adown the black and craggy boss
Of that huge cliff, whose ample verge
Tradition calls the Hero's Targe.
Couched on a shelf beneath its brink,

---

36. **boune**, prepared. 42. **bide . . . bout**, endure such hard experiences.

63. **Taghairm**, the Oracle of the Hide. 68. **swept . . . Gallangad**, a reference to a raid. 74. **Beal 'maha**, a pass on the east of Loch Lomond. 77. **Dennan's Row**, a starting place for ascending Ben Lomond, now called "Rowardennan." 82. **boss**, projection. 84. **Hero's Targe**, a rock in the forest of Glenfinlas.

Close where the thundering torrents sink,
Rocking beneath their headlong sway,
And drizzled by the ceaseless spray,
Midst groan of rock, and roar of stream,
The wizard waits prophetic dream.
Nor distant rests the Chief—but hush!
See, gliding slow through mist and bush,
The hermit gains yon rock, and stands
To gaze upon our slumbering bands.
Seems he not, Malise, like a ghost,
That hovers o'er a slaughtered host?
Or raven on the blasted oak,
That, watching while the deer is broke,
His morsel claims with sullen croak?"

MALISE

"Peace! peace! to other than to me
Thy words were evil augury;
But still I hold Sir Roderick's blade
Clan-Alpine's omen and her aid,
Not aught that, gleaned from heaven or hell,
Yon fiend-begotten Monk can tell.
The Chieftain joins him, see—and now,
Together they descend the brow."

VI

And as they came, with Alpine's lord
The Hermit Monk held solemn word:
"Roderick! it is a fearful strife,
For man endowed with mortal life,
Whose shroud of sentient clay can still
Feel feverish pang and fainting chill,
Whose eye can stare in stony trance,
Whose hair can rouse like warrior's lance—
'Tis hard for such to view, unfurled,
The curtain of the future world.
Yet, witness every quaking limb,
My sunken pulse, my eyeballs dim,
My soul with harrowing anguish torn—
This for my Chieftain have I borne!
The shapes that sought my fearful couch
A human tongue may ne'er avouch;
No mortal man—save he, who, bred
Between the living and the dead,
Is gifted beyond nature's law—
Had e'er survived to say he saw.
At length the fateful answer came,
In characters of living flame!
Not spoke in word, nor blazed in scroll,
But borne and branded on my soul:
WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST FOEMAN'S LIFE,
THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE STRIFE."

VII

"Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and care!
Good is thine augury, and fair.
Clan-Alpine ne'er in battle stood
But first our broadswords tasted blood.
A surer victim still I know,
Self-offered to the auspicious blow:
A spy has sought my land this morn—
No eve shall witness his return!
My followers guard each pass's mouth,
To east, to westward, and to south;
Red Murdoch, bribed to be his guide,
Has charge to lead his steps aside,
Till, in deep path or dingle brown,
He light on those shall bring him down.
—But see, who comes his news to show!
Malise! what tidings of the foe?"

VIII

"At Doune, o'er many a spear and glaive
Two Barons proud their banners wave.
I saw the Moray's silver star,
And marked the sable pale of Mar."
"By Alpine's soul, high tidings those!
I love to hear of worthy foes.
When move they on?" "Tomorrow's noon
Will see them here for battle boune."
"Then shall it see a meeting stern!
But, for the place—say, couldst thou learn
Nought of the friendly clans of Earn?
Strengthened by them, we well might bide
The battle on Benledi's side.
Thou couldst not?—well! Clan-Alpine's men
Shall man the Trosachs' shaggy glen;
Within Loch Katrine's gorge we'll fight,
All in our maids' and matrons' sight,
Each for his hearth and household fire,
Father for child, and son for sire—
Lover for maid beloved!—But why—
Is it the breeze affects mine eye?
Or dost thou come, ill-omened tear!
A messenger of doubt and fear?
No! sooner may the Saxon lance
Unfix Benledi from his stance,
Than doubt or terror can pierce through
The unyielding heart of Roderick Dhu!
'Tis stubborn as his trusty targe.
Each to his post—all know their charge."
The pibroch sounds, the bands advance,
The broadswords gleam, the banners dance,

---

98. broke, cut up.

140. A spy, James Fitz-James. 153. sable pale, a black stripe in a coat-of-arms. 160. Earn, district of Loch Earn.

Obedient to the Chieftain's glance.
—I turn me from the martial roar,
And seek Coir-Uriskin once more.

IX

Where is the Douglas?—he is gone;
And Ellen sits on the gray stone
Fast by the cave, and makes her moan,
While vainly Allan's words of cheer
Are poured on her unheeding ear:
"He will return—dear lady, trust!—
With joy return—he will—he must.
Well was it time to seek, afar,
Some refuge from impending war,
When e'en Clan-Alpine's rugged swarm
Are cowed by the approaching storm.
I saw their boats with many a light,
Floating the livelong yesternight,
Shifting like flashes darted forth
By the red streamers of the north;
I marked at morn how close they ride,
Thick moored by the lone islet's side,
Like wild-ducks couching in the fen,
When stoops the hawk upon the glen.
Since this rude race dare not abide
The peril on the mainland side,
Shall not thy noble father's care
Some safe retreat for thee prepare?"

X

"No, Allan, no! Pretext so kind
My wakeful terrors could not blind.
When in such tender tone, yet grave,
Douglas a parting blessing gave,
The tear that glistened in his eye
Drowned not his purpose fixed and high.
My soul, though feminine and weak,
Can image his; e'en as the lake,
Itself disturbed by slightest stroke,
Reflects the invulnerable rock.
He hears report of battle rife,
He deems himself the cause of strife.
I saw him redden when the theme
Turned, Allan, on thine idle dream
Of Malcolm Græme in fetters bound,
Which I, thou saidst, about him wound.
Think'st thou he trowed thine omen aught?
Oh no! 'twas apprehensive thought
For the kind youth—for Roderick too—
Let me be just—that friend so true;
In danger both, and in our cause!
Minstrel, the Douglas dare not pause.
Why else that solemn warning given,
'If not on earth, we meet in heaven!'
Why else, to Cambus-kenneth's fane,
If eve return him not again,
Am I to hie, and make me known?
Alas! he goes to Scotland's throne,
Buys his friend's safety with his own;
He goes to do—what I had done,
Had Douglas' daughter been his son!"

XI

"Nay, lovely Ellen—dearest, nay!
If aught should his return delay,
He only named yon holy fane
As fitting place to meet again.
Be sure he's safe; and for the Græme—
Heaven's blessing on his gallant name!—
My visioned sight may yet prove true,
Nor bode of ill to him or you.
When did my gifted dream beguile?
Think of the stranger at the isle,
And think upon the harpings slow
That presaged this approaching woe!
Sooth was my prophecy of fear;
Believe it when it augurs cheer.
Would we had left this dismal spot!
Ill luck still haunts a fairy grot.
Of such a wondrous tale I know—
Dear lady, change that look of woe,
My harp was wont thy grief to cheer."

Ellen

"Well, be it as thou wilt; I hear,
But cannot stop the bursting tear."
The Minstrel tried his simple art,
But distant far was Ellen's heart.

XII

Ballad—Alice Brand

Merry it is in the good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

"O Alice Brand, my native land
Is lost for love of you;
And we must hold by wood and wold,
As outlaws wont to do.

"O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,
And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight
Thy brother bold I slew.

---

198. **red streamers of the north**, Northern Lights.

231. **Cambus-kenneth's fane**, an abbey near Stirling.

"Now must I teach to hew the beech
The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave

"And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer,
To keep the cold away."

"O Richard! if my brother died,
'Twas but a fatal chance;
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.

"If pall and vair no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray,
As gay the forest-green.

"And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
And lost thy native land,
Still Alice has her own Richard,
And he his Alice Brand."

XIII. BALLAD—(*Continued*)

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side,
Lord Richard's ax is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
Who woned within the hill—
Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,
His voice was ghostly shrill.

"Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
Our moonlight's circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chase the deer,
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairies' fatal green?

"Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
For thou wert christened man;
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For muttered word or ban.

"Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die."

XIV. BALLAD—(*Continued*)

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
Though the birds have stilled their singing;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
Before Lord Richard stands,
And, as he crossed and blessed himself,
"I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf,
"That is made with bloody hands."

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman void of fear,
"And if there's blood upon his hand,
'Tis but the blood of deer."

"Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly blood,
The blood of Ethert Brand."

Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign,
"And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
A spotless hand is mine.

"And I conjure thee, Demon elf,
By Him whom Demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself,
And what thine errand here?"

XV. BALLAD—(*Continued*)

"'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairyland
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing;

"And gaily shines the Fairyland—
But all is glistening show,
Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Can dart on ice and snow.

"And fading, like that varied gleam,
Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape.

"It was between the night and day,
When the Fairy King has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatched away
To the joyless Elfin bower.

---

277. **vest of pall**, garment of rich cloth. 306. **fatal green**, the elves and gnomes wore green, and were angered when any mortal ventured to wear that color.

330. **kindly**, kindred.

"But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mold,
As fair a form as thine."

She crossed him once—she crossed him twice—
That lady was so brave;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold;
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mold,
Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good greenwood.
When the mavis and merle are singing,
But merrier were they in Dunfermline gray,
When all the bells were ringing.

XVI

Just as the minstrel sounds were stayed,
A stranger climbed the steepy glade;
His martial step, his stately mien,
His hunting suit of Lincoln green,
His eagle glance, remembrance claims—
'Tis Snowdoun's Knight, 'tis James Fitz-James.
Ellen beheld as in a dream,
Then, starting, scarce suppressed a scream:
"O stranger! in such hour of fear,
What evil hap has brought thee here?"
"An evil hap how can it be
That bids me look again on thee?
By promise bound, my former guide
Met me betimes this morning tide,
And marshaled, over bank and bourne,
The happy path of my return."
"The happy path!—what! said he naught
Of war, of battle to be fought,
Of guarded pass?" "No, by my faith!
Nor saw I aught could augur scathe."
"O haste thee, Allan, to the kern,
—Yonder his tartans I discern;
Learn thou his purpose, and conjure
That he will guide the stranger sure!
What prompted thee, unhappy man?
The meanest serf in Roderick's clan
Had not been bribed by love or fear,
Unknown to him to guide thee here."

XVII

"Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be
Since it is worthy care from thee;
Yet life I hold but idle breath
When love or honor's weighed with death.
Then let me profit by my chance,
And speak my purpose bold at once.
I come to bear thee from a wild,
Where ne'er before such blossom smiled;
By this soft hand to lead thee far
From frantic scenes of feud and war.
Near Bochastle my horses wait;
They bear us soon to Stirling gate.
I'll place thee in a lovely bower,
I'll guard thee like a tender flower"—
"O hush, Sir Knight! 'twere female art
To say I do not read thy heart;
Too much, before, my selfish ear
Was idly soothed my praise to hear.
That fatal bait hath lured thee back,
In deathful hour, o'er dangerous track;
And how, O how, can I atone
The wreck my vanity brought on!—
One way remains—I'll tell him all—
Yes! struggling bosom, forth it shall!
Thou, whose light folly bears the blame,
Buy thine own pardon with thy shame!
But first—my father is a man
Outlawed and exiled, under ban;
The price of blood is on his head,
With me 'twere infamy to wed.
Still wouldst thou speak?—then hear the truth!
Fitz-James, there is a noble youth—
If yet he is!—exposed for me
And mine to dread extremity—
Thou hast the secret of my heart;
Forgive, be generous, and depart!"

XVIII

Fitz-James knew every wily train
A lady's fickle heart to gain,
But here he knew and felt them vain.
There shot no glance from Ellen's eye,
To give her steadfast speech the lie;
In maiden confidence she stood,
Though mantled in her cheek the blood,
And told her love with such a sigh
Of deep and hopeless agony,
As death had sealed her Malcolm's doom,
And she sat sorrowing on his tomb.
Hope vanished from Fitz-James's eye,

---

358. **sign**, mark with the sign of the cross. 371. **Dunfermline**, the residence and burial place of the early kings of Scotland. 385. **my former guide**, Red Murdoch, Canto Fourth, stanza VII. 392. **augur scathe**, foretell danger.

437. **train**, lure, enticement.

But not with hope fled sympathy.
He proffered to attend her side,
As brother would a sister guide.
"O little know'st thou Roderick's heart!
Safer for both we go apart.
O haste thee, and from Allan learn
If thou may'st trust yon wily kern."
With hand upon his forehead laid,
The conflict of his mind to shade,
A parting step or two he made;
Then, as some thought had crossed his brain,
He paused, and turned, and came again.

XIX

"Hear, lady, yet a parting word!
It chanced in fight that my poor sword
Preserved the life of Scotland's lord.
This ring the grateful Monarch gave,
And bade, when I had boon to crave,
To bring it back, and boldly claim
The recompense that I would name.
Ellen, I am no courtly lord,
But one who lives by lance and sword,
Whose castle is his helm and shield,
His lordship the embattled field.
What from a prince can I demand,
Who neither reck of state nor land?
Ellen, thy hand—the ring is thine;
Each guard and usher knows the sign.
Seek thou the King without delay—
This signet shall secure thy way—
And claim thy suit, whate'er it be,
As ransom of his pledge to me."
He placed the golden circlet on,
Paused—kissed her hand—and then was gone.
The aged Minstrel stood aghast,
So hastily Fitz-James shot past.
He joined his guide, and wending down
The ridges of the mountain brown,
Across the stream they took their way,
That joins Loch Katrine to Achray.

XX

All in the Trosachs' glen was still;
Noontide was sleeping on the hill;
Sudden his guide whooped loud and high—
"Murdoch! was that a signal cry?"
He stammered forth—"I shout to scare
Yon raven from his dainty fare."
He looked—he knew the raven's prey,
His own brave steed: "Ah! gallant gray!
For thee—for me, perchance—'twere well
We ne'er had seen the Trosachs' dell.
Murdoch, move first—but silently;
Whistle or whoop, and thou shalt die!"
Jealous and sullen on they fared,
Each silent, each upon his guard.

XXI

Now wound the path its dizzy ledge
Around a precipice's edge,
When lo! a wasted female form,
Blighted by wrath of sun and storm,
In tattered weeds and wild array,
Stood on a cliff beside the way,
And glancing round her restless eye,
Upon the wood, the rock, the sky,
Seemed naught to mark, yet all to spy.
Her brow was wreathed with gaudy broom;
With gesture wild she waved a plume
Of feathers, which the eagles fling
To crag and cliff from dusky wing;
Such spoils her desperate step had sought,
Where scarce was footing for the goat.
The tartan plaid she first descried,
And shrieked till all the rocks replied;
As loud she laughed when near they drew,
For then the Lowland garb she knew;
And then her hands she wildly wrung,
And then she wept, and then she sung—
She sung!—the voice, in better time,
Perchance to harp or lute might chime;
And now, though strained and roughened, still
Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill.

XXII

Song

They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
  They say my brain is warped and wrung—
I cannot sleep on Highland brae,
  I cannot pray in Highland tongue.
But were I now where Allan glides,
Or heard my native Devan's tides,
So sweetly would I rest, and pray
That Heaven would close my wintry day!
'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,
  They made me to the church repair;
It was my bridal morn, they said,
  And my true love would meet me there.
But woe betide the cruel guile

---

471. **lordship**, lands, estate.

531, 532. **Allan, Devan,** two streams which flow into the lowland plain from the hills of Perthshire (in which the scene of the story is laid).

That drowned in blood the morning smile!
And woe betide the fairy dream!
I only waked to sob and scream.

XXIII

"Who is this maid? What means her lay?
She hovers o'er the hollow way,
And flutters wide her mantle gray,
As the lone heron spreads his wing,
By twilight, o'er a haunted spring."
"'Tis Blanche of Devan," Murdoch said,
"A crazed and captive Lowland maid,
Ta'en on the morn she was a bride,
When Roderick forayed Devan side.
The gay bridegroom resistance made,
And felt our Chief's unconquered blade.
I marvel she is now at large,
But oft she 'scapes from Maudlin's charge.
Hence, brain-sick fool!"—He raised his bow.
"Now, if thou strik'st her but one blow,
I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far
As ever peasant pitched a bar!"—
"Thanks, champion, thanks!" the maniac cried,
And pressed her to Fitz-James's side.
"See the gray pennons I prepare,
To seek my truelove through the air!
I will not lend that savage groom,
To break his fall, one downy plume!
No!—deep amid disjointed stones,
The wolves shall batten on his bones,
And then shall his detested plaid,
By bush and brier in mid-air stayed,
Wave forth a banner fair and free,
Meet signal for their revelry."

XXIV

"Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still!"
"Oh! thou look'st kindly, and I will.
Mine eye has dried and wasted been,
But still it loves the Lincoln green;
And, though mine ear is all unstrung,
Still, still, it loves the Lowland tongue.

"For O my sweet William was forester true,
He stole poor Blanche's heart away!
His coat it was all of the greenwood hue,
And so blithely he trilled the Lowland lay!

"It was not that I meant to tell . . .
But thou art wise and guessest well."
Then, in a low and broken tone,
And hurried note, the song went on.
Still on the Clansman, fearfully,
She fixed her apprehensive eye;
Then turned it on the Knight, and then
Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen.

XXV

"The toils are pitched, and the stakes are set,
Ever sing merrily, merrily;
The bows they bend, and the knives they whet,
Hunters live so cheerily.

"It was a stag, a stag of ten,
Bearing its branches sturdily;
He came stately down the glen,
Ever sing hardily, hardily.

"It was there he met with a wounded doe,
She was bleeding deathfully;
She warned him of the toils below,
Oh, so faithfully, faithfully!

"He had an eye, and he could heed,
Ever sing warily, warily;
He had a foot, and he could speed—
Hunters watch so narrowly."

XXVI

Fitz-James's mind was passion-tossed,
When Ellen's hints and fears were lost;
But Murdoch's shout suspicion wrought,
And Blanche's song conviction brought.
Not like a stag that spies the snare,
But lion of the hunt aware,
He waved at once his blade on high,
"Disclose thy treachery, or die!"
Forth at full speed the Clansman flew,
But in his race his bow he drew,
The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest,
And thrilled in Blanche's faded breast.
Murdoch of Alpine! prove thy speed,
For ne'er had Alpine's son such need!
With heart of fire, and foot of wind,
The fierce avenger is behind!
Fate judges of the rapid strife—
The forfeit death—the prize is life!
Thy kindred ambush lies before,
Close couched upon the heathery moor;
Them couldst thou reach!—it may not be—
Thine ambushed kin thou ne'er shalt see,

---

590. **toils are pitched**, snares are laid. 593. **Hunters**, Clan Alpine's men. 594. **stag of ten**, stag having ten branches on his antlers; hence, noble game, Fitz-James. 598. **wounded doe**, Blanche. 617. **thrilled in**, pierced.

The fiery Saxon gains on thee!
Resistless speeds the deadly thrust,
As lightning strikes the pine to dust;
With foot and hand Fitz-James must strain,
Ere he can win his blade again.
Bent o'er the fall'n, with falcon eye,
He grimly smiled to see him die;
Then slower wended back his way,
Where the poor maiden bleeding lay.

XXVII

She sat beneath the birchen-tree,
Her elbow resting on her knee;
She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,
And gazed on it, and feebly laughed;
Her wreath of broom and feathers gray,
Daggled with blood, beside her lay.
The Knight to stanch the life-stream tried—
"Stranger, it is in vain!" she cried.
"This hour of death has given me more
Of reason's power than years before;
For, as these ebbing veins decay,
My frenzied visions fade away.
A helpless injured wretch I die,
And something tells me in thine eye,
That thou wert mine avenger born.
Seest thou this tress?—Oh, still I've worn
This little tress of yellow hair,
Through danger, frenzy, and despair!
It once was bright and clear as thine,
But blood and tears have dimmed its shine.
I will not tell thee when 'twas shred,
Nor from what guiltless victim's head—
My brain would turn!—but it shall wave
Like plumage on thy helmet brave,
Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain,
And thou wilt bring it me again.—
I waver still.—O God! more bright
Let reason beam her parting light!—
Oh! by thy knighthood's honored sign,
And for thy life preserved by mine,
When thou shalt see a darksome man,
Who boasts him Chief of Alpine's Clan,
With tartans broad and shadowy plume
And hand of blood, and brow of gloom,
Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong,
And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's wrong!—
They watch for thee by pass and fell . . .
Avoid the path . . . O God! . . . farewell."

XXVIII

A kindly heart had brave Fitz-James;
Fast poured his eyes at pity's claims,
And now, with mingled grief and ire,
He saw the murdered maid expire.
"God, in my need, be my relief,
As I wreak this on yonder Chief!"
A lock from Blanche's tresses fair
He blended with her bridegroom's hair;
The mingled braid in blood he dyed,
And placed it on his bonnet-side:
"By Him whose word is truth! I swear,
No other favor will I wear,
Till this sad token I imbrue
In the best blood of Roderick Dhu!
—But hark! what means yon faint halloo?
The chase is up—but they shall know,
The stag at bay's a dangerous foe."
Barred from the known but guarded way,
Through copse and cliffs Fitz-James must stray,
And oft must change his desperate track,
By stream and precipice turned back.
Heartless, fatigued, and faint, at length,
From lack of food and loss of strength,
He couched him in a thicket hoar,
And thought his toils and perils o'er:
"Of all my rash adventures past,
This frantic feat must prove the last!
Who e'er so mad but might have guessed
That all this Highland hornet's nest
Would muster up in swarms so soon
As e'er they heard of bands at Doune?
Like bloodhounds now they search me out—
Hark, to the whistle and the shout!
If farther through the wilds I go,
I only fall upon the foe;
I'll couch me here till evening gray,
Then darkling try my dangerous way."

XXIX

The shades of eve come slowly down,
The woods are wrapped in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell;
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
Yet not enough from far to show
His figure to the watchful foe.
With cautious step, and ear awake,
He climbs the crag and threads the brake;
And not the summer solstice, there,
Tempered the midnight mountain air,
But every breeze, that swept the wold,
Benumbed his drenchéd limbs with cold.
In dread, in danger, and alone,

Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;
Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,
A watch-fire close before him burned.

XXX

Beside its embers red and clear,
Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer;
And up he sprung with sword in hand—
"Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!"
"A stranger." "What dost thou require?"
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost."
"Art thou a friend to Roderick?" "No."
"Thou darest not call thyself a foe?"
"I dare! to him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand."
"Bold words!—but, though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
Who ever recked, where, how, or when
The prowling fox was trapped or slain?
Thus treacherous scouts—yet sure they lie,
Who say thou camest a secret spy!"
"They do, by heaven!—Come Roderick Dhu
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest."
"If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight."
"Then by these tokens may'st thou know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."
"Enough, enough; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."

XXXI

He gave him of his Highland cheer,
The hardened flesh of mountain deer;
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid.
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his further speech addressed:
"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honor spoke,
Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more—upon thy fate, 'tis said,
A mighty augury is laid.
It rests with me to wind my horn—
Thou art with numbers overborne;
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand;
But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honor's laws;
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,
As far as Coilantogle's ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword."
"I take thy courtesy, by heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"
"Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."
With that he shook the gathered heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

772. **mighty augury**, Canto Fourth, stanzas IV-VI.
787. **Coilantogle's ford**, in a district loyal to the King.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Tell the story of the Canto from an outline of your own or from the following: Malise and Norman; Brian and Roderick Dhu; The Douglas; Ellen and the minstrel; James Fitz-James, his suit to Ellen, the signet ring, Red Murdoch, Blanche of Devan, the Highland soldier.

2. Which character appears to the best advantage in this Canto? Read passages that prove your point. Which incident makes the reader conscious of Roderick's finer nature? Which one illustrates another side of his nature?

3. What was the minstrel's purpose in singing to Ellen the ballad of brave Alice Brand? What reason have you for thinking it had the desired effect? Quote lines in which Ellen appears particularly admirable.

4. What two especially vivid pictures are there in stanza V? What other passages in this Canto would you select for their vividness? What is the most dramatic situation in the Canto? What in your estimation is the loveliest passage in the Canto? What incidents are

related that you think will play a part farther along in the story? Can you tell in your own words Blanche of Devan's story?

5. What evidence have we in this Canto of Highland hospitality? Of Highland superstition?

6. Some of the rimes would indicate that Scott pronounced certain words differently from the present-day reader; what are some of these words? When you read the poem aloud do you preserve the rime?

7. The action in this Canto, as in each of the others of the poem, takes place in one day. Compare the poetic descriptions of dawn in the first and the last stanzas of the Canto.

CANTO FIFTH

The Combat

I

Fair as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first, by the bewildered pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path on mountain-side,
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of War.

II

That early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Looked out upon the dappled sky,
Muttered their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Gael around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain gray.
A wildering path!—they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales between that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
Gained not the length of horseman's lance.
'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain
Assistance from the hand to gain;
So tangled oft that, bursting through,
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew—
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
It rivals all but Beauty's tear!

III

At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep.
Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose;
Ever the hollow path twined on,
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
An hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high,
It held the copse in rivalry.
But where the lake slept deep and still,
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;
And oft both path and hill were torn,
Where wintry torrent down had borne,
And heaped upon the cumbered land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.
So toilsome was the road to trace,
The guide, abating of his pace,
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And asked Fitz-James by what strange cause
He sought these wilds, traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

IV

"Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt, and by my side;
Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,
"I dreamt not now to claim its aid.
When here, but three days since, I came,
Bewildered in pursuit of game,
All seemed as peaceful and as still

---

20. **true to promise**, Canto Fourth, stanza XXXI.

46. **shingles**, gravelly places.

As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war.
Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide,
Though deep perchance the villain lied."
"Yet why a second venture try?"
"A warrior thou, and ask me why!
Moves our free course by such fixed cause
As gives the poor mechanic laws?
Enough, I sought to drive away
The lazy hours of peaceful day;
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A Knight's free footsteps far and wide—
A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,
The merry glance of mountain maid;
Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone."

V

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
Say, heard ye nought of Lowland war,
Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?"
"No, by my word—of bands prepared
To guard King James's sports I heard;
Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
This muster of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."
"Free be they flung!—for we were loath
Their silken folds should feast the moth.
Free be they flung!—as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine's Pine in banner brave.
But, Stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewildered in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you show
Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?"
"Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew
Naught of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu
Save as an outlawed, desperate man
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight;
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart."

VI

Wrathful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl.
A space he paused, then sternly said,
'And heard'st thou why he drew his blade?
Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
What recked the Chieftain if he stood
On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood?
He rights such wrong where it is given,
If it were in the court of heaven."
"Still was it outrage—yet, 'tis true,
Not then claimed sovereignty his due,
While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held borrowed truncheon of command,
The young King, mewed in Stirling tower,
Was stranger to respect and power.
But then, thy Chieftain's robber life!—
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain
His herds and harvest reared in vain—
Methinks a soul like thine should scorn
The spoils from such foul foray borne."

VII

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
And answered with disdainful smile—
"Saxon, from yonder mountain high
I marked thee send delighted eye,
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between;
These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land
Where dwell we now? See, rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread
For fattened steer or household bread;
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply,
'To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.'
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Aye, by my soul! While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along yon river's maze,

---

108. **Regent**, John Stuart, Duke of Albany, regent for a short time during the minority of James V.

119. **Holy-Rood**, Canto Second, stanza XII.

The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.
Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold
That plundering Lowland field and fold
Is aught but retribution true?
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."

VIII

Answered Fitz-James, "And if I sought,
Think'st thou no other could be brought?
What deem ye of my path waylaid?
My life given o'er to ambuscade?"
"As of a meed to rashness due;
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true
I seek my hound, or falcon strayed,
I seek, good faith, a Highland maid—
Free hadst thou been to come and go;
But secret path marks secret foe.
Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,
Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,
Save to fulfill an augury."
"Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride;
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but when I come again,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For lovelorn swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band!"

IX

"Have, then, thy wish!" He whistled shrill
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into ax and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife.
That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood, and still.
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung.
The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon—I am Roderick Dhu!"

X

Fitz-James was brave. Though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the Chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before:
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."
Sir Roderick marked—and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood, then waved his hand;
Down sunk the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow
In osiers pale and copses low;
It seemed as if their mother Earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
The wind's last breath had tossed in air
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair;
The next but swept a lone hillside,
Where heath and fern were waving wide.
The sun's last glance was glinted back
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green, and cold gray stone.

XI

Fitz-James looked round—yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received;
Such apparition well might seem

---

186. promise, Canto Fourth, stanza XXVIII.

253. jack, a coat of defense, quilted and covered with strong leather.

Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied:
"Fear naught—nay, that I need not say—
But—doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest—I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford;
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on—I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu."
They moved—I said Fitz-James was brave,
As ever knight that belted glaive;
Yet dare not say that now his blood
Kept on its wont and tempered flood,
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome pathway through,
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife
With lances, that, to take his life,
Waited but signal from a guide,
So late dishonored and defied.
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round
The vanished guardians of the ground,
And still, from copse and heather deep,
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
And in the plover's shrilly strain
The signal whistle heard again.
Nor breathed he free till far behind
The pass was left; for then they wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

XII

The Chief in silence strode before,
And reached that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the moldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurled.
And here his course the Chieftain stayed,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said—
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here, all vantageless I stand,
Armed, like thyself, with single brand;
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

XIII

The Saxon paused: "I ne'er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death;
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved;
Can naught but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?" "No, Stranger, none!
And hear—to fire thy flagging zeal—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead;
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.' "
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
"The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff—
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favor free,
I plight mine honor, oath, and word,
That, to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand,
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

XIV

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye—
"Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate;

---

268. **lay,** depended. 275. **belted glaive,** wore a sword in his belt. 298. **three mighty lakes,** Katrine, Achray, and Vennachar. 301. **moldering lines,** the remains of an ancient Roman camp.

My clansman's blood demands revenge.
Not yet prepared?—By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valor light
As that of some vain carpet knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair."
"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!—
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."
Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

XV

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dashed aside;
For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
He practiced every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wintry rain;
And, as firm rock, or castle-roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

XVI

"Now, yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"—
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die."
Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round.
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
Through bars of brass and triple steel!—
They tug, they strain! down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The Chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,
His knee was planted in his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!
But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game;
For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

XVII

He faltered thanks to Heaven for life,
Redeemed, unhoped, from desperate strife;
Next on his foe his look he cast,
Whose every gasp appeared his last;
In Roderick's gore he dipped the braid—
"Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly paid;
Yet with thy foe must die, or live,
The praise that faith and valor give."
With that he blew a bugle-note,
Undid the collar from his throat,
Unbonneted, and by the wave
Sat down his brow and hands to lave.
Then faint afar are heard the feet

---

356. carpet knight, a hero of the drawing-room rather than one who has endured hardships.

435. close, struggle.

Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet;
The sounds increase, and now are seen
Four mounted squires in Lincoln green;
Two who bear lance, and two who lead,
By loosened rein, a saddled steed;
Each onward held his headlong course,
And by Fitz-James reined up his horse—
With wonder viewed the bloody spot—
"Exclaim not, gallants! question not.
You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,
And bind the wounds of yonder knight;
Let the gray palfrey bear his weight
We destined for a fairer freight,
And bring him on to Stirling straight;
I will before at better speed,
To seek fresh horse and fitting weed.
The sun rides high—I must be boune,
To see the archer-game at noon;
But lightly Bayard clears the lea—
De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

XVIII

"Stand, Bayard, stand!" The steed obeyed,
With arching neck and bended head,
And glancing eye and quivering ear
As if he loved his lord to hear.
No foot Fitz-James in stirrup stayed,
No grasp upon the saddle laid,
But wreathed his left hand in the mane,
And lightly bounded from the plain,
Turned on the horse his armèd heel,
And stirred his courage with the steel.
Bounded the fiery steed in air;
The rider sat erect and fair;
Then like a bolt from steel crossbow
Forth launched, along the plain they go.
They dashed that rapid torrent through,
And up Carhonie's hill they flew;
Still at the gallop pricked the Knight,
His merrymen followed as they might.
Along thy banks, swift Teith! they ride,
And in the race they mock thy tide;
Torry and Lendrick now are past,
And Deanstown lies behind them cast;
They rise, the bannered towers of Doune,
They sink in distant woodland soon;
Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,
They sweep like breeze through Ochtertyre;
They mark just glance and disappear
The lofty brow of ancient Kier;
They bathe their coursers' sweltering sides,
Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides,
And on the opposing shore take ground,
With plash, with scramble, and with bound.
Righthand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth!
And soon the bulwark of the North,
Gray Stirling, with her towers and town,
Upon their fleet career looked down.

XIX

As up the flinty path they strained,
Sudden his steed the leader reined;
A signal to his squire he flung,
Who instant to his stirrup sprung:
"Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodsman gray,
Who townward holds the rocky way,
Of stature tall and poor array?
Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,
With which he scales the mountain-side?
Know'st thou from whence he comes, or whom?"
"No, by my word—a burly groom
He seems, who in the field or chase
A baron's train would nobly grace."
"Out, out, De Vaux! can fear supply,
And jealousy, no sharper eye?
Afar, ere to the hill he drew,
That stately form and step I knew;
Like form in Scotland is not seen,
Treads not such step on Scottish green.
'Tis James of Douglas, by Saint Serle!
The uncle of the banished Earl.
Away, away, to court, to show
The near approach of dreaded foe;
The King must stand upon his guard;
Douglas and he must meet prepared."
Then righthand wheeled their steeds, and straight
They won the castle's postern gate.

XX

The Douglas, who had bent his way
From Cambus-Kenneth's abbey gray,
Now, as he climbed the rocky shelf,
Held sad communion with himself:
"Yes! all is true my fears could frame;
A prisoner lies the noble Græme,
And fiery Roderick soon will feel

---

466. **boune**, ready. 485. **Carhonie's hill**, etc., the places mentioned in this stanza are on the way to Stirling and were all familiar to Scott in his early years. 490. **Torry and Lendrick**, towns on the Teith River.

525. **Saint Serle**, an obscure saint evidently called upon for the sake of the rime. 526. **banished Earl**, Archibald Douglas, sixth Earl of Angus, who had married the King's mother.

The vengeance of the royal steel.
I, only I, can ward their fate—
God grant the ransom come not late!
The Abbess hath her promise given,
My child shall be the bride of heaven.
Be pardoned one repining tear!
For He, who gave her, knows how dear,
How excellent!—but that is by,
And now my business is—to die.
—Ye towers! within whose circuit dread
A Douglas by his sovereign bled;
And thou, O sad and fatal mound!
That oft hast heard the death-ax sound,
As on the noblest of the land
Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand—
The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb
Prepare—for Douglas seeks his doom!
—But hark! what blithe and jolly peal
Makes the Franciscan steeple reel?
And see! upon the crowded street,
In motley groups what maskers meet!
Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,
And merry morrice-dancers come.
I guess, by all this quaint array,
The burghers hold their sports today.
James will be there; he loves such show,
Where the good yeoman bends his bow,
And the tough wrestler foils his foe,
As well as where, in proud career,
The high-born tilter shivers spear.
I'll follow to the Castle-park,
And play my prize—King James shall mark
If age has tamed these sinews stark,
Whose force so oft, in happier days,
His boyish wonder loved to praise."

XXI

The Castle gates were open flung,
The quivering drawbridge rocked and rung,
And echoed loud the flinty street
Beneath the coursers' clattering feet,
As slowly down the steep descent
Fair Scotland's King and nobles went,
While all along the crowded way
Was jubilee and loud huzza.
And ever James was bending low,
To his white jennet's saddle-bow,
Doffing his cap to city dame,
Who smiled and blushed for pride and shame.
And well the simperer might be vain—
He chose the fairest of the train.
Gravely he greets each city sire,
Commends each pageant's quaint attire,
Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,
And smiles and nods upon the crowd,
Who rend the heavens with their acclaims,
"Long live the Commons' King, King James!"
Behind the King thronged peer and knight,
And noble dame and damsel bright,
Whose fiery steeds ill brooked the stay
Of the steep street and crowded way.
But in the train you might discern
Dark lowering brow and visage stern;
There nobles mourned their pride restrained,
And the mean burgher's joys disdained;
And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan,
Were each from home a banished man,
There thought upon their own gray tower,
Their waving woods, their feudal power,
And deemed themselves a shameful part
Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

XXII

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out
Their checkered bands the joyous rout.
There morricers, with bell at heel,
And blade in hand, their mazes wheel;
But chief, beside the butts, there stand
Bold Robin Hood and all his band—
Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl,
Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl,
Maid Marion, fair as ivory bone,
Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John;
Their bugles challenge all that will,
In archery to prove their skill.
The Douglas bent a bow of might—
His first shaft centered in the white,
And when in turn he shot again,
His second split the first in twain.
From the King's hand must Douglas take
A silver dart, the archer's stake;
Fondly he watched, with watery eye,
Some answering glance of sympathy—
No kind emotion made reply!
Indifferent as to archer wight,
The monarch gave the arrow bright.

---

550. **a Douglas**, William, the eighth Earl of Douglas, whom James II stabbed in Stirling Castle. 551. **sad and fatal mound**, a point northeast of the castle, where state criminals were executed. 558. **Franciscan steeple**, of the church of the Grayfriars. 562. **morrice**, more commonly spelled "morris," an old-time dance, common at festivals.

613. **butts**, targets. 627. **Fondly he watched**. Canto Second, stanza XXXII.

XXIII

Now, clear the ring! for, hand to hand,
The manly wrestlers take their stand.
Two o'er the rest superior rose,
And proud demanded mightier foes,
Nor called in vain; for Douglas came.
—For life is Hugh of Larbert lame;
Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,
Whom senseless home his comrades bear.
Prize of the wrestling match, the King
To Douglas gave a golden ring,
While coldly glanced his eye of blue,
As frozen drop of wintry dew.
Douglas would speak, but in his breast
His struggling soul his words suppressed;
Indignant then he turned him where
Their arms the brawny yeomen bare,
To hurl the massive bar in air.
When each his utmost strength had shown,
The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone
From its deep bed, then heaved it high,
And sent the fragment through the sky,
A rood beyond the farthest mark;
And still in Stirling's royal park,
The gray-haired sires, who know the past,
To strangers point the Douglas-cast,
And moralize on the decay
Of Scottish strength in modern day.

XXIV

The vale with loud applauses rang;
The Ladies' Rock sent back the clang.
The King, with look unmoved, bestowed
A purse well-filled with pieces broad.
Indignant smiled The Douglas proud,
And threw the gold among the crowd,
Who now, with anxious wonder, scan,
And sharper glance, the dark, gray man;
Till whispers rose among the throng,
That heart so free and hand so strong
Must to the Douglas blood belong.
The old men marked and shook the head
To see his hair with silver spread,
And winked aside, and told each son
Of feats upon the English done,
Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand
Was exiled from his native land.
The women praised his stately form,
Though wrecked by many a winter's storm;
The youth with awe and wonder saw
His strength surpassing Nature's law.
Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd,
Till murmur rose to clamors loud.
But not a glance from that proud ring
Of peers who circled round the King
With Douglas held communion kind,
Or called the banished man to mind;
No, not from those who, at the chase,
Once held his side the honored place,
Begirt his board, and, in the field,
Found safety underneath his shield;
For he, whom royal eyes disown,
When was his form to courtiers known!

XXV

The Monarch saw the gambols flag,
And bade let loose a gallant stag,
Whose pride, the holiday to crown,
Two favorite greyhounds should pull down,
That venison free, and Bordeaux wine,
Might serve the archery to dine.
But Lufra—whom from Douglas' side
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,
The fleetest hound in all the North—
Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth.
She left the royal hounds midway,
And dashing on the antlered prey,
Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank,
And deep the flowing lifeblood drank.
The King's stout huntsman saw the sport
By strange intruder broken short,
Came up, and with his leash unbound,
In anger struck the noble hound.
The Douglas had endured, that morn,
The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn,
And last, and worst to spirit proud,
Had borne the pity of the crowd;
But Lufra had been fondly bred,
To share his board, to watch his bed,
And oft would Ellen Lufra's neck
In maiden glee with garlands deck;
They were such playmates that with name
Of Lufra, Ellen's image came.
His stifled wrath is brimming high,
In darkened brow and flashing eye;
As waves before the bark divide,
The crowd gave way before his stride;
Needs but a buffet and no more,
The groom lies senseless in his gore.
Such blow no other hand could deal,
Though gauntleted in glove of steel.

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660. **Ladies' Rock**, a hillock from which the court ladies viewed the games.

XXVI

Then clamored loud the royal train,
And brandished swords and staves amain.
But stern the Baron's warning—"Back!
Back, on your lives, ye menial pack!
Beware The Douglas.—Yes! behold,
King James! The Douglas, doomed of old,
And vainly sought for near and far,
A victim to atone the war,
A willing victim, now attends,
Nor craves thy grace but for his friends."
"Thus is my clemency repaid?
Presumptuous lord!" the monarch said;
"Of thy misproud ambitious clan,
Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,
The only man, in whom a foe
My woman-mercy would not know;
But shall a Monarch's presence brook
Injurious blow and haughty look?
What ho! the Captain of our Guard!
Give the offender fitting ward.
Break off the sports!"—for tumult rose,
And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows—
"Break off the sports!" he said, and frowned,
"And bid our horsemen clear the ground."

XXVII

Then uproar wild and misarray
Marred the fair form of festal day.
The horsemen pricked among the crowd,
Repelled by threats and insult loud;
To earth are borne the old and weak,
The timorous fly, the women shriek;
With flint, with shaft, with staff, with bar,
The hardier urge tumultuous war.
At once round Douglas darkly sweep
The royal spears in circle deep,
And slowly scale the pathway steep;
While on the rear in thunder pour
The rabble with disordered roar.
With grief the noble Douglas saw
The Commons rise against the law,
And to the leading soldier said,
"Sir John of Hyndford! 'Twas my blade
That knighthood on thy shoulder laid;
For that good deed, permit me then
A word with these misguided men.

XXVIII

"Hear, gentle friends! ere yet for me
Ye break the bands of fealty
My life, my honor, and my cause
I tender free to Scotland's laws.
Are these so weak as must require
The aid of your misguided ire?
Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,
Is then my selfish rage so strong,
My sense of public weal so low,
That, for mean vengeance on a foe,
Those cords of love I should unbind
Which knit my country and my kind?
O no! Believe, in yonder tower
It will not soothe my captive hour
To know those spears our foes should dread
For me in kindred gore are red;
To know, in fruitless brawl begun
For me, that mother wails her son;
For me, that widow's mate expires;
For me, that orphans weep their sires;
That patriots mourn insulted laws,
And curse The Douglas for the cause.
O let your patience ward such ill,
And keep your right to love me still!"

XXIX

The crowd's wild fury sunk again
In tears, as tempests melt in rain.
With lifted hands and eyes, they prayed
For blessings on his generous head,
Who for his country felt alone,
And prized her blood beyond his own.
Old men, upon the verge of life,
Blessed him who stayed the civil strife;
And mothers held their babes on high,
The self-devoted Chief to spy,
Triumphant over wrongs and ire,
To whom the prattlers owed a sire;
Even the rough soldier's heart was moved;
As if behind some bier beloved,
With trailing arms and drooping head,
The Douglas up the hill he led,
And at the Castle's battled verge,
With sighs resigned his honored charge.

XXX

The offended Monarch rode apart,
With bitter thought and swelling heart,
And would not now vouchsafe again
Through Stirling streets to lead his train.
"O Lennox, who would wish to rule
This changeling crowd, this common fool?
Hear'st thou," he said, "the loud acclaim
With which they shout The Douglas name?
With like acclaim, the vulgar throat
Strained for King James their morning note;

With like acclaim they hailed the day
When first I broke The Douglas' sway;
And like acclaim would Douglas greet,
If he could hurl me from my seat.
Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood.
Thou many-headed monster-thing,
O who would wish to be thy king!

XXXI

"But soft! what messenger of speed
Spurs hitherward his panting steed?
I guess his cognizance afar—
What from our cousin, John of Mar?"
"He prays, my liege, your sports keep bound
Within the safe and guarded ground;
For some foul purpose yet unknown—
Most sure for evil to the throne—
The outlawed Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Has summoned his rebellious crew;
'Tis said, in James of Bothwell's aid
These loose banditti stand arrayed.
The Earl of Mar, this morn, from Doune,
To break their muster marched, and soon
Your Grace will hear of battle fought;
But earnestly the Earl besought,
Till for such danger he provide,
With scanty train you will not ride."

XXXII

"Thou warn'st me I have done amiss—
I should have earlier looked to this;
I lost it in this bustling day.
Retrace with speed thy former way;
Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,
The best of mine shall be thy meed.
Say to our faithful Lord of Mar,
We do forbid the intended war.
Roderick, this morn, in single fight,
Was made our prisoner by a knight;
And Douglas hath himself and cause
Submitted to our kingdom's laws.
The tidings of their leaders lost
Will soon dissolve the mountain host,
Nor would we that the vulgar feel,
For their Chief's crimes, avenging steel.
Bear Mar our message, Braco; fly!"
He turned his steed—"My liege, I hie—
Yet, ere I cross this lily lawn,
I fear the broadswords will be drawn."
The turf the flying courser spurned,
And to his towers the King returned.

XXXIII

Ill with King James's mood that day,
Suited gay feast and minstrel lay;
Soon were dismissed the courtly throng,
And soon cut short the festal song.
Nor less upon the saddened town
The evening sunk in sorrow down.
The burghers spoke of civil jar,
Of rumored feuds and mountain war,
Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,
All up in arms—The Douglas too,
They mourned him pent within the hold,
"Where stout Earl William was of old."
And there his word the speaker stayed,
And finger on his lip he laid,
Or pointed to his dagger blade.
But jaded horsemen, from the west,
At evening to the Castle pressed;
And busy talkers said they bore
Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore;
At noon the deadly fray begun,
And lasted till the set of sun.
Thus giddy rumor shook the town,
Till closed the Night her pennons brown.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Find stanzas that relate incidents illustrating the statement in stanza I:

> "Fair as that beam . . .
> . . . .
> Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star
> Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of war."

2. What other names besides "Gael" and "chieftain" does the poet apply to Roderick Dhu? By what other names besides "Saxon" and "knight" is Fitz-James called?

3. Describe the picture that the reader gets from stanza II. As you read the vivid description of the mountain in stanza III, does it seem to you that Scott describes this Scottish scenery for the sheer love of the locality or does it serve a special purpose in the story?

4. What three accusations does Fitz-James bring against Clan Alpine's chief? How is each

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838. **cognizance**, coat-of-arms. 847. **banditti**, outlaws.

887. **Earl William**, stanza XX.

one answered? Which is the most dramatic moment of the poem? What quality in Fitz-James did Roderick Dhu recognize when he said, "Fear naught—nay, that I need not say—"? Why is the pathway called "seeming lonesome"? Does the prophecy in Canto Fourth, stanza VI, heighten the dramatic effect of the scene in stanza XIII? What do you think of Fitz-James's terms? What quality in Roderick Dhu does his answer to Fitz-James show? What effect did the mention of the "braid of his fair lady's hair" have upon Fitz-James? Describe the combat. Which one, Roderick Dhu or Fitz-James, do you think excels in generosity and in courage?

5. What hint of other plans is there in the phrase "fairer freight," line 462? What do the proper names in stanzas XVII and XVIII add to the description? What mention of names in the games serves the same purpose?

6. What new facts about The Douglas have you learned from this Canto? Why did he come to Stirling? What reason did Ellen give in Canto Fourth, stanza X? Discuss stanza XIX as an artistic preparation for the following scene. Read aloud stanza XX to bring out the strong contrast between The Douglas's thoughts and the burgher's sports. Notice how the King's greeting is modified to suit the station of the various persons. What lines show that all are not friendly and loyal subjects at heart?

7. Discuss the success of Douglas at the games—in archery, in wrestling, and in hurling; what was the prize in each case and how was it bestowed? Compare the attitude of the crowd with that of the peers toward Douglas's success. Relate the incident of the dog Lufra. What quality does The Douglas show as he reveals himself to the King? What do you admire particularly about The Douglas in his "word with these misguided men"? Do you think King James's judgment of the "changeling crowd" is too severe? What is the situation as revealed in stanzas XXXI to XXXIII?

CANTO SIXTH

The Guard-Room

I

The sun, awakening, through the smoky air
  Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,
Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,
  Of sinful man the sad inheritance;
Summoning revelers from the lagging dance,
  Scaring the prowling robber to his den;
Gilding on battled tower the warder's lance,
  And warning student pale to leave his pen,
And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse of men.

What various scenes, and, Oh! what scenes of woe,
  Are witnessed by that red and struggling beam!
The fevered patient, from his pallet low,
  Through crowded hospital beholds its stream;
The ruined maiden trembles at its gleam;
  The debtor wakes to thought of gyve and jail;
The lovelorn wretch starts from tormenting dream;
  The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his feeble wail.

II

At dawn the towers of Stirling rang
With soldier-step and weapon-clang,
While drums, with rolling note, foretell
Relief to weary sentinel.
Through narrow loop and casement barred,
The sunbeams sought the Court of Guard,
And, struggling with the smoky air,
Deadened the torches' yellow glare.
In comfortless alliance shone
The lights through arch of blackened stone,
And showed wild shapes in garb of war,
Faces deformed with beard and scar,
All haggard from the midnight watch,
And fevered with the stern debauch;
For the oak table's massive board,
Flooded with wine, with fragments stored,
And beakers drained, and cups o'erthrown,
Showed in what sport the night had flown.
Some, weary, snored on floor and bench;
Some labored still their thirst to quench;
Some chilled with watching, spread their hands
O'er the huge chimney's dying brands,
While round them, or beside them flung,
At every step their harness rang.

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42. **harness**, armor.

III

These drew not for their fields the sword,
Like tenants of a feudal lord,
Nor owned the patriarchal claim
Of Chieftain in their leader's name;
Adventurers they, from far who roved,
To live by battle which they loved.
There the Italian's clouded face;
The swarthy Spaniard's there you trace;
The mountain-loving Switzer there
More freely breathed in mountain-air;
The Fleming there despised the soil,
That paid so ill the laborer's toil;
Their rolls showed French and German name;
And merry England's exiles came,
To share, with ill-concealed disdain,
Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain.
All brave in arms, well trained to wield
The heavy halberd, brand, and shield;
In camps licentious, wild, and bold;
In pillage fierce and uncontrolled;
And now, by holytide and feast,
From rules of discipline released.

IV

They held debate of bloody fray,
Fought 'twixt Loch Katrine and Achray.
Fierce was their speech, and, mid their words,
Their hands oft grappled to their swords;
Nor sunk their tone to spare the ear
Of wounded comrades groaning near,
Whose mangled limbs, and bodies gored,
Bore token of the mountain sword,
Though, neighboring to the Court of Guard,
Their prayers and feverish wails were heard;
Sad burden to the ruffian joke,
And savage oath by fury spoke!—
At length up-started John of Brent,
A yeoman from the banks of Trent;
A stranger to respect or fear,
In peace a chaser of the deer,
In host a hardy mutineer,
But still the boldest of the crew,
When deed of danger was to do.
He grieved, that day, their games cut short,
And marred the dicer's brawling sport,
And shouted loud, "Renew the bowl!
And, while a merry catch I troll,
Let each the buxom chorus bear,
Like brethren of the brand and spear."

V

Soldier's Song

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule
Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny brown bowl,
That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black-jack,
And the seven deadly sins in a flagon of sack;
Yet whoop, Barnaby! off with thy liquor,
Drink upsees out, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip
The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip,
Says that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchief so sly,
And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black eye;
Yet whoop, Jack! kiss Gillian the quicker,
Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar thus preaches—and why should he not?
For the dues of his cure are the placket and pot;
And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch,
Who infringe the domains of our good Mother Church.
Yet whoop, bully-boys! off with your liquor,
Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for the vicar!

VI

The warder's challenge, heard without,
Stayed in mid-roar the merry shout.
A soldier to the portal went—
"Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent;
And—beat for jubilee the drum!

---

53. **Fleming**, a native of the fertile country of Flanders. 63. **holytide**, holiday. 78. **Trent**, a river in England.

87. **catch I troll**, song I sing. 90. **Poule**, Paul. 95. **upsees out**, to the bottom of the tankard. 99. **Apollyon**, in *Pilgrim's Progress* a fiend armed with fiery darts whom Christian overcomes. 100. **Gillian**, Jill. 103. **cure**, parish. **placket and pot**, women and wine.

A maid and minstrel with him come."
Bertram, a Fleming, gray and scarred,
Was entering now the Court of Guard,
A harper with him, and in plaid
All muffled close, a mountain maid,
Who backward shrunk, to 'scape the view
Of the loose scene and boisterous crew.
"What news?" they roared. "I only know,
From noon till eve we fought with foe,
As wild and as untamable
As the rude mountains where they dwell;
On both sides store of blood is lost,
Nor much success can either boast."
"But whence thy captives, friend? Such spoil
As theirs must needs reward thy toil.
Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp;
Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp!
Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,
The leader of a juggler band."

VII

"No, comrade; no such fortune mine.
After the fight these sought our line,
That aged harper and the girl,
And, having audience of the Earl,
Mar bade I should purvey them steed,
And bring them hitherward with speed.
Forbear your mirth and rude alarm,
For none shall do them shame or harm."
"Hear ye his boast?" cried John of Brent,
Ever to strife and jangling bent;
"Shall he strike doe beside our lodge,
And yet the jealous niggard grudge
To pay the forester his fee?
I'll have my share, howe'er it be,
Despite of Moray, Mar, or thee."
Bertram his forward step withstood;
And, burning in his vengeful mood,
Old Allan, though unfit for strife,
Laid hand upon his dagger-knife;
But Ellen boldly stepped between,
And dropped at once the tartan screen—
So, from his morning cloud, appears
The sun of May, through summer tears.
The savage soldiery, amazed,
As on descended angel gazed;
Even hardy Brent, abashed and tamed,
Stood half admiring, half ashamed.

VIII

Boldly she spoke, "Soldiers, attend!
My father was the soldier's friend;
Cheered him in camps, in marches led,
And with him in the battle bled.
Not from the valiant or the strong
Should exile's daughter suffer wrong."
Answered de Brent, most forward still
In every feat or good or ill,
"I shame me of the part I played;
And thou an outlaw's child, poor maid!
An outlaw I by forest laws,
And merry Needwood knows the cause.
Poor Rose—if Rose be living now"—
He wiped his iron eye and brow—
"Must bear such age, I think, as thou.
Hear ye, my mates; I go to call
The Captain of our watch to hall;
There lies my halberd on the floor;
And he that steps my halberd o'er,
To do the maid injurious part,
My shaft shall quiver in his heart!
Beware loose speech, or jesting rough;
Ye all know John de Brent. Enough."

IX

Their Captain came, a gallant young—
Of Tullibardine's house he sprung—
Nor wore he yet the spurs of knight;
Gay was his mien, his humor light,
And, though by courtesy controlled,
Forward his speech, his bearing bold.
The high-born maiden ill could brook
The scanning of his curious look
And dauntless eye; and yet, in sooth,
Young Lewis was a generous youth;
But Ellen's lovely face and mien,
Ill suited to the garb and scene,
Might lightly bear construction strange,
And give loose fancy scope to range.
"Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid!
Come ye to seek a champion's aid,
On palfrey white, with harper hoar,
Like errant damosel of yore?
Does thy high quest a knight require,
Or may the venture suit a squire?"
Her dark eye flashed—she paused and sighed—
"O what have I to do with pride!

---

129. **glee-maiden**, a girl who assisted the medieval juggler and did tumbling and dancing.

170. **Needwood**, a royal forest in England.

183. **Tullibardine's house**, a noble family whose castle was about twenty miles from Stirling.

Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and strife,
A suppliant for a father's life,
I crave an audience of the King.
Behold, to back my suit, a ring,
The royal pledge of grateful claims,
Given by the Monarch to Fitz-James."

X

The signet-ring young Lewis took,
With deep respect and altered look;
And said, "This ring our duties own;
And pardon, if to worth unknown,
In semblance mean obscurely veiled,
Lady, in aught my folly failed.
Soon as the day flings wide his gates,
The King shall know what suitor waits.
Please you, meanwhile, in fitting bower
Repose you till his waking hour;
Female attendance shall obey
Your hest, for service or array.
Permit I marshal you the way."
But, ere she followed, with the grace
And open bounty of her race,
She bade her slender purse be shared
Among the soldiers of the guard.
The rest with thanks their guerdon took;
But Brent, with shy and awkward look,
On the reluctant maiden's hold
Forced bluntly back the proffered gold—
"Forgive a haughty English heart,
And O forget its ruder part!
The vacant purse shall be my share,
Which in my barret-cap I'll bear,
Perchance, in jeopardy of war,
Where gayer crests may keep afar."
With thanks—'twas all she could—the maid
His rugged courtesy repaid.

XI

When Ellen forth with Lewis went,
Allan made suit to John of Brent:
"My lady safe, O let your grace
Give me to see my master's face!
His minstrel I—to share his doom
Bound from the cradle to the tomb.
Tenth in descent, since first my sires
Waked for his noble house their lyres,
Nor one of all the race was known
But prized its weal above their own.
With the Chief's birth begins our care;
Our harp must soothe the infant heir,
Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace
His earliest feat of field or chase;
In peace, in war, our rank we keep,
We cheer his board, we soothe his sleep,
Nor leave him till we pour our verse—
A doleful tribute!—o'er his hearse.
Then let me share his captive lot;
It is my right—deny it not!"
"Little we reck," said John of Brent,
"We Southern men, of long descent;
Nor wot we how a name—a word—
Makes clansmen vassals to a lord;
Yet kind my noble landlord's part—
God bless the house of Beaudesert!
And, but I loved to drive the deer,
More than to guide the laboring steer,
I had not dwelt an outcast here.
Come, good old Minstrel, follow me;
Thy Lord and Chieftain shalt thou see."

XII

Then, from a rusted iron hook,
A bunch of ponderous keys he took,
Lighted a torch, and Allan led
Through grated arch and passage dread.
Portals they passed, where, deep within,
Spoke prisoner's moan and fetters' din;
Through rugged vaults, where, loosely stored,
Lay wheel, and ax, and headsman's sword,
And many an hideous engine grim,
For wrenching joint, and crushing limb,
By artist formed who deemed it shame
And sin to give their work a name.
They halted at a low-browed porch,
And Brent to Allan gave the torch,
While bolt and chain he backward rolled,
And made the bar unhasp its hold.
They entered—'twas a prison-room
Of stern security and gloom,
Yet not a dungeon; for the day
Through lofty gratings found its way,
And rude and antique garniture
Decked the sad walls and oaken floor,
Such as the rugged days of old
Deemed fit for captive noble's hold.
"Here," said de Brent, "thou mayst remain
Till the leech visit him again.
Strict is his charge, the warders tell,
To tend the noble prisoner well."
Retiring then the bolt he drew,
And the lock's murmurs growled anew.

---

295. leech, physician.

Roused at the sound, from lowly bed
A captive feebly raised his head;
The wondering Minstrel looked, and knew—
Not his dear lord, but Roderick Dhu!
For, come from where Clan-Alpine fought,
They, erring, deemed the Chief he sought.

XIII

As the tall ship, whose lofty prore
Shall never stem the billows more,
Deserted by her gallant band,
Amid the breakers lies astrand,
So, on his couch, lay Roderick Dhu!
And oft his fevered limbs he threw
In toss abrupt, as when her sides
Lie rocking in the advancing tides,
That shake her frame with ceaseless beat,
Yet cannot heave her from her seat—
Oh! how unlike her course at sea!
Or his free step on hill and lea!
Soon as the Minstrel he could scan,
"What of thy lady?—of my clan?—
My mother?—Douglas?—tell me all!
Have they been ruined in my fall?
Ah, yes! or wherefore art thou here!
Yet speak—speak boldly—do not fear."
For Allan, who his mood well knew,
Was choked with grief and terror too.
"Who fought—who fled?—Old man, be brief—
Some might—for they had lost their Chief.
Who basely live?—who bravely died?"
"O calm thee, Chief!" the Minstrel cried,
"Ellen is safe";—"For that thank Heaven!"
"And hopes are for The Douglas given;
The Lady Margaret, too, is well;
And, for thy clan—on field or fell,
Has never harp of minstrel told,
Of combat fought so true and bold.
Thy stately Pine is yet unbent,
Though many a goodly bough is rent."

XIV

The Chieftain reared his form on high,
And fever's fire was in his eye;
But ghastly, pale, and livid streaks
Checkered his swarthy brow and cheeks.
"Hark, Minstrel! I have heard thee play,
With measure bold, on festal day,
In yon lone isle, . . . again where ne'er
Shall harper play, or warrior hear! . .
That stirring air that peals on high,
O'er Dermid's race our victory.
Strike it!—and then—for well thou canst—
Free from thy minstrel spirit glanced,
Fling me the picture of the fight,
When met my clan the Saxon might.
I'll listen, till my fancy hears
The clang of swords, the crash of spears:
These grates, these walls, shall vanish then,
For the fair field of fighting men,
And my free spirit burst away,
As if it soared from battle fray."
The trembling Bard with awe obeyed—
Slow on the harp his hand he laid;
But soon remembrance of the sight
He witnessed from the mountain's height,
With what old Bertram told at night,
Awakened the full power of song,
And bore him in career along;
As shallop launched on river's tide,
That slow and fearful leaves the side,
But, when it feels the middle stream,
Drives downward swift as lightning's beam.

XV

Battle of Beal' an Duine

"The Minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Benvenue
For ere he parted, he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray—
Where shall he find in foreign land
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand!
  There is no breeze upon the fern,
    Nor ripple on the lake,
  Upon her eyry nods the erne,
    The deer has sought the brake;
  The small birds will not sing aloud,
    The springing trout lies still,
  So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
  That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
    Benledi's distant hill.
  Is it the thunder's solemn sound
    That mutters deep and dread,
  Or echoes from the groaning ground
    The warrior's measured tread?
  Is it the lightning's quivering glance
    That on the thicket streams,
  Or do they flash on spear and lance

---

306. prore, prow.

Title. **Beal' an Duine.** "A skirmish actually took place at a pass thus called in the Trosachs and closed with the remarkable incident mentioned in the text."—Scott. It was, however, much later than the reign of James V.

The sun’s retiring beams?
I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I see the Moray’s silver star,
Wave o’er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes winding far!
To hero boune for battle-strife,
Or bard of martial lay,
’Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array!

XVI

“Their light-armed archers far and near
Surveyed the tangled ground,
Their center ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frowned,
Their barded horsemen, in the rear,
The stern battalia crowned.
No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread, and armor’s clang,
The sullen march was dumb.
There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,
That shadowed o’er their road.
Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
Save when they stirred the roe;
The host moves, like a deep-sea wave,
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow.
The lake is passed, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain,
Before the Trosachs’ rugged jaws;
And here the horse and spearmen pause,
While, to explore the dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

XVII

“At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell!
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear;
For life! for life! their flight they ply—
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in the rear.
Onward they drive, in dreadful race,
Pursuers and pursued;
Before that tide of flight and chase,
How shall it keep its rooted place,
The spearmen’s twilight wood?
‘Down, down,’ cried Mar, ‘your lances down!
Bear back both friend and foe!’
Like reeds before the tempest’s frown,
That serried grove of lances brown
At once lay leveled low;
And closely shouldering side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset bide.
‘We’ll quell the savage mountaineer,
As their Tinchel cows the game!
They come as fleet as forest deer;
We’ll drive them back as tame.’

XVIII

“Bearing before them, in their course,
The relics of the archer force,
Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
Above the tide, each broadsword bright
Was brandishing like beam of light,
Each targe was dark below;
And with the ocean’s mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest’s wing,
They hurled them on the foe.
I heard the lance’s shivering crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
I heard the broadsword’s deadly clang,
As if an hundred anvils rang!
But Moray wheeled his rearward rank
Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine’s flank,
‘My banner-man, advance!
I see,’ he cried, ‘their column shake.
Now gallants! for your ladies’ sake,
Upon them with the lance!’
The horsemen dashed among the rout,
As deer break through the broom;
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
They soon make lightsome room.
Clan-Alpine’s best are backward borne—
Where, where was Roderick then!
One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men.

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396. boune, ready. 404. barded, armored.

452. Tinchel, circle of hunters surrounding a herd of deer and gradually closing in on them.

And refluent through the pass of fear
The battle's tide was poured;
Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,
Vanished the mountain-sword.
As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
Receives her roaring linn,
As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the wild whirlpool in,
So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle's mingled mass;
None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

XIX

"Now westward rolls the battle's din,
That deep and doubling pass within.—
Minstrel, away! the work of fate
Is bearing on; its issue wait,
Where the rude Trosachs' dread defile
Opens on Katrine's lake and isle.
Gray Benvenue I soon repassed,
Loch Katrine lay beneath me cast.
The sun is set, the clouds are met,
The lowering scowl of heaven
An inky hue of livid blue
To the deep lake has given;
Strange gusts of wind from mountain-glen
Swept o'er the lake, then sunk again.
I heeded not the eddying surge,
Mine eye but saw the Trosachs' gorge,
Mine ear but heard that sullen sound
Which like an earthquake shook the ground,
And spoke the stern and desperate strife
That parts not but with parting life,
Seeming, to minstrel ear, to toll
The dirge of many a passing soul.
Nearer it comes—the dim wood glen
The martial flood disgorged again,
But not in mingled tide;
The plaided warriors of the North
High on the mountain thunder forth
And overhang its side;
While by the lake below appears
The dark'ning cloud of Saxon spears.
At weary bay each shattered band,
Eyeing their foemen, sternly stand;
Their banners stream like tattered sail,
That flings its fragments to the gale,
And broken arms and disarray
Marked the fell havoc of the day.

XX

"Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,
The Saxon stood in sullen trance,
Till Moray pointed with his lance,
And cried—'Behold yon isle!
See! none are left to guard its strand,
But women weak, that wring the hand;
'Tis there of yore the robber band
Their booty wont to pile
My purse, with bonnet-pieces store,
To him will swim a bow-shot o'er,
And loose a shallop from the shore.
Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,
Lords of his mate, and brood, and den.'
Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung,
On earth his casque and corselet rung,
He plunged him in the wave;
All saw the deed—the purpose knew,
And to their clamors Benvenue
A mingled echo gave;
The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,
The helpless females scream for fear,
And yells for rage the mountaineer.
'Twas then, as by the outcry riven,
Poured down at once the lowering heaven;
A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's breast,
Her billows reared their snowy crest.
Well for the swimmer swelled they high,
To mar the Highland marksman's eye;
For round him showered, mid rain and hail,
The vengeful arrows of the Gael.
In vain—he nears the isle—and lo!
His hand is on a shallop's bow.
Just then a flash of lightning came,
It tinged the waves and strand with flame;
I marked Duncraggan's widowed dame,
Behind an oak I saw her stand,
A naked dirk gleamed in her hand;
It darkened—but, amid the moan
Of waves, I heard a dying groan;
Another flash!—the spearman floats
A weltering corse beside the boats,
And the stern matron o'er him stood,
Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

XXI

"'Revenge! revenge!' the Saxons cried;
The Gaels' exulting shout replied.
Despite the elemental rage,

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539. **bonnet-pieces**, gold coins on which the King's head was represented as wearing the Scottish bonnet instead of the usual crown. 565. **Duncraggan's widowed dame**, Canto Third, stanza XVIII.

Again they hurried to engage;
But, ere they closed in desperate fight,
Bloody with spurring came a knight,
Sprung from his horse, and, from a crag,
Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.
Clarion and trumpet by his side
Rung forth a truce-note high and wide,
While, in the Monarch's name, afar
An herald's voice forbade the war,
For Bothwell's lord, and Roderick bold,
Were both, he said, in captive hold."
—But here the lay made sudden stand,
The harp escaped the Minstrel's hand!—
Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy
How Roderick brooked his minstrelsy.
At first, the Chieftain, to the chime,
With lifted hand, kept feeble time;
That motion ceased—yet feeling strong
Varied his look as changed the song;
At length, no more his deafened ear
The minstrel melody can hear;
His face grows sharp—his hands are clenched,
As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched;
Set are his teeth, his fading eye
Is sternly fixed on vacancy;
Thus, motionless, and moanless, drew
His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu!
Old Allan-bane looked on aghast,
While grim and still his spirit passed;
But when he saw that life was fled,
He poured his wailing o'er the dead.

XXII

Lament

"And art thou cold and lowly laid,
Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid,
Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade!
For thee shall none a requiem say?
—For thee—who loved the minstrel's lay,
For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,
The shelter of her exiled line,
E'en in this prison-house of thine
I'll wail for Alpine's honored Pine!

"What groans shall yonder valleys fill!
What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill!
What tears of burning rage shall thrill,
When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,
Thy fall before the race was won,
Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun!
There breathes not clansman of thy line,
But would have given his life for thine.
O woe for Alpine's honored Pine!

"Sad was thy lot on mortal stage!
The captive thrush may brook the cage,
The prisoned eagle dies for rage.
Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain
And, when its notes awake again,
Even she, so long beloved in vain,
Shall with my harp her voice combine,
And mix her woe and tears with mine,
To wail Clan-Alpine's honored Pine."

XXIII

Ellen, the while, with bursting heart,
Remained in lordly bower apart,
Where played, with many colored gleams,
Through storied pane the rising beams.
In vain on gilded roof they fall,
And lightened up a tapestried wall,
And for her use a menial train
A rich collation spread in vain.
The banquet proud, the chamber gay,
Scarce drew one curious glance astray,
Or if she looked, 'twas but to say,
With better omen dawned the day
In that lone isle, where waved on high
The dun-deer's hide for canopy;
Where oft her noble father shared
The simple meal her care prepared,
While Lufra, crouching by her side,
Her station claimed with jealous pride,
And Douglas, bent on woodland game,
Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Græme,
Whose answer, oft at random made,
The wandering of his thoughts betrayed.
Those who such simple joys have known,
Are taught to prize them when they're gone.
But sudden, see, she lifts her head!
The window seeks with cautious tread.
What distant music has the power
To win her in this woeful hour!
'Twas from a turret that o'erhung
Her latticed bower, the strain was sung.

XXIV

Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman

"My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle greyhound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,

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586. **Bothwell's lord,** The Douglas, Canto Second, stanza VIII; Canto Fifth, stanza XXVI. 610. **Breadalbane,** Canto Second, stanza XIX.

638. **storied pane,** windows on which scenes were depicted. 665. **perch and hood,** confinement.

And I am sick of captive thrall.
I wish I were as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forest green,
With bended bow and bloodhound free,
For that's the life is meet for me.

"I hate to learn the ebb of time,
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,
Inch after inch, along the wall.
The lark was wont my matins ring,
The sable rook my vespers sing;
These towers, although a king's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me.

"No more at dawning morn I rise,
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
And homeward wend with evening dew;
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While fled the eve on wing of glee—
That life is lost to love and me!"

XXV

The heartsick lay was hardly said,
The list'ner had not turned her head,
It trickled still, the starting tear,
When light a footstep struck her ear,
And Snowdoun's graceful knight was near.
She turned the hastier, lest again
The prisoner should renew his strain.
"O welcome, brave Fitz-James!" she said;
"How may an almost orphan maid
Pay the deep debt"—"O say not so!
To me no gratitude you owe.
Not mine, alas! the boon to give,
And bid thy noble father live;
I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,
With Scotland's King thy suit to aid.
No tyrant he, though ire and pride
May lay his better mood aside.
Come, Ellen, come! 'tis more than time,
He holds his court at morning prime."
With beating heart, and bosom wrung,
As to a brother's arm she clung.
Gently he dried the falling tear,
And gently whispered hope and cheer;
Her faltering steps, half led, half stayed,
Through gallery fair, and high arcade,
Till, at his touch, its wings of pride
A portal arch unfolded wide.

XXVI

Within 'twas brilliant all and light,
A thronging scene of figures bright;
It glowed on Ellen's dazzled sight,
As when the setting sun has given
Ten thousand hues to summer even,
And from their tissue, fancy frames
Aërial knights and fairy dames.
Still by Fitz-James her footing stayed;
A few faint steps she forward made,
Then slow her drooping head she raised,
And fearful round the presence gazed;
For him she sought, who owned this state,
The dreaded Prince whose will was fate!—
She gazed on many a princely port,
Might well have ruled a royal court;
On many a splendid garb she gazed—
Then turned bewildered and amazed,
For all stood bare; and, in the room,
Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.
To him each lady's look was lent;
On him each courtier's eye was bent;
Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,
He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
The center of the glittering ring—
And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King.

XXVII

As wreath of snow, on mountain-breast,
Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
Poor Ellen glided from her stay,
And at the Monarch's feet she lay;
No word her choking voice commands—
She showed the ring—she clasped her hands.
Oh! not a moment could he brook,
The generous Prince, that suppliant look!
Gently he raised her—and, the while,
Checked with a glance the circle's smile,
Graceful, but grave, her brow he kissed,
And bade her terrors be dismissed:
"Yes, Fair; the wandering poor Fitz-James
The fealty of Scotland claims.
To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring;
He will redeem his signet-ring.
Ask naught for Douglas; yester even
His Prince and he have much forgiven.
Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,
I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong.
We could not, to the vulgar crowd,
Yield what they craved with clamor loud;
Calmly we heard and judged his cause,
Our council aided, and our laws.

I stanched thy father's death-feud stern,
With stout De Vaux and Gray Glencairn;
And Bothwell's lord henceforth we own
The friend and bulwark of our throne.
But, lovely infidel, how now?
What clouds thy misbelieving brow?
Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid;
Thou must confirm this doubting maid."

XXVIII

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,
And on his neck his daughter hung.
The Monarch drank, that happy hour,
The sweetest, holiest draught of Power—
When it can say, with godlike voice,
Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice!
Yet would not James the general eye
On Nature's raptures long should pry;
He stepped between—"Nay, Douglas, nay,
Steal not my proselyte away!
The riddle 'tis my right to read,
That brought this happy chance to speed.
—Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray
In life's more low but happier way,
'Tis under name which veils my power
Nor falsely veils—for Stirling's tower
Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims,
And Normans call me James Fitz-James.
Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,
Thus learn to right the injured cause."
Then, in a tone apart and low—
"Ah, little traitress! none must know
What idle dream, what lighter thought,
What vanity full dearly bought,
Joined to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew
My spell-bound steps to Benvenue,
In dangerous hour, and all but gave
Thy Monarch's life to mountain glaive!"
Aloud he spoke, "Thou still dost hold
That little talisman of gold,
Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring—
What seeks fair Ellen of the King?"

XXIX

Full well the conscious maiden guessed
He probed the weakness of her breast;
But, with that consciousness, there came
A lightening of her fears for Græme,
And more she deemed the Monarch's ire
Kindled 'gainst him who, for her sire
Rebellious broadsword boldly drew;
And, to her generous feeling true,
She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu.
"Forbear thy suit—the King of kings
Alone can stay life's parting wings.
I know his heart, I know his hand,
Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand—
My fairest earldom would I give
To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live!—
Hast thou no other boon to crave?
No other captive friend to save?"
Blushing, she turned her from the King,
And to The Douglas gave the ring,
As if she wished her sire to speak
The suit that stained her glowing cheek.
"Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,
And stubborn justice holds her course.
Malcolm, come forth!"—and, at the word,
Down kneeled the Græme to Scotland's lord.
"For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,
From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,
And sought, amid thy faithful clan,
A refuge for an outlawed man,
Dishonoring thus thy loyal name—
Fetters and warder for the Græme!"
His chain of gold the King unstrung,
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,
Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

Harp of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight copse the glowworm lights her spark,
The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.
Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
Thy numbers sweet with Nature's vespers blending,
With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herdboy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel harp!
Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,

And little reck I of the censure sharp
  May idly cavil at an idle lay.
Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,
  Through secret woes the world has never known,
When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
  And bitterer was the grief devoured alone.
That I o'erlived such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
  Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!
'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
  'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
Receding now, the dying numbers ring
  Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
  A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
And now, 'tis silent all!—Enchantress, fare thee well!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Give a brief account of what happened in the guard room. From various hints in the Canto try to piece out the story of John of Brent. What is your opinion of the King's army as described in stanza III? What do you think of young Lewis and his lame apology in the first six lines of stanza X?

2. What interesting facts about the life of a Highland minstrel did you learn? What mistake did John de Brent make? What lines in stanza XIII show admirable qualities in Roderick Dhu? Why was he preserved to die in the castle at Stirling?

3. What device does the poet make use of to tell the reader of the battle between Clan Alpine and the King's lieutenant, the Earl of Mar? In what lines in stanza XVIII does the minstrel pay Roderick a fine tribute? In what scene is the use of the supernatural especially effective?

4. How many cases of concealed identity are there in the poem? Where, in each case, is the identity disclosed? What are the hints in each case by which the poet lets the reader know of the real identity? Which of all is the most dramatic revelation? What justification did the King have for calling himself "Snowdoun's knight" and "James Fitz-James"?

5. Scott often uses comparisons to add clearness and interest to his descriptions and narrations; what especially interesting ones do you find in this Canto?

[illegible]

SUGGESTIONS FOR THEME TOPICS

(Three-Minute Talks)

Prepare a three-minute talk on any one of the following topics or on some other topic that interests you especially. You may be able to enliven your topic with blackboard sketches, pictures, slides, picture postcards, phonograph records, and appropriate passages read to the class.

A visit to Abbotsford.

A visit to the Trosachs.

A character sketch of Fitz-James, Roderick Dhu, Ellen, Malcolm, or Douglas.

The songs in the poem and the purpose served by each.

The various verse-movements of the songs in the poem and how the music aids the thoughts and moods of the songs.

The Lady of the Lake as a metrical romance.

The beautiful relationship between Ellen and her father.

Concealed identities in the poem.

Scott's descriptions of dawn and evening.

Scott's use of figurative language.

The hospitality of the Highlanders.

The superstitions of the Highlanders.

Passages in the poem that reflect the poet's love of animals, especially horses and dogs.

Allan-bane, a typical Highland minstrel, and his place in the ancient Scottish clan.

The apostrophe to the harp in the first three and last three stanzas of the poem.

Scottish music illustrated with phonograph records.

A Highland costume, illustrated by the articles themselves or by colored pictures.

Scottish tartans illustrated by examples.

The Spenserian verse and its use in the introductory stanza of each canto.

Other heroes who believed that "The danger's self is lure alone." (Canto Fifth, stanza IV).

"For he whom royal eyes disown
When was his form to courtiers known."
(Canto Fifth, stanza XXIV.)

Other rulers who probably felt as did King James:

"Thou many-headed monster thing,
O who could wish to be thy king."
(Canto Fifth, stanza XXX.)

IVANHOE

SIR WALTER SCOTT

CHAPTER VII

Knights, with a long retinue of their squires,
In gaudy liveries march and quaint attires;
One laced the helm, another held the lance,
A third the shining buckler did advance.
The courser pawed the ground with restless feet,
And snorting foamed and champed the golden bit.
The smiths and armorers on palfreys ride,
Files in their hands and hammers at their side;
And nails for loosened spears, and thongs for shields provide.
The yeomen guard the streets in seemly bands;
And clowns come crowding on, with cudgels in their hands.
—*Palamon and Arcite*

The condition of the English nation was at this time sufficiently miserable. King Richard was absent, a prisoner, and in the power of the perfidious and cruel Duke of Austria. Even the very place of his captivity was uncertain, and his fate but very imperfectly known to the generality of his subjects, who were, in the meantime, a prey to every species of subaltern oppression.

Prince John, in league with Philip of France, Cœur-de-Lion's mortal enemy, was using every species of influence with the Duke of Austria to prolong the captivity of his brother Richard, to whom he stood indebted for so many favors. In the meantime he was strengthening his own faction in the kingdom, of which he proposed to dispute succession, in case of the King's death, with the legitimate heir, Arthur, Duke of Brittany, son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, the elder brother of John. This usurpation, it is well known, he afterwards effected. His own character being light, profligate, and perfidious, John easily attached to his person and faction not only all who had reason to dread the resentment of Richard for criminal proceedings during his absence, but also the numerous class of "lawless resolutes" whom the crusades had turned back on their country, accomplished in the vices of the East, impoverished in substance, and hardened in character, and who placed their hopes of harvest in civil commotion.

To these causes of public distress and apprehension must be added the multitude of outlaws who, driven to despair by the oppression of the feudal nobility and the severe exercise of the forest laws, banded together in large gangs, and, keeping possession of the forests and the wastes, set at defiance the justice and magistracy of the country. The nobles themselves, each fortified within his own castle, and playing the petty sovereign over his own dominions, were the leaders of bands scarce less lawless and oppressive than those of the avowed depredators. To maintain these retainers, and to support the extravagance and magnificence which their pride induced them to affect, the nobility borrowed sums of money from the Jews at the most usurious interest, which gnawed into their estates like consuming cankers, scarce to be cured unless when circumstances gave them an

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3. **King Richard**, Richard I (reigned 1189-1199).

opportunity of getting free by exercising upon their creditors some act of unprincipled violence.

Under the various burdens imposed by this unhappy state of affairs, the people of England suffered deeply for the present, and had yet more dreadful cause to fear for the future. To augment their misery, a contagious disorder of a dangerous nature spread through the land; and, rendered more virulent by the uncleanness, the indifferent food, and the wretched lodging of the lower classes, swept off many, whose fate the survivors were tempted to envy, as exempting them from the evils which were to come.

Yet, amid these accumulated distresses, the poor as well as the rich, the vulgar as well as the noble, in the event of a tournament, which was the grand spectacle of that age, felt as much interested as the half-starved citizen of Madrid, who has not a real left to buy provisions for his family, feels in the issue of a bull-feast. Neither duty nor infirmity could keep youth or age from such exhibitions. The passage of arms, as it was called, which was to take place at Ashby, in the county of Leicester, as champions of the first renown were to take the field in the presence of Prince John himself, who was expected to grace the lists, had attracted universal attention, and an immense confluence of persons of all ranks hastened upon the appointed morning to the place of combat.

The scene was singularly romantic. On the verge of a wood, which approached to within a mile of the town of Ashby, was an extensive meadow of the finest and most beautiful green turf, surrounded on one side by the forest, and fringed on the other by straggling oak trees, some of which had grown to an immense size. The ground, as if fashioned on purpose for the martial display which was intended, sloped gradually down on all sides to a level bottom, which was inclosed for the lists with strong palisades, forming a space of a quarter of a mile in length, and about half as broad. The form of the inclosure was an oblong square, save that the corners were considerably rounded off, in order to afford more convenience for the spectators. The openings for the entry of the combatants were at the northern and southern extremities of the lists, accessible by strong wooden gates, each wide enough to admit two horsemen riding abreast. At each of these portals were stationed two heralds, attended by six trumpets, as many pursuivants, and a strong body of men-at-arms, for maintaining order, and ascertaining the quality of the knights who proposed to engage in this martial game.

On a platform beyond the southern entrance, formed by a natural elevation of the ground, were pitched five magnificent pavilions, adorned with pennons of russet and black, the chosen colors of the five knights challengers. The cords of the tents were of the same color. Before each pavilion was suspended the shield of the knight by whom it was occupied, and beside it stood his squire, quaintly disguised as a salvage or silvan man, or in some other fantastic dress, according to the taste of his master and the character he was pleased to assume during the game The central pavilion, as the place of honor, had been assigned to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whose renown in all games of chivalry, no less than his connection with the knights who had undertaken this passage of arms, had occasioned him

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24. **real**, a Spanish coin, at normal exchange worth about five cents.

68. **pursuivants**, attendants to the heralds. 76. **pavilions**, tents of the knights. 84. **salvage**, a woodsman.

to be eagerly received into the company of the challengers, and even adopted as their chief and leader, though he had so recently joined them. On one side of his tent were pitched those of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf and Richard [Philip] de Malvoisin, and on the other was the pavilion of Hugh de Grantmesnil, a noble baron in the vicinity, whose ancestor had been Lord High Steward of England in the time of the Conqueror and his son William Rufus. Ralph de Vipont, a knight of St. John of Jerusalem, who had some ancient possessions at a place called Heather, near Ashby-de-la-Zouche, occupied the fifth pavilion. From the entrance into the lists a gently sloping passage, ten yards in breadth, led up to the platform on which the tents were pitched. It was strongly secured by a palisade on each side, as was the esplanade in front of the pavilions, and the whole was guarded by men-at-arms.

The northern access to the lists terminated in a similar entrance of thirty feet in breadth, at the extremity of which was a large inclosed space for such knights as might be disposed to enter the lists with the challengers, behind which were placed tents containing refreshments of every kind for their accommodation, with armorers, farriers, and other attendants, in readiness to give their services wherever they might be necessary.

The exterior of the lists was in part occupied by temporary galleries, spread with tapestry and carpets, and accommodated with cushions for the convenience of those ladies and nobles who were expected to attend the tournament. A narrow space betwixt these galleries and the lists gave accommodation for yeomanry and spectators of a better degree than the mere vulgar, and might be compared to the pit of a theater. The promiscuous multitude arranged themselves upon large banks of turf prepared for the purpose, which, aided by the natural elevation of the ground, enabled them to overlook the galleries and obtain a fair view into the lists. Besides the accommodation which these stations afforded, many hundreds had perched themselves on the branches of the trees which surrounded the meadow; and even the steeple of a country church, at some distance, was crowded with spectators.

It only remains to notice respecting the general arrangement, that one gallery in the very center of the eastern side of the lists, and consequently exactly opposite to the spot where the shock of the combat was to take place, was raised higher than the others, more richly decorated, and graced by a sort of throne and canopy, on which the royal arms were emblazoned. Squires, pages, and yeomen in rich liveries waited around this place of honor, which was designed for Prince John and his attendants. Opposite to this royal gallery was another, elevated to the same height, on the western side of the lists; and more gaily, if less sumptuously, decorated than that destined for the Prince himself. A train of pages and of young maidens, the most beautiful who could be selected, gaily dressed in fancy habits of green and pink, surrounded a throne decorated in the same colors. Among pennons and flags bearing wounded hearts, burning hearts, bleeding hearts, bows and quivers, and all the commonplace emblems of the triumphs of Cupid, a blazoned inscription informed the spectators that this seat of honor was designed for *La Royne de la Beaulté et des Amours*. But who was to represent

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12. **Conqueror,** William the Conqueror.

94. **La Royne de la Beaulté et des Amours,** the queen of beauty and love.

the Queen of Beauty and of Love on the present occasion no one was prepared to guess.

Meanwhile, spectators of every description thronged forward to occupy their respective stations, and not without many quarrels concerning those which they were entitled to hold. Some of these were settled by the men-at-arms with brief ceremony; the shafts of their battle-axes and pummels of their swords being readily employed as arguments to convince the more refractory. Others, which involved the rival claims of more elevated persons, were determined by the heralds, or by the two marshals of the field, William de Wyvil and Stephen de Martival, who, armed at all points, rode up and down the lists to enforce and preserve good order among the spectators.

Gradually the galleries became filled with knights and nobles, in their robes of peace, whose long and rich-tinted mantles were contrasted with the gayer and more splendid habits of the ladies, who, in a greater proportion than even the men themselves, thronged to witness a sport which one would have thought too bloody and dangerous to afford their sex much pleasure. The lower and interior space was soon filled by substantial yeomen and burghers, and such of the lesser gentry as, from modesty, poverty, or dubious title durst not assume any higher place. It was of course amongst these that the most frequent disputes for precedence occurred.

"Dog of an unbeliever," said an old man, whose threadbare tunic bore witness to his poverty, as his sword, and dagger, and golden chain intimated his pretensions to rank—"whelp of a she-wolf! darest thou press upon a Christian; and a Norman gentleman of the blood of Montdidier?"

This rough expostulation was addressed to no other than our acquaintance Isaac, who, richly and even magnificently dressed in a gaberdine ornamented with lace and lined with fur, was endeavoring to make place in the foremost row beneath the gallery for his daughter, the beautiful Rebecca, who had joined him at Ashby, and who was now hanging on her father's arm, not a little terrified by the popular displeasure which seemed generally excited by her parent's presumption. But Isaac, though we have seen him sufficiently timid on other occasions, knew well that at present he had nothing to fear. It was not in places of general resort, or where their equals were assembled, that any avaricious or malevolent noble durst offer him injury. At such meetings the Jews were under the protection of the general law; and if that proved a weak assurance, it usually happened that there were among the persons assembled some barons who, for their own interested motives, were ready to act as their protectors. On the present occasion, Isaac felt more than usually confident, being aware that Prince John was even then in the very act of negotiating a large loan from the Jews of York, to be secured upon certain jewels and lands. Isaac's own share in this transaction was considerable, and he well knew that the Prince's eager desire to bring it to a conclusion would ensure him his protection in the dilemma in which he stood.

Emboldened by these considerations, the Jew pursued his point, and jostled the Norman Christian without respect either to his descent, quality, or religion. The complaints of the old man, however, excited the indignation of the bystanders. One of these, a stout, well-set yeoman, arrayed in Lincoln green, having twelve arrows stuck in his belt, with a baldric and badge of silver, and a bow of six feet length in his hand, turned short round, and while his countenance, which his constant exposure to weather had rendered brown as a hazelnut, grew darker with anger, he advised the Jew to remember that all the wealth he had acquired by sucking the blood of his miserable victims had but swelled him like a bloated spider, which might be overlooked while it kept in a corner, but would be crushed if it ventured into the light. This intimation, delivered in Norman-English with a firm voice and a stern aspect, made the Jew shrink back; and he would have probably withdrawn himself altogether from a vicinity so dangerous, had not the attention of everyone been called to the sudden entrance of Prince John, who at that moment entered the lists, attended by a numerous and gay train, consisting partly of laymen, partly of churchmen, as light in their dress, and as gay in their demeanor, as their companions. Among the latter was the Prior of Jorvaulx, in the most gallant trim which a dignitary of the church could venture to exhibit. Fur and gold were not spared in his garments; and the point of his boots, out-Heroding the preposterous fashion of the time, turned up so very far as to be attached not to his knees merely, but to his very girdle, and effectually preventing him from putting his foot into the stirrup. This, however, was a slight inconvenience to the gallant Abbot, who, perhaps even rejoicing in the opportunity to display his accomplished horsemanship before so many spectators, especially of the fair sex, dispensed with the use of these supports to a timid rider. The rest of Prince John's retinue consisted of the favorite leaders of his mercenary troops, some marauding barons and profligate attendants upon the court, with several Knights Templars and Knights of St. John.

It may be here remarked that the knights of these two orders were accounted hostile to King Richard, having adopted the side of Philip of France in the long train of disputes which took place in Palestine betwixt that monarch and the lion-hearted King of England. It was the well-known consequence of this discord that Richard's repeated victories had been rendered fruitless, his romantic attempts to besiege Jerusalem disappointed, and the fruit of all the glory which he had acquired had dwindled into an uncertain truce with the Sultan Saladin. With the same policy which had dictated the conduct of their brethren in the Holy Land, the Templars and Hospitalers in England and Normandy attached themselves to the faction of Prince John, having little reason to desire the return of Richard to England, or the succession of Arthur, his legitimate heir. For the opposite reason, Prince John hated and contemned the few Saxon families of consequence which subsisted in England, and omitted no opportunity of mortifying and affronting them; being conscious that his person and pretensions were disliked by them, as well as by the greater part of the English commons, who feared further innovation upon their rights and liberties from a sovereign of John's licentious and tyrannical disposition.

Attended by this gallant equipage, himself well mounted, and splendidly dressed in crimson and in gold, bearing upon his hand a falcon, and having his head covered by a rich fur bonnet, adorned with a circle of precious

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33. **out-Heroding**, overdoing.

71. **Templars and Hospitalers**, members of two famous religious and military orders.

stones, from which his long curled hair escaped and overspread his shoulders, Prince John, upon a gray and high-mettled palfrey, caracoled within the lists at the head of his jovial party, laughing loud with his train, and eyeing with all the boldness of royal criticism the beauties who adorned the lofty galleries.

Those who remarked in the physiognomy of the Prince a dissolute audacity, mingled with extreme haughtiness and indifference to the feelings of others, could not yet deny to his countenance that sort of comeliness which belongs to an open set of features, well formed by nature, modeled by art to the usual rules of courtesy, yet so far frank and honest that they seemed as if they disclaimed to conceal the natural workings of the soul. Such an expression is often mistaken for manly frankness, when in truth it arises from the reckless indifference of a libertine disposition, conscious of superiority of birth, of wealth, or of some other adventitious advantage, totally unconnected with personal merit. To those who did not think so deeply, and they were the greater number by a hundred to one, the splendor of Prince John's *rheno* (i. e., fur tippet), the richness of his cloak, lined with the most costly sables, his maroquin boots and golden spurs, together with the grace with which he managed his palfrey, were sufficient to merit clamorous applause.

In his joyous caracole round the lists, the attention of the Prince was called by the commotion, not yet subsided, which had attended the ambitious movement of Isaac toward the higher places of the assembly. The quick eye of Prince John instantly recognized the Jew, but was much more agreeably attracted by the beautiful daughter of Zion, who, terrified by the tumult, clung close to the arm of her aged father.

The figure of Rebecca might indeed have compared with the proudest beauties of England, even though it had been judged by as shrewd a connoisseur as Prince John. Her form was exquisitely symmetrical, and was shown to advantage by a sort of Eastern dress, which she wore according to the fashion of the females of her nation. Her turban of yellow silk suited well with the darkness of her complexion. The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eyebrows, her well-formed aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearl, and the profusion of her sable tresses, which, each arranged in its own little spiral of twisted curls, fell down upon as much of a lovely neck and bosom as a simarre of the richest Persian silk, exhibiting flowers in their natural colors embossed upon a purple ground, permitted to be visible—all these constituted a combination of loveliness which yielded not to the most beautiful of the maidens who surrounded her. It is true, that of the golden and pearl-studded clasps which closed her vest from the throat to the waist, the three uppermost were left unfastened on account of the heat, which something enlarged the prospect to which we allude. A diamond necklace, with pendants of inestimable value, was by this means also made more conspicuous. The feather of an ostrich, fastened in her turban by an agraffe set with brilliants, was another distinction of the beautiful Jewess, scoffed and sneered at by the proud dames who sat above her, but secretly envied by those who affected to deride them.

"By the bald scalp of Abraham," said Prince John, "yonder Jewess

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35. **maroquin**, morocco.

71. **simarre**, loose, light robe. 89. **agraffe**, clasp

must be the very model of that perfection whose charms drove frantic the wisest king that ever lived! What sayest thou, Prior Aymer? By the Temple of that wise king, which our wiser brother Richard proved unable to recover, she is the very Bride of the Canticles!"

"The Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley," answered the Prior, in a sort of snuffling tone; "but your Grace must remember she is still but a Jewess."

"Aye!" added Prince John, without heeding him, "and there is my Mammon of unrighteousness too—the Marquis of Marks, the Baron of Byzants, contesting for place with penniless dogs, whose threadbare cloaks have not a single cross in their pouches to keep the devil from dancing there. By the body of St. Mark, my prince of supplies, with his lovely Jewess, shall have a place in the gallery! What is she, Isaac? Thy wife or thy daughter, that Eastern houri that thou lockest under thy arm as thou wouldst thy treasure-casket?"

"My daughter Rebecca, so please your Grace," answered Isaac, with a low congee, nothing embarrassed by the Prince's salutation, in which, however, there was at least as much mockery as courtesy.

"The wiser man thou," said John, with a peal of laughter, in which his gay followers obsequiously joined. "But, daughter or wife, she should be preferred according to her beauty and thy merits. Who sits above there?" he continued, bending his eye on the gallery. "Saxon churls, lolling at their lazy length! Out upon them! Let them sit close, and make room for my prince of usurers and his lovely daughter. I'll make the hinds know they must share the high places of the synagogue with those whom the synagogue properly belongs to."

Those who occupied the gallery, to whom this injurious and unpolite speech was addressed, were the family of Cedric the Saxon, with that of his ally and kinsman, Athelstane of Coningsburgh, a personage who, on account of his descent from the last Saxon monarchs of England, was held in the highest respect by all the Saxon natives of the north of England. But with the blood of this ancient royal race many of their infirmities had descended to Athelstane. He was comely in countenance, bulky and strong in person, and in the flower of his age; yet inanimate in expression, dull-eyed, heavy-browed, inactive and sluggish in all his motions, and so slow in resolution that the soubriquet of one of his ancestors was conferred upon him, and he was very generally called Athelstane the Unready. His friends—and he had many who, as well as Cedric, were passionately attached to him—contended that this sluggish temper arose not from want of courage, but from mere want of decision; others alleged that his hereditary vice of drunkenness had obscured his faculties, never of a very acute order, and that the passive courage and meek good nature which remained behind were merely the dregs of a character that might have been deserving of praise, but of which all the valuable parts had flown off in the progress of a long course of brutal debauchery.

It was to this person, such as we have described him, that the Prince addressed his imperious command to make place for Isaac and Rebecca. Athelstane, utterly confounded at an order which the manners and feelings of the times rendered so injuriously in-

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3. **wisest king**, Solomon (his temple and *The Song of Solomon* are later alluded to). 8. **Canticles**, see *The Song of Solomon* i, 1. 9. **The Rose of Sharon**, see *The Song of Solomon* ii, 1. 17. **Marks, Byzants**, familiar coins of the time. 26. **houri**, an oriental nymph of perfect beauty.

sulting, unwilling to obey, yet undetermined how to resist, opposed only the *vis inertiæ* to the will of John; and, without stirring or making any motion whatever of obedience, opened his large gray eyes and stared at the Prince with an astonishment which had in it something extremely ludicrous. But the impatient John regarded it in no such light.

"The Saxon porker," he said, "is either asleep or minds me not. Prick him with your lance, De Bracy," speaking to a knight who rode near him, the leader of a band of free companions, or *condottieri:* that is, of mercenaries belonging to no particular nation, but attached for the time to any prince by whom they were paid. There was a murmur even among the attendants of Prince John; but De Bracy, whose profession freed him from all scruples, extended his long lance over the space which separated the gallery from the lists, and would have executed the commands of the Prince before Athelstane the Unready had recovered presence of mind sufficient even to draw back his person from the weapon, had not Cedric, as prompt as his companion was tardy, unsheathed, with the speed of lightning, the short sword which he wore, and at a single blow severed the point of the lance from the handle. The blood rushed into the countenance of Prince John. He swore one of his deepest oaths, and was about to utter some threat corresponding in violence, when he was diverted from his purpose, partly by his own attendants, who gathered around him conjuring him to be patient, partly by a general exclamation of the crowd, uttered in loud applause of the spirited conduct of Cedric. The Prince rolled his eyes in indignation, as if to collect some safe and easy victim; and chancing to encounter the firm glance of the same archer whom we have already noticed, and who seemed to persist in his gesture of applause, in spite of the frowning aspect which the Prince bent upon him, he demanded his reason for clamoring thus.

"I always add my hollo," said the yeoman, "when I see a good shot or a gallant blow."

"Sayst thou?" answered the Prince. "Then thou canst hit the white thyself, I'll warrant."

"A woodsman's mark, and at woodsman's distance, I can hit," answered the yeoman.

"And Wat Tyrrel's mark, at a hundred yards," said a voice from behind, but by whom uttered could not be discerned.

This allusion to the fate of William Rufus, his relative, at once incensed and alarmed Prince John. He satisfied himself, however, with commanding the men-at-arms, who surrounded the lists, to keep an eye on the braggart, pointing to the yeoman.

"By St. Grizzel," he added, "we will try his own skill, who is so ready to give his voice to the feats of others!"

"I shall not fly the trial," said the yeoman, with the composure which marked his whole deportment.

"Meanwhile, stand up, ye Saxon churls," said the fiery Prince; "for, by the light of Heaven, since I have said it, the Jew shall have his seat amongst ye!"

"By no means, an it please your Grace! It is not fit for such as we to sit with the rulers of the land," said the Jew, whose ambition for precedence, though it had led him to dispute place with the extenuated and impoverished descendant of the line of Montdidier, by no means stimulated him to an intrusion upon the privileges of the wealthy Saxons.

3. **vis inertiæ**, sluggishness.

65. **Wat Tyrrel**, the man who killed William II.

"Up, infidel dog, when I command you," said Prince John, "or I will have thy swarthy hide stripped off and tanned for horse-furniture!"

Thus urged, the Jew began to ascend the steep and narrow steps which led up to the gallery.

"Let me see," said the Prince, "who dare stop him!" fixing his eye on Cedric, whose attitude intimated his intention to hurl the Jew down headlong.

The catastrophe was prevented by the clown Wamba, who, springing betwixt his master and Isaac, and exclaiming, in answer to the Prince's defiance, "Marry, that will I!" opposed to the beard of the Jew a shield of brawn, which he plucked from beneath his cloak, and with which, doubtless, he had furnished himself lest the tournament should have proved longer than his appetite could endure abstinence. Finding the abomination of his tribe opposed to his very nose, while the Jester at the same time flourished his wooden sword above his head, the Jew recoiled, missed his footing, and rolled down the steps—an excellent jest to the spectators, who set up a loud laughter, in which Prince John and his attendants heartily joined.

"Deal me the prize, cousin Prince," said Wamba. "I have vanquished my foe in fair fight with sword and shield," he added, brandishing the brawn in one hand and the wooden sword in the other. "Who and what art thou, noble champion?" said Prince John, still laughing.

"A fool by right of descent," answered the Jester; "I am Wamba, the son of Witless, who was the son of Weatherbrain, who was the son of an alderman."

"Make room for the Jew in front of the lower ring," said Prince John, not unwilling, perhaps, to seize an apology to desist from his original purpose; "to place the vanquished beside the victor were false heraldry."

"Knave upon fool were worse," answered the Jester, "and Jew upon bacon worst of all."

"Gramercy! good fellow," cried Prince John, "thou pleasest me. Here, Isaac, lend me a handful of byzants."

As the Jew, stunned by the request, afraid to refuse and unwilling to comply, fumbled in the furred bag which hung by his girdle, and was perhaps endeavoring to ascertain how few coins might pass for a handful, the Prince stooped from his jennet and settled Isaac's doubts by snatching the pouch itself from his side; and flinging to Wamba a couple of the gold pieces which it contained, he pursued his career round the lists, leaving the Jew to the derision of those around him, and himself receiving as much applause from the spectators as if he had done some honest and honorable action.

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19. **brawn**, pork.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

Setting, Merry England; Time, Latter Part of the Twelfth Century; Conditions:

a. Political. King Richard, after leading various crusading expeditions to Palestine, is in captivity in Europe. Prince John, Richard's brother, is temporary king of England. Petty warfares are waged among the nobles. Prince John is plotting to usurp the kingdom.

b. Social. The feudal system, under which the king owns all the land and grants it in fief to his nobles, is the prevailing social order. The chief classes, or "castes," are: Norman nobles (superior gentry); Saxon franklins (inferior gentry); Squires (in line of rank for knighthood); Freemen (tenants on large estates); Serfs, or slaves (menials and jesters); Outlaws (mostly Saxons); Jews (money lenders and merchants, who are treated as outcasts from society).

c. Religious. There are three groups of religious characters: (1) Knights Templars (military churchmen), including the Grand Master, Preceptors, Knights, Squires, and Menials (mostly Saracens); (2) Churchmen (non-military), including Priors, Monks, Hermits, and Pilgrims; and (3) Jews.

d. General. Corruption exists among both nobles and churchmen; there is lack of justice and disregard of law everywhere; narrow social and religious prejudices stimulate hatred between Normans and Saxons, and hatred and oppression of Jews by Christians; the nobles are heavily indebted to the Jews; means of travel, transportation, and communication are poor; and there are few large cities.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. This chapter describes conditions in England; what facts do you gather of the political, the social, and the religious situations? Make a blackboard sketch of the lists, showing the location of the five pavilions, the entrances, and the different galleries.

2. Tell the events related in this chapter, using the following outline: (a) entrance of Isaac and Rebecca; (b) arrival of Prince John; (c) Prince John's insult of Saxons and Jews, noting the parts played by De Bracy, the bold yeoman, and Wamba.

3. Find passages that describe the appearance and character of Prince John, Rebecca, Athelstane, and the yeoman. Why did the Knights Templars and Hospitalers attach themselves to Prince John? Why was Isaac of York sure that Prince John would protect him?

Library Reading. Read the other chapters of *Ivanhoe* and report on them in class, using the following outline of events in the six threads of the story: *I. Rotherwood* (chapters I-VI). Wamba misdirects two travelers; the Palmer guides the travelers, Brian and Aymer, to Cedric's house; Brian challenges Ivanhoe through the Palmer; Isaac gains shelter in Cedric's house; the Palmer warns Isaac against Brian, and the two depart from Rotherwood; Isaac lends the Palmer a horse and armor. *II. Ashby* (chapters VII-XVIII). The Disinherited Knight is declared victor of the first day's combat; Rowena is chosen Queen of Love and Beauty; Gurth pays Isaac and meets with outlaws on his way back to his master's tent; the Disinherited Knight is declared victor on the second day, but is wounded; the Black Knight departs secretly; Ivanhoe is cared for by Rebecca; Oswald captures Gurth; Prince John receives a note; Cedric and Athelstane attend Prince John's banquet; Locksley wins the shooting match and receives a silver bugle; De Bracy plans to capture Rowena; Isaac, Ivanhoe, and Rebecca start for York. *III. Torquilstone* (chapters XIX-XXXI). Cedric shelters the Jews after their desertion by the hired servants; Cedric's train is captured and taken to Torquilstone; De Bracy orders the sick man cared for; Wamba and Gurth escape; Wamba and Gurth meet Locksley, who takes them to the Hermit's, where they obtain the aid of the Black Knight; Wamba and Gurth send a letter of defiance to Front-de-Boeuf; Cedric escapes, and Ulrica confesses to him and promises to help the Saxons; Rebecca refuses Brian's love; the castle is besieged, Front-de-Boeuf is wounded, and De Bracy is captured; De Bracy tells the Black Knight of Ivanhoe; the castle is set on fire by Ulrica, who perishes in the flames; the prisoners escape and are rescued; Front-de-Boeuf is burned alive; Brian takes Rebecca to Templestowe, and Ivanhoe is taken to St. Botolph's; the clerk rescues the Jew; Athelstane is knocked senseless by the Templar; Wamba escapes; Gurth rescues Rowena. *IV. The Trysting Tree* (chapters XXXII, XXXIV, and XL). Prior Aymer is captured by outlaws; Athelstane's funeral passes by; Locksley gives the Black Knight the prize bugle; Cedric promises the Black Knight a favor; Prior Aymer writes a letter to Brian in behalf of Rebecca; De Bracy is freed by the Black Knight; the Black Knight, helped by Wamba and the outlaws, wins the fight with Prince John's party; the feast is broken up, and the Black Knight, Wamba, and Ivanhoe depart for Coningsburgh. *V. Coningsburgh* (chapters XLI-XLII). Ivanhoe and the Black Knight arrive at the funeral; Cedric forgives his son and learns who the Black Knight is; Athelstane arrives and tells his story; Isaac brings Ivanhoe a message; Ivanhoe departs for Templestowe and is followed by the Black Knight. *VI. Templestowe* (chapters XXXV-XXXIX, XLIII). The Grand Master arrives at Templestowe; Isaac brings a letter to Brian, which is read by Lucas; Rebecca is tried for witchcraft and sentenced to trial by combat; Higg takes a message to Isaac; delay until sundown is granted on day of combat; Ivanhoe arrives; Brian interviews Rebecca for the last time; Brian dies—"a judgment from God"; King Richard arrives and restores order to his kingdom. Conclusion (chapter XLIV). Two Malvoisins are arrested and killed; Ivanhoe and Rowena marry; Cedric becomes reconciled to his son and the Norman court; Prince John is pardoned; De Bracy and Fitzurse escape; the Templars depart from England; Rebecca and her father depart for the Orient.

Illustrations. Blue prints illustrating *Ivanhoe* may be secured from Thompson Publishing Company, Syracuse, New York.

EXTRACTS FROM
THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

John Gibson Lockhart

I. Scott and His Children

[These extracts give an intimate picture of Scott's family life.]

I ought to say a few words on Scott's method of treating his children in their early days. He had now two boys and two girls; and he never had more. He was not one of those who take much delight in a mere infant; but no father ever devoted more time and tender care to his offspring than he did to each of his, as they reached the age when they could listen to him and understand his talk. Like their playmates, Camp and the greyhounds, they had at all times free access to his study; he never considered their prattle as any disturbance; they went and came as pleased their fancy; he was always ready to answer their questions; and when they, unconscious how he was engaged, entreated him to lay down his pen and tell them a story, he would take them on his knee, repeat a ballad or a legend, kiss them, and set them down again to their marbles or ninepins, and resume his labor, as if refreshed by the interruption. From a very early age he made them dine at table, and "to sit up to supper" was the great reward when they had been "very good bairns." In short, he considered it as the highest duty, as well as the sweetest pleasure, of a parent to be the companion of his children; he partook all their little joys and sorrows, and made his kind, informal instructions to blend so easily and playfully with the current of their own sayings and doings that so far from regarding him with any distant awe, it was never thought that any sport or diversion could go on in the right way, unless "papa" were of the party, or that the rainiest day could be dull, so he were at home.

Of the irregularity of his own education he speaks with regret, in the autobiographical fragment written this year at Ashestiel; yet his practice does not look as if that feeling had been strongly rooted in his mind, for he never did show much concern about regulating systematically what is usually called "education" in the case of his children. It seemed, on the contrary, as if he attached little importance to anything else, so he could perceive that the young curiosity was excited—the intellect, by whatever springs of interest, set in motion. He detested and despised the whole generation of modern children's books, in which the attempt is made to convey accurate notions of scientific minutiæ; delighting cordially, on the other hand, in those of the preceding age, which, addressing themselves chiefly to the imagination, obtain through it, as he believed, the best chance of stirring our graver faculties also. He exercised the memory by selecting for tasks of recitation passages of popular verse the most likely to catch the fancy of children; and gradually familiarized them with the

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48. **Ashestiel**, a house on the river Tweed, near Selkirk, occupied by Scott 1804–11.

ancient history of their own country, by arresting attention, in the course of his own oral narrations, on incidents and characters of a similar description. Nor did he neglect to use the same means of quickening curiosity as to the events of sacred history. On Sundays he never rode—at least not until his growing infirmity made his pony almost necessary to him—for it was his principle that all domestic animals have a full right to their Sabbath of rest; but after he had read the prayers and lessons of the day, he usually walked with his whole family, dogs included, to some favorite spot at a considerable distance from the house—most frequently the ruined tower of Elibank—and there dined with them in the open air on a basket of cold provisions, mixing his wine with the water of the brook beside which they all were grouped around him on the turf; and here, or at home, if the weather kept them from their ramble, his Sunday talk was just such a series of Biblical lessons as that which we have preserved for the permanent use of rising generations, in his *Tales of a Grandfather* on the early history of Scotland. I wish he had committed that other series to writing, too—how different that would have been from our thousand compilations of dead epitome and imbecile cant! He had his Bible, the Old Testament especially, by heart; and on these days inwove the simple pathos or sublime enthusiasm of Scripture, in whatever story he was telling, with the same picturesque richness as in his weekday tales the quaint Scotch of Pitscottie, or some rude romantic old rime from Barbour's Bruce or Blind Harry's Wallace.

By many external accomplishments, either in girl or boy, he set little store. He delighted to hear his daughters sing an old ditty, or one of his own framing; but, so the singer appeared to feel the spirit of her ballad, he was not at all critical of the technical execution. There was one thing, however, on which he fixed his heart hardly less than the ancient Persians of the Cyropædia; like them, next to love of truth, he held love of horsemanship for the prime point of education. As soon as his eldest girl could sit a pony, she was made the regular attendant of his mountain rides; and they all, as they attained sufficient strength, had the like advancement. He taught them to think nothing of tumbles, and habituated them to his own reckless delight in perilous fords and flooded streams; and they all imbibed in great perfection his passion for horses—as well, I may venture to add, as his deep reverence for the more important article of that Persian training. "Without courage," he said, "there cannot be truth; and without truth there can be no other virtue."

II. Scott at Work

[These selections give you an opportunity of watching Sir Walter at work upon two of his poems.]

"I had formed," he [Scott] says, "the prudent resolution to bestow a little more labor than I had yet done, and to be in no hurry again to announce myself as a candidate for literary fame. Accordingly, particular passages of a poem which was finally called *Marmion* were labored with a good deal of care by one by whom much care was seldom bestowed. Whether the work was worth

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43. **Pitscottie**, author of an old Scotch chronicle.
45. **Barbour's Bruce, Blind Harry's Wallace**, historical poems on the famous Scotch heroes, Robert Bruce and William Wallace.

57. **Cyropædia**, a book by the Greek Xenophon dealing with the education of the Persian king Cyrus.

the labor or not, I am no competent judge; but I may be permitted to say that the period of its composition was a very happy one in my life; so much so, that I remember with pleasure at this moment (1830) some of the spots in which particular passages were composed." The first four of the Introductory Epistles are dated Ashestiel, and they point out very distinctly some of these spots. There is a knoll with some tall old ashes on the adjoining farm of the Peel, where he was very fond of sitting by himself, and it still bears the name of the "Sheriff's Knowe." Another favorite seat was beneath a huge oak hard by the river, at the extremity of the haugh of Ashestiel. It was here that while meditating his verses he used

> To waste the solitary day
> In plucking from yon fen the reed,
> And watch it floating down the Tweed.

He frequently wandered far from home, however, attended only by his dog, and would return late in the evening, having let hour after hour slip away among the soft and melancholy wildernesses where Yarrow creeps from her fountains. The lines,

> Oft in my mind such thoughts awake,
> By lone Saint Mary's silent lake, etc.,

paint a scene not less impressive than what Byron found amidst the gigantic pines of the forest of Ravenna; and how completely does he set himself before us in the moment of his gentler and more solemn inspiration, by the closing couplet,

> Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
> So stilly is the solitude.

But when the theme was of a more stirring order, he enjoyed pursuing it over brake and fell at the full speed of his Lieutenant. I well remember his saying, as I rode with him across the hills from Ashestiel to Newark one day in his declining years, "Oh, man, I had many a grand gallop among these braes when I was thinking of *Marmion*, but a trotting, canny pony must serve me now."

Mr. Skene, however, informs me that many of the more energetic descriptions, and particularly that of the battle of Flodden, were struck out while he was in quarters again with his cavalry, in the autumn of 1807. "In the intervals of drilling," he says, "Scott used to delight in walking his powerful black steed up and down by himself upon the Portobello sands, within the beating of the surge; and now and then you would see him plunge in his spurs, and go off as if at the charge, with the spray dashing about him. As we rode back to Musselburgh, he often came and placed himself beside me, to repeat the verses that he had been composing during these pauses of our exercise."

Mr. Guthrie Wright, who was among the familiar associates of the Troop, has furnished me with some details which throw light on the construction of *Marmion*. This gentleman had, through Scott's good offices, succeeded his brother Thomas in the charge of the Abercorn business. "In the summer of 1807," he says, "I had the pleasure of making a trip with Sir Walter to Dumfries, for the purpose of meeting Lord Abercorn on his way to Ireland. His Lordship did not arrive for two or three days, and we employed the interval in visiting Sweetheart Abbey, Caerlaverock

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16. **Sheriff's Knowe**, so-called because Scott was sheriff of Selkirkshire. 18. **haugh**, low land bordering a stream.

53. **Mr. Skene**, James Skene, of Rubislaw, associated with Scott in the organization of a volunteer troop of cavalry. 62. **Portobello**, a watering place on the Firth of Forth, a short distance east of Edinburgh. 68. **Musselburgh**, a few miles farther east than Portobello. 79. **Abercorn business**, Scott's brother Thomas had had charge of property of the Marquis of Abercorn.

Castle, and some other ancient buildings in the neighborhood. He recited poetry and old legends from morn till night; and it is impossible that anything could be more delightful than his society; but what I particularly allude to is the circumstance, that at that time he was writing *Marmion*, the three or four first cantos of which he had with him, and which he was so good as to read to me. It is unnecessary to say how much I was enchanted with them; but as he good-naturedly asked me to state any observations that occurred to me, I said in joke that it appeared to me he had brought his hero by a very strange route into Scotland. 'Why,' says I, 'did ever mortal coming from England to Edinburgh go by Gifford, Crichton Castle, Borthwick Castle, and over the top of Blackford Hill? Not only is it a circuitous detour, but there never was a road that way since the world was created!' 'That is a most irrelevant objection,' said Sir Walter; 'it was my good pleasure to bring Marmion by that route for the purpose of describing the places you have mentioned, and the view from Blackford Hill—it was his business to find his road and pick his steps the best way he could. But, pray, how would you have me bring him? Not by the post-road, surely, as if he had been traveling in a mail-coach?' 'No,' I replied; 'there were neither post-roads nor mail-coaches in those days; but I think you might have brought him with a less chance of getting into a swamp, by allowing him to travel the natural route by Dunbar and the seacoast; and then he might have tarried for a space with the famous Earl of Angus, surnamed Bell-the-Cat, at his favorite residence of Tantallon Castle, by which means you would have had not only that fortress with all his feudal followers, but the Castle of Dunbar, the Bass, and all the beautiful scenery of the Forth to describe.' This observation seemed to strike him much, and after a pause he exclaimed, 'By Jove, you are right! I ought to have brought him that way'; and he added, 'But before he and I part, depend upon it, he shall visit Tantallon.' He then asked if I had ever been there, and upon saying I had frequently, he desired me to describe it, which I did; and I verily believe it is from what I then said that the accurate description contained in the fifth Canto was given—at least I never heard him say he had afterwards gone to visit the castle; and when the poem was published, I remember he laughed, and asked me how I liked Tantallon."

Just a year had elapsed from his beginning the poem, when he penned the Epistle for Canto IV at Ashestiel; and who, that considers how busily his various pursuits and labors had been crowding the interval, can wonder to be told that

> Even now, it scarcely seems a day
> Since first I tuned this idle lay—
> A task so often laid aside
> When leisure graver cares denied—
> That now November's dreary gale,
> Whose voice inspired my opening tale,
> That same November gale once more
> Whirls the dry leaves on Yarrow shore.

The fifth Introduction was written in Edinburgh in the month following; that to the last Canto, during the Christmas festivities of Mertoun-house, where, from the first days of his ballad-riming to the close of his life, he, like his bearded ancestor, usually spent that season with the immediate head of the race. The bulky appendix of notes, including a mass of curious antiquarian quotations, must have moved somewhat slowly through the printers' hands; but *Marmion* was at length ready for publication by the middle of February, 1808.

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On his way back to Scotland, he [Scott] spent some days more with Morritt, at Rokeby Park, on the northern boundary of Yorkshire; and he was so delighted by the scenery of the rivers Tees and Greta, which have their confluence within the demesne, and so interested with his host's traditionary anecdotes of the Cavaliers of the Rokeby lineage, that he resolved on connecting a poem with these fair landscapes. But he had already, I presume, begun *The Lady of the Lake:* for, on his arrival at Edinburgh, he undertook that it should be finished by the end of the year. In July he revisited all the localities so dear to him in the days of his juvenile rambling, which he had chosen for the scene of his fable. He gave a week to Cambusmore, and ascertained, in his own person, that a good horseman might gallop from Loch Vannachar to Stirling within the space allotted to Fitz-James. He then, under the guidance of Mr. Macdonald Buchanan, explored Loch Lomond, Arrochar, Loch Sloy, and all the scenery of a hundred conflicts between the Macfarlanes, the Colquhouns, and the Clan Alpine. At Buchanan House, which is very near Ross Priory, Lady Douglas and Lady Louisa Stuart were visiting the Duke of Montrose; he joined them there, and read to them the Stag Chase, which he had just completed under the full influence of the *genius loci.*

Early in May *The Lady of the Lake* came out—as her two elder sisters had done—in all the majesty of quarto, with every accompanying grace of typography, and with, moreover, an engraved frontispiece of Saxon's portrait of Scott; the price of the book two guineas. For the copyright the poet had nominally received 2000 guineas, but as John Ballantyne and Co. retained three-fourths of the property to themselves—Miller of London purchasing the other fourth—the author's profits were, or should have been, more than this.

Mr. Cadell, the publisher of this Memoir, then a young man in training for his profession, retains a strong impression of the interest which the quarto excited before it was on the counter. "James Ballantyne," he says, "read the cantos from time to time to select coteries, as they advanced at press. Common fame was loud in their favor; a great poem was on all hands anticipated. I do not recollect that any of all the author's works was ever looked for with more intense anxiety, or that any one of them excited a more extraordinary sensation when it did appear. The whole country rang with the praises of the poet—crowds set off to view the scenery of Loch Katrine, till then comparatively unknown; and as the book came out just before the season for excursions, every house and inn in that neighborhood was crammed with a constant succession of visitors. It is a well-ascertained fact that from the date of the publication of *The Lady of the Lake*, the post-horse duty in Scotland rose in an extraordinary degree, and indeed it continued to do so regularly for a number of years, the author's succeeding works keeping up the enthusiasm for our scenery which he had thus originally created." Mr. Cadell adds that four 8vo editions followed the quarto within the space of twelve months; that these carried the early sale to 20,000 copies; and that by July, 1836, the legitimate sale

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5. **Morritt,** John B. S. Morritt, of Rokeby, a friend of Scott's who left numerous reminiscences of him. 18. **end of the year,** 1809. 40. **genius loci,** spirit of the place.

in Great Britain had been not less than 50,000 copies; since which date I understand that, in spite of legal and illegal piracies, the fair demand has been well kept up.

In their reception of this work, the critics were for once in full harmony with each other, and with the popular voice. The article in the *Quarterly* was written by George Ellis; but its eulogies, though less discriminative, are not a whit more emphatic than those of Mr. Jeffrey in the rival *Review*. Indeed, I have always considered this last paper as the best specimen of contemporary criticism on Scott's poetry. The *Lay*, if I may venture to state the creed now established, is, I should say, generally considered as the most natural and original, *Marmion* as the most powerful and splendid, *The Lady of the Lake* as the most interesting, romantic, picturesque, and graceful of his great poems.

Of its success he speaks as follows in 1830: "It was certainly so extraordinary as to induce me for the moment to conclude that I had at last fixed a nail in the proverbially inconstant wheel of Fortune. But, as the celebrated John Wilkes is said to have explained to King George the Third, that he himself was never a Wilkite, so I can with honest truth exculpate myself from having been at any time a partisan of my own poetry, even when it was in the highest fashion with the million."

James Ballantyne has preserved in his *Memorandum* an anecdote strikingly confirmative of the most remarkable statement in this page of Scott's confessions. "I remember," he says, "going into his library shortly after the publication of *The Lady of the Lake*, and finding Miss Scott, who was then a very young girl, there by herself. I asked her, 'Well, Miss Sophia, how do you like *The Lady of the Lake?*' Her answer was given with perfect simplicity, 'Oh, I have not read it; papa says there's nothing so bad for young people as reading bad poetry.' "

In fact, his children in those days had no idea of the source of his distinction—or rather, indeed, that his position was in any respect different from that of other Advocates, Sheriffs, and Clerks of Session. The eldest boy came home one afternoon about this time from the High School, with tears and blood hardened together upon his cheeks. "Well, Wat," said his father, "what have you been fighting about today?" With that the boy blushed and hung his head, and at last stammered out—that he had been called a *lassie*. "Indeed!" said Mrs. Scott, "this was a terrible mischief, to be sure." "You may say what you please, mamma," Wat answered roughly, "but I dinna think there's a waufer (shabbier) thing in the world than to be a lassie, to sit boring at a clout." Upon further inquiry it turned out that one or two of his companions had dubbed him "The Lady of the Lake," and the phrase was to him incomprehensible, save as conveying some imputation on his prowess, which he accordingly vindicated in the usual style of the Yards. Of the poem he had never before heard. Shortly after, this story having got wind, one of Scott's colleagues of the Clerks' Table said to the boy, who was in the home circle called "Gilnockie," from his admiration of Johnny Armstrong, "Gilnockie, my

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13. **rival Review,** the Edinburgh Review. 32. **John Wilkes,** a political agitator (1727–1797) who criticized George III and for some years was kept out of Parliament and even exiled, but who later became lord mayor of London and served in Parliament many years.

91. **Johnny Armstrong,** a famous Scotch freebooter of the sixteenth century about whom many ballads were composed.

ABBOTSFORD

man, you cannot surely help seeing that great people make more work about your papa than they do about me or any other of your uncles—what is it do you suppose that occasions this?" The little fellow pondered for a minute or two, and then answered very gravely, "It's commonly *him* that sees the hare sitting." And yet this was the man that had his children all along so very much with him.

III. Scott at Play

[In these paragraphs you get a vivid picture of life at Abbotsford. Lockhart married the daughter of Scott.]

About the middle of August, my wife and I went to Abbotsford; and we remained there for several weeks, during which I became familiarized to Sir Walter Scott's mode of existence in the country. The humblest person who stayed merely for a short visit must have departed with the impression that what he witnessed was an occasional variety; that Scott's courtesy prompted him to break in upon his habits when he had a stranger to amuse; but that it was physically impossible that the man who was writing the Waverley romances at the rate of nearly twelve volumes in the year could continue, week after week, and month after month, to devote all but a hardly perceptible fraction of his mornings to out-of-doors' occupations, and the whole of his evenings to the entertainment of a constantly varying circle of guests. The hospitality of his afternoons must alone have been enough to exhaust the energies of almost any man; for his visitors did not mean, like those of country-houses in general, to enjoy the landlord's good cheer and amuse each other; but the far greater proportion arrived from a distance, for the sole sake of the Poet and Novelist himself, whose person they had never before seen, and whose voice they might never again have an opportunity of hearing. No other villa in Europe was ever resorted to from the same motives, and to anything like the same extent, except Ferney; and Voltaire never dreamt of being visible to his hunters, except for a brief space of the day; few of them ever dined with him, and none of them seem to have slept under his roof. Scott's establishment, on the contrary, resembled in every particular that of the affluent idler, who, because he has inherited, or would fain transmit, political influence in some province, keeps open house—receives as many as he has room for, and sees their apartments occupied, as soon as they vacate them, by another troop of the same description. Even on gentlemen guiltless of inkshed, the exercise of hospitality upon this sort of scale is found to impose a heavy tax; few of them, nowadays, think of maintaining it for any large portion of the year; very few indeed below the highest rank of the nobility—in whose case there is usually a staff of led-captains, led-chaplains, servile dandies, and semi-professional talkers and jokers from London, to take the chief part of the burden. Now, Scott had often in his mouth the pithy verses:

> Conversation is but carving:
> Give no more to every guest
> Than he's able to digest;
> Give him always of the prime,
> And but little at a time;
> Carve to all but just enough,
> Let them neither starve nor stuff;
> *And that you may have your due,*
> *Let your neighbors carve for you;*

and he, in his own familiar circle always, and in other circles where it was possible, furnished a happy ex-

51. **Ferney**, a village near Geneva, home of Voltaire.

emplification of these rules and regulations of the Dean of St. Patrick's. But the same sense and benevolence which dictated adhesion to them among his old friends and acquaintance rendered it necessary to break them when he was receiving strangers of the class I have described above at Abbotsford; he felt that their coming was the best homage they could pay to his celebrity, and that it would have been as uncourteous in him not to give them their fill of his talk, as it would be in your everyday lord of manors to make his casual guests welcome indeed to his venison, but keep his grouse-shooting for his immediate allies and dependents.

Every now and then he received some stranger who was not indisposed to take his part in the *carving;* and how good-humoredly he surrendered the lion's share to anyone that seemed to covet it—with what perfect placidity he submitted to be bored even by bores of the first water must have excited the admiration of many besides the daily observers of his proceedings. I have heard a spruce Senior Wrangler lecture him for half an evening on the niceties of the Greek epigram; I have heard the poorest of all parliamentary blunderers try to detail to him the pros and cons of what he called the "truck system"; and in either case the same bland eye watched the lips of the tormentor. But, with such ludicrous exceptions, Scott was the one object of the Abbotsford pilgrims; and evening followed evening only to show him exerting, for their amusement, more of animal spirits, to say nothing of intellectual vigor, than would have been considered by any other man in the company as sufficient for the whole expenditure of a week's existence. Yet this was not the chief marvel: he talked of things that interested himself, because he knew that by doing so he should give most pleasure to his guests. But how vast was the range of subjects on which he could talk with unaffected zeal; and with what admirable delicacy of instinctive politeness did he select his topic according to the peculiar history, study, pursuits, or social habits of the stranger! And all this was done without approach to the unmanly trickery of what is called "catching the tone" of the person one converses with. Scott took the subject on which he thought such a man or woman would like best to hear him speak—but not to handle it in their way, or in any way but what was completely, and most simply, his own; not to flatter them by embellishing, with the illustration of his genius, the views and opinions which they were supposed to entertain—but to let his genius play out its own variations, for his own delight and theirs, as freely and easily, and with as endless a multiplicity of delicious novelties, as ever the magic of Beethoven or Mozart could fling over the few primitive notes of a village air.

It is the custom in some, perhaps in many, country-houses, to keep a register of the guests, and I have often regretted that nothing of the sort was ever attempted at Abbotsford. It would have been a curious record—especially if so contrived—as I have seen done—that the names of each day should, by their arrangement on the page, indicate the exact order in which the company sat at dinner. It would hardly, I believe, be too much to affirm, that Sir Walter Scott entertained, under his roof, in course of the seven or eight brilliant seasons when his prosperity was at its height, as many persons of dis-

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2. **Dean of St. Patrick's,** Swift, the author of *Gulliver's Travels.*

tinction in rank, in politics, in art, in literature, and in science, as the most princely nobleman of his age ever did in the like space of time. I fancy it is not beyond the mark to add that, of the eminent foreigners who visited our island within this period, a moiety crossed the Channel mainly in consequence of the interest with which his writings had invested Scotland—and that the hope of beholding the man under his own roof was the crowning motive with half that moiety. As for countrymen of his own, like him ennobled, in the higher sense of that word, by the display of their intellectual energies, if any one such contemporary can be pointed out, as having crossed the Tweed, and yet not spent a day at Abbotsford, I shall be surprised.

It is needless to add that Sir Walter was familiarly known, long before the days I am speaking of, to almost all the nobility and higher gentry of Scotland; and consequently, that there seldom wanted a fair proportion of them to assist him in doing the honors of his country. He lived meanwhile in a constant interchange of easy visits with the gentlemen's families of Teviotdale and the Forest; so that mixed up with his superfine admirers of the Mayfair breed, his staring worshipers from foreign parts, and his quick-witted coevals of the Parliament-House—there was found generally some hearty homespun laird, with his dame, and the young laird—a bashful bumpkin, perhaps, whose ideas did not soar beyond his gun and pointer — or perhaps a little pseudo-dandy, for whom the Kelso race-course and the Jedburgh ball were Life and the World. To complete the *olla podrida*, we must remember that no old acquaintance, or family connections, however remote their actual station or style of manners from his own, were forgotten or lost sight of. He had some, even near relations, who, except when they visited him, rarely if ever found admittance to what the haughty dialect of the upper world is pleased to designate exclusively as "society." These were welcome guests, let who might be under that roof; and it was the same with many a worthy citizen of Edinburgh, habitually moving in an obscure circle, who had been in the same class with Scott at the High School, or his fellow-apprentice when he was proud of earning three-pence a page by the use of his pen. To dwell on nothing else, it was surely a beautiful perfection of real universal humanity and politeness that could enable this great and good man to blend guests so multifarious in one group, and contrive to make them all equally happy with him, with themselves, and with each other.

I remember saying to William Allan one morning as the whole party mustered before the porch after breakfast, "A faithful sketch of what you at this moment see would be more interesting a hundred years hence than the grandest so-called historical picture that you will ever exhibit at Somerset House"; and my friend agreed with me so cordially that I often wondered afterwards he had not attempted to realize the suggestion. The subject ought, however, to have been treated conjointly by him (or Wilkie) and Edwin Landseer. It was a clear, bright September morning, with a sharpness in the air that doubled the animating influence of the sunshine, and all was in readiness for a grand coursing match on Newark Hill. The only guest who had chalked out other

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34. **Mayfair**, a particularly fashionable part of London.
46. **olla podrida**, a sort of stew containing many kinds of meats and vegetables.
74. **William Allan**, a painter who made several portraits of Scott.

sport for himself was the stanchest of anglers, Mr. Rose; but he, too, was there on his shelty, armed with his salmon-rod and landing-net, and attended by his humorous squire Hinves, and Charlie Purdie, a brother of Tom, in those days the most celebrated fisherman of the district. This little group of Waltonians, bound for Lord Somerville's preserve, remained lounging about to witness the start of the main cavalcade. Sir Walter, mounted on Sybil, was marshaling the order of procession with a huge hunting-whip; and, among a dozen frolicsome youths and maidens, who seemed disposed to laugh at all discipline, appeared, each on horseback, each as eager as the youngest sportsman in the troop, Sir Humphry Davy, Dr. Wollaston, and the patriarch of Scottish belles-lettres, Henry Mackenzie. The Man of Feeling, however, was persuaded with some difficulty to resign his steed for the present to his faithful negro follower, and to join Lady Scott in the sociable, until we should reach the ground of our battue. Laidlaw, on a long-tailed wiry Highlander, yclept Hoddin Gray, which carried him nimbly and stoutly, although his feet almost touched the ground as he sat, was the adjutant. But the most picturesque figure was the illustrious inventor of the safety-lamp. He had come for his favorite sport of angling, and had been practicing it successfully with Rose, his traveling companion, for two or three days preceding this, but he had not prepared for coursing fields, or had left Charlie Purdie's troop for Sir Walter's on a sudden thought; and his fisherman's costume—a brown hat with flexible brims, surrounded with line upon line, and innumerable fly-hooks — jackboots worthy of a Dutch smuggler, and a fustian surtout dabbled with the blood of salmon, made a fine contrast with the smart jackets, white cord-breeches, and well-polished jockey-boots of the less distinguished cavaliers about him. Dr. Wollaston was in black, and with his noble, serene dignity of countenance might have passed for a sporting archbishop. Mr. Mackenzie, at this time in the seventy-sixth year of his age, with a white hat turned up with green, green spectacles, green jacket, and long brown leathern gaiters buttoned upon his nether anatomy, wore a dog-whistle round his neck, and had all over the air of as resolute a devotee as the gay captain of Huntley Burn. Tom Purdie and his subalterns had preceded us by a few hours with all the greyhounds that could be collected at Abbotsford, Darnick, and Melrose; but the giant Maida had remained as his master's orderly, and now gamboled about Sybil Gray, barking for mere joy like a spaniel puppy.

The order of march had been all settled, and the sociable was just getting under way, when the Lady Anne broke from the line, screaming with laughter, and exclaimed, "Papa, papa, I knew you could never think of going without your pet." Scott looked round, and I rather think there was a blush as well as a smile upon his face, when he perceived a little black pig frisking about his pony, and evidently a self-elected addition to the party of the day. He tried to look stern, and cracked his whip at the creature, but was in a moment obliged to join in the general cheers. Poor piggy soon found a strap round its neck, and was dragged into the

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9. **Waltonians**, fishermen (named from Izaak Walton, author of *The Complete Angler*). 22. **The Man of Feeling**, Mackenzie, so called from the name of his famous novel, published in 1771. 28. **battue**, the method of hunting employed. **Laidlaw**, William Laidlaw, for most of Scott's life one of his closest friends. 35. **inventor of the safety-lamp**, Sir Humphry Davy.

65. **Huntley Burn**, the home of the Fergussons, neighbors and friends of Scott; the captain was Adam Fergusson.

background; Scott, watching the retreat, repeated with mock pathos the first verse of an old pastoral song,

> What will I do gin my hoggie[1] die?
> My joy, my pride, my hoggie!
> My only beast, I had nae mae,
> And wow! but I was vogie!

—the cheers were redoubled—and the squadron moved on.

This pig had taken—nobody could tell how—a most sentimental attachment to Scott, and was constantly urging its pretensions to be admitted a regular member of his tail along with the greyhounds and terriers; but indeed I remember him suffering another summer under the same sort of pertinacity on the part of an affectionate hen. I leave the explanation for philosophers—but such were the facts. I have too much respect for the vulgarly calumniated donkey to name him in the same category of pets with the pig and the hen; but a year or two after this time, my wife used to drive a couple of these animals in a little garden chair, and whenever her father appeared at the door of our cottage, we were sure to see Hannah More and Lady Morgan, as Anne Scott had wickedly christened them, trotting from their pasture to lay their noses over the paling, and, as Washington Irving says of the old white-haired hedger with the Parisian snuff-box, "to have a pleasant crack with the laird."

But to return to the chassé. On reaching Newark Castle, we found Lady Scott, her eldest daughter, and the venerable Mackenzie, all busily engaged in unpacking a basket that had been placed in their carriage, and arranging the luncheon it contained upon the mossy rocks overhanging the bed of the Yarrow. When such of the company as chose had partaken of this refection, the Man of Feeling resumed his pony, and all ascended the mountain, duly marshaled at proper distances, so as to beat in a broad line over the heather, Sir Walter directing the movement from the right wing—toward Blackandro. Davy, next to whom I chanced to be riding, laid his whip about the fern like an experienced hand, but cracked many a joke, too, upon his own jackboots, and surveying the long, eager battalion of bushrangers, exclaimed, "Good heavens! is it thus that I visit the scenery of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel?*" He then kept muttering to himself, as his glowing eye—the finest and brightest that I ever saw—ran over the landscape, some of those beautiful lines from the "Conclusion" of the *Lay:*

> But still,
> When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
> And July's eve, with balmy breath,
> Waved the blue bells on Newark heath,
> When throstles sung on Hareheadshaw,
> And corn was green in Carterhaugh,
> And flourished, broad, Blackandro's oak,
> The aged harper's soul awoke, etc.

Mackenzie, spectacled though he was, saw the first sitting hare, gave the word to slip the dogs, and spurred after them like a boy. All the seniors, indeed, did well as long as the course was upward, but when puss took down the declivity, they halted and breathed themselves upon the knoll—cheering gaily, however, the young people, who dashed at full speed past and below them. Coursing on such a mountain is not like the same sport over a set of fine English pastures. There were gulfs to be avoided and bogs enough to be threaded—many a stiff nag stuck fast—many a bold rider measured his length among the peat-hags—

[1] Hog signifies in the Scotch dialect a young sheep that has never been shorn. Hence, no doubt, the name of the Poet of Ettrick—derived from a long line of shepherds. (NOTE BY LOCKHART.)

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4. **gin**, if. 6. **nae mae**, no more. 7. **vogie**, vain. 29. **Hannah More**, a writer of religious books. 30. **Lady Morgan**, an Irish novelist of Scott's time.

and another stranger to the ground besides Davy plunged neck-deep into a treacherous well-head, which, till they were floundering in it, had borne all the appearance of a piece of delicate green turf. When Sir Humphry emerged from his involuntary bath, his habiliments garnished with mud, slime, and mangled watercresses, Sir Walter received him with a triumphant "Encore!" But the philosopher had his revenge, for joining soon afterwards in a brisk gallop, Scott put Sibyl Gray to a leap beyond her prowess, and lay humbled in the ditch, while Davy, who was better mounted, cleared it and him at a bound. Happily there was little damage done—but no one was sorry that the sociable had been detained at the foot of the hill.

I have seen Sir Humphry in many places, and in company of many different descriptions; but never to such advantage as at Abbotsford. His host and he delighted in each other, and the modesty of their mutual admiration was a memorable spectacle. Davy was by nature a poet—and Scott, though anything but a philosopher in the modern sense of that term, might, I think it very likely, have pursued the study of physical science with zeal and success, had he chanced to fall in with such an instructor as Sir Humphry would have been to him, in his early life. Each strove to make the other talk—and they did so in turn more charmingly than I ever heard either on any other occasion whatsoever. Scott in his romantic narratives touched a deeper chord of feeling than usual, when he had such a listener as Davy; and Davy, when induced to open his views upon any question of scientific interest in Scott's presence, did so with a degree of clear, energetic eloquence, and with a flow of imagery and illustration, of which neither his habitual tone of table-talk (least of all in London), nor any of his prose writings, except, indeed, the posthumous *Consolations of Travel*, could suggest an adequate notion. I remember William Laidlaw whispering to me, one night, when their "rapt talk" had kept the circle round the fire until long after the usual bedtime of Abbotsford, "Gude preserve us! this is a very superior occasion! Eh, sirs!" he added, cocking his eye like a bird, "I wonder if Shakespeare and Bacon ever met to screw ilk other up?"

Since I have touched on the subject of Sir Walter's autumnal diversions in these his latter years, I may as well notice here two annual festivals, when sport was made his pretext for assembling his rural neighbors about him—days eagerly anticipated, and fondly remembered by many. One was a solemn bout of salmon fishing for the neighboring gentry and their families, instituted originally, I believe, by Lord Somerville, but now, in his absence, conducted and presided over by the Sheriff. Charles Purdie, Tom's brother, had charge (partly as lessee) of the salmon fisheries for three or four miles of the Tweed, including all the water attached to the lands of Abbotsford, Gala, and Allwyn; and this festival had been established with a view, besides other considerations, of recompensing him for the attention he always bestowed on any of the lairds or their visitors that chose to fish, either from the banks or the boat, within his jurisdiction. His selection of the day, and other precautions, generally secured an abundance of sport for the great anniversary; and then the whole party assembled to regale on the newly-caught prey, boiled, grilled, and roasted in every variety of preparation, beneath a

78. **Sheriff**, Scott.

grand old ash, adjoining Charlie's cottage at Boldside, on the northern margin of the Tweed, about a mile above Abbotsford. This banquet took place earlier in the day or later, according to circumstances; but it often lasted till the harvest moon shone on the lovely scene and its revelers.

Sometimes the evening closed with a "burning of the water"; and then the Sheriff, though now not so agile as when he practiced that rough sport in the early times of Ashestiel, was sure to be one of the party in the boat—held a torch, or perhaps took the helm—and seemed to enjoy the whole thing as heartily as the youngest of his company—

'Tis blithe along the midnight tide,
With stalwart arm the boat to guide—
On high the dazzling blaze to rear,
And heedful plunge the barbéd spear;
Rock, wood, and scar, emerging bright,
Fling on the stream their ruddy light,
And from the bank our band appears
Like Genii armed with fiery spears.

The other "superior occasion" came later in the season; the 28th of October, the birthday of Sir Walter's eldest son, was, I think, that usually selected for the Abbotsford Hunt. This was a coursing-field on a large scale, including, with as many of the young gentry as pleased to attend, all Scott's personal favorites among the yeomen and farmers of the surrounding country. The Sheriff always took the field, but latterly devolved the command upon his good friend Mr. John Usher, the ex-laird of Toftfield; and he could not have had a more skillful or better-humored lieutenant. The hunt took place either on the moors above the Cauldshields' Loch, or over some of the hills on the estate of Gala, and we had commonly, ere we returned, hares enough to supply the wife of every farmer that attended with soup for a week following. The whole then dined at Abbotsford, the Sheriff in the chair, Adam Fergusson croupier, and Dominie Thompson, of course, chaplain. George, by the way, was himself an eager partaker in the preliminary sport; and now he would favor us with a grace, in Burns's phrase "as long as my arm," beginning with thanks to the Almighty, who had given man dominion over the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field, and expatiating on this text with so luculent a commentary, that Scott, who had been fumbling with his spoon long before he reached Amen, could not help exclaiming as he sat down, "Well done, Mr. George! I think we've had everything but the view holla!" The company, whose onset had been thus deferred, were seldom, I think, under thirty in number, and sometimes they exceeded forty. The feast was such as suited the occasion—a baron of beef at the foot of the table, a salted round at the head, while tureens of hare-soup and hotch-potch extended down the center, and such light articles as geese, turkeys, a sucking-pig, a singed sheep's head, and the unfailing haggis, were set forth by way of side-dishes.

Blackcock and moorfowl, bushels of snipe, black puddings, white puddings, and pyramids of pancakes, formed the second course. Ale was the favorite beverage during dinner, but there was plenty of port and sherry for those whose stomachs they suited. The quaighs of Glenlivet were tossed off as if they held water. The wine decanters made a few rounds of the table, but the hints for hot punch soon became clamorous. Two or three bowls were introduced, and placed under the supervision of experienced manufacturers—one of these being usually the Ettrick Shepherd—and then the business of the evening commenced in

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72. **baron of beef**, two sirloins not cut apart.
95. **Ettrick Shepherd**, James Hogg, a famous writer of the time.

good earnest. The faces shone and glowed like those at Camacho's wedding; the chairman told his richest stories of old rural life, Lowland or Highland; Fergusson and humbler heroes fought their Peninsular battles o'er again; the stalwart Dandie Dinmonts lugged out their last winter's snow-storm, the parish scandal, perhaps, or the dexterous bargain of the Northumberland tryste; and every man was knocked down for the song that he sang best, or took most pleasure in singing. Sheriff-substitute Shortreed, a cheerful, hearty, little man, with a sparkling eye and a most infectious laugh, gave us "Dick o' the Cow," or "Now Liddesdale Has Ridden a Raid"; his son Thomas, Sir Walter's assiduous disciple and assistant in Border Heraldry and Genealogy, shone without a rival in "The Douglas Tragedy" and "The Twa Corbies"; a weather-beaten, stiff-bearded veteran, Captain Ormistoun, as he was called, though I doubt if his rank was recognized at the Horse Guards, had the primitive pastoral of "Cowdenknowes" in sweet perfection; Hogg produced "The Women Folk," or "The Kye Comes Hame," and, in spite of many grinding notes, contrived to make everybody delighted whether with the fun or the pathos of his ballad; the Melrose doctor sang in spirited style some of Moore's masterpieces; a couple of retired sailors joined in "Bould Admiral Duncan upon the High Sea"; and the gallant croupier crowned the last bowl with "Ale, Good Ale, Thou Art My Darling!" Imagine some smart Parisian *savant*—some dreamy pedant of Halle or Heidelberg—a brace of stray young lords from Oxford or Cambridge, or perhaps their prim college tutors, planted here and there amidst these rustic wassailers—this being their first vision of the author of *Marmion* and *Ivanhoe*, and he appearing as heartily at home in the scene as if he had been a veritable "Dandie" himself—his face radiant, his laugh gay as childhood, his chorus always ready. And so it proceeded until some worthy, who had fifteen or twenty miles to ride home, began to insinuate that his wife and bairns would be getting sorely anxious about the fords, and the Dumples and Hoddins were at last heard neighing at the gate, and it was voted that the hour had come for *doch an dorrach*—the stirrup-cup—to wit, a bumper all round of the unmitigated "mountain dew." How they all contrived to get home in safety, Heaven only knows—but I never heard of any serious accident except upon one occasion, when James Hogg made a bet at starting that he would leap over his wall-eyed pony as she stood, and broke his nose in this experiment of "o'ervaulting ambition." One comely goodwife, far off among the hills, amused Sir Walter by telling him, the next time he passed her homestead after one of these jolly doings, what her husband's first words were when he alighted at his own door, "Ailie, my woman, I'm ready for my bed—and oh, lass," he gallantly added, "I wish I could sleep for a towmont, for there's only ae thing in this warld worth living for, and that's the Abbotsford hunt!"

It may well be supposed that the President of the Boldside Festival and the Abbotsford Hunt did not omit the good old custom of the kirn. Every November, before quitting the country for Edinburgh, he gave a "harvest home," on the most approved model of former days, to all the peasantry

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2. **Camacho's wedding**, an episode in *Don Quixote* in which a great feast was provided, but Camacho was cheated of his bride. 7. **Dandie Dinmont**, a Border farmer in Scott's novel *Guy Mannering*. 17. **"Dick o' the Cow,"** etc., famous ballads. 22. **"The Douglas Tragedy,"** see page 249. 36. **Moore**, Thomas Moore, author of *Irish Melodies*, etc. 43. **Halle, Heidelberg**, German university towns.

82. **towmont**, twelve-month. **ae**, one.

on his estate, their friends and kindred, and as many poor neighbors besides as his barn could hold. Here old and young danced from sunset to sunrise—John of Skye's bagpipe being relieved at intervals by the violin of some Wandering Willie; and the laird and all his family were present during the early part of the evening—he and his wife to distribute the contents of the first tub of whisky-punch, and his young people to take their due share in the endless reels and hornpipes of the earthen floor. As Mr. Morritt has said of him as he appeared at Laird Nippy's kirn of earlier days, "to witness the cordiality of his reception might have unbent a misanthrope." He had his private joke for every old wife or "gausie carle," his arch compliment for the ear of every bonny lass, and his hand and his blessing for the head of every little Eppie Daidle from Abbotstown or Broomielees.

The whole of the ancient ceremonial of the daft days, as they are called in Scotland, obtained respect at Abbotsford. He said it was uncanny, and would certainly have felt it very uncomfortable, not to welcome the new year in the midst of his family, and a few old friends, with the immemorial libation of a "het pint"; but of all the consecrated ceremonies of the time none gave him such delight as the visit which he received as Laird from all the children on his estate, on the last morning of every December—when, in the words of an obscure poet often quoted by him,

> The cottage bairns sing blithe and gay
> At the ha' door for hogmanay.

The following is from a New-Year's-day letter to Joanna Baillie:

The Scottish laborer is in his natural state perhaps one of the best, most intelligent, and kind-hearted of human beings; and in truth I have limited my other habits of expense very much since I fell into the habit of employing mine honest people. I wish you could have seen about a hundred children, being almost entirely supported by their fathers' or brothers' labor, come down yesterday to dance to the pipes, and get a piece of cake and bannock, and pence a-piece (no very deadly largess) in honor of hogmanay. I declare to you, my dear friend, that when I thought the poor fellows who kept these children so neat, and well taught, and well behaved, were slaving the whole day for eighteen-pence or twenty-pence at the most, I was ashamed of their gratitude, and of their becks and bows. But after all, one does what one can, and it is better twenty families should be comfortable according to their wishes and habits, than half that number should be raised above their situation. Besides, like Fortunio in the fairy tale, I have my gifted men—the best wrestler and cudgel-player—the best runner and leaper—the best shot in the little district; and, as I am partial to all manly and athletic exercises, these are great favorites, being otherwise decent persons, and bearing their faculties meekly. All this smells of sad egotism, but what can I write to you about save what is uppermost in my own thoughts? And here am I, thinning old plantations and planting new ones; now undoing what has been done, and now doing what I suppose no one would do but myself, and accomplishing all my magical transformations by the arms and legs of the aforesaid genii, conjured up to my aid at eighteen-pence a day.

* * *

Never did I see a brighter day at Abbotsford than that on which Miss Edgeworth first arrived there—never can I forget her look and accent when she was received by him at his archway, and exclaimed, "Every thing about you is exactly what one ought to have had wit enough to dream!"

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20. **gausie carle**, merry fellow. 23. **Eppie Daidle**, a general name for a child (daidle = daddle). 33. **het**, hot. 42. **hogmanay**, entertainment given a visitor on the last day of December (or during that month).

89. **Miss Edgeworth**, Maria Edgeworth (1767-1849), English novelist.

The weather was beautiful, and the edifice, and its appurtenances, were all but complete; and day after day, so long as she could remain, her host had always some new plan of gaiety. One day there was fishing on the Cauldshields' Loch, and a dinner on the heathy bank. Another, the whole party feasted by Sir Thomas the Rhymer's waterfall in the glen—and the stone on which Maria that day sat was ever afterwards called "Edgeworth's Stone." A third day we had to go farther afield. He must needs show her, not Newark only, but all the upper scenery of the Yarrow, and the baskets were unpacked about sunset, beside the ruined Chapel overlooking St. Mary's Loch. He had scrambled to gather bluebells and heath-flowers, with which all the young ladies must twine their hair—and they sang, and he recited, until it was time to go home beneath the softest of harvest moons. Thus a fortnight was passed—and the vision closed; for Miss Edgeworth never saw Abbotsford again during his life.

A point of hospitality in which Sir Walter Scott never failed, whatever might be the pretensions of the guest, was to do the honors of conversation. When a stranger arrived, he seemed to consider it as much a duty to offer him the resources of his mind as those of his table; taking care, however, by his choice of subjects, to give the visitor an opportunity of making his own stores, if he had them, available.

It would be extremely difficult to give a just idea of his general conversation to anyone who had not known him. Considering his great personal and literary popularity, and the wide circle of society in which he had lived, it is perhaps remarkable that so few of his sayings, real or imputed, are in circulation. But the great charm of his table talk was in the sweetness and abandon with which it flowed—always, however, guided by good sense and taste; the warm and unstudied eloquence with which he expressed rather sentiments than opinions; and the liveliness and force with which he narrated and described; and all that he spoke derived so much of its effect from indefinable felicities of manner, look, and tone—and sometimes from the choice of apparently insignificant words—that a moderately faithful transcript of his sentences would be but a faint image of his conversation. No one who has seen him can forget the surprising power of change which his countenance showed when awakened from a state of composure. Never, perhaps, did a man go through all the gradations of laughter with such complete enjoyment, and a countenance so radiant. The first dawn of a humorous thought would show itself sometimes, as he sat silent, by an involuntary lengthening of the upper lip, followed by a shy sidelong glance at his neighbors, indescribably whimsical, and seeming to ask from their looks whether the spark of drollery should be suppressed or allowed to blaze out. In the full tide of mirth he did indeed "laugh the heart's laugh," like Walpole, but it was not boisterous and overpowering, nor did it check the course of his words; he could go on telling or descanting, while his lungs did "crow like chanticleer," his syllables, in the struggle, growing more emphatic, his accent more strongly Scotch, and his voice plaintive with excess of merriment.

IV. How Sir Walter Met Adversity

[In 1826, at a time when life seemed full of prosperity for Scott, news suddenly broke upon him that the publishing firm

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82. **Walpole**, Horace Walpole (1717-1797), English author.

of Ballantyne—of which he was a partner—had failed. The following extract shows the noble spirit with which he faced this crisis.]

In the course of that unhappy yet industrious week, Sir Walter's situation as Ballantyne's partner became universally known. Mr. Ballantyne, as an individual, had no choice but to resolve on the usual course of a commercial man unable to meet engagements; but Scott from the first moment determined to avoid, if by his utmost efforts it could be avoided, the necessity of participating in such steps. He immediately placed his whole affairs in the hands of three trustees, all men of the highest honor and of great professional experience; and declined every offer of private assistance. These were very numerous: his eldest son and his daughter-in-law eagerly tendered the whole fortune at their disposal, and the principal banks of Edinburgh, especially the house of Sir William Forbes and Co., which was the one most deeply involved in Ballantyne's obligations, sent partners of the first consideration, who were his personal friends, to offer liberal additional accommodation. What, I think, affected him most of all, was a letter from Mr. Poole, his daughters' harp-master, offering £500—"probably," says the *Diary*, "his all." From London, also, he received various kind communications. Among others, one tendering an instant advance of £30,000—a truly munificent message, conveyed through a distinguished channel, but the source of which was never revealed to him, nor to me until some years after his death, and even then under conditions of secrecy. To all, his answer was the same. And within a few days he had reason to believe that the creditors would, as a body, assent to let things go in the course which he and his trustees suggested.

His *Diary* has this entry for the 24th January: "I went to the Court for the first time today, and like the man with the large nose, thought everybody was thinking of me and my mishaps. Many were, undoubtedly, and all rather regrettingly; some obviously affected. It is singular to see the difference of men's manner whilst they strive to be kind or civil in their way of addressing me. Some smiled as they wished me good-day, as if to say, 'Think nothing about it, my lad; it is quite out of our thoughts.' Others greeted me with the affected gravity which one sees and despises at a funeral. The best-bred—all I believe meaning equally well—just shook hands and went on. A foolish puff in the papers, calling on men and gods to assist a popular author, who having choused the public of many thousands, had not the sense to keep wealth when he had it. If I am hard pressed and measures used against me, I must use all means of legal defense, and subscribe myself bankrupt. It is the course one should, at any rate, have advised a client to take. But for this I would, in a Court of Honor, deserve to lose my spurs. No—if they permit me, I will be their vassal for life, and dig in the mine of my imagination to find diamonds—or what may sell for such—to make good my engagements, not to enrich myself. And this from no reluctance to be called the Insolvent,' which I probably am, but because I will not put out of the power of my creditors the resources, mental or literary, which yet remain to me."

The day of calamity revealed the fact that James Ballantyne personally possessed no assets whatever. The claims against Sir Walter, as the sole really responsible partner in the printing firm, and also as an individual, settled into a sum of about £130,000. On much heavier debts Constable and Co. paid ultimately 2s. 9d. in the pound; Hurst and Robinson about 1s. 3d. The Ballantyne firm had as yet done nothing to prevent their following the same line of conduct. It might still have allowed itself (and not James Ballantyne merely as an individual) to be declared bankrupt, and obtained a speedy discharge, like these booksellers, from all its obligations. But for Scott's being a partner, the whole affair must have been settled in a very short time. If he could have at all made up his mind to let commercial matters take the usual commercial course, the creditors of the firm would have brought into the market whatever property, literary or otherwise, Scott at the hour of failure possessed. All this being disposed of, the result would have been a dividend very far superior to what the creditors of Constable and Hurst received; and in return, the partners in the printing firm would have been left at liberty to reap for themselves the profits of their future exertions.

Scott persisted in regarding the embarrassment of his commercial firm with the feelings not of a merchant but of a gentleman. He thought that, by devoting the rest of his life to the service of his creditors, he could, in the upshot, pay the last farthing he owed them. They, with one or two exceptions, applauded his honorable intentions and resolutions, and partook, to a certain extent, in the self-reliance of their debtor. Nor had they miscalculated as to their interest. Nor had Sir Walter calculated wrongly. He paid the penalty of health and life, but he saved his honor and his self-respect.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. These selections from Lockhart's *Life of Scott* are given, first, because they supply several intimate pictures of the home life and methods of work of the great poet, and second, because they will introduce you to biography as a form of literature. John Gibson Lockhart had already made a name for himself as a writer and editor when he met Scott in 1818. Two years later he married Sophia, Scott's eldest daughter, and spent his summers in a cottage near Abbotsford at a time when Scott was at the height of his powers. Though he afterwards became a distinguished editor and critic, it is by his work in biography that he is best remembered. His *Life of Burns*, published in 1828, still remains the most delightful introduction to the life and works of the poet. In 1837–1838 the *Life of Scott* appeared, and, like its predecessor, had a large sale. It is interesting to note that Lockhart assigned the profits from the book to Scott's creditors, thus helping, after the death of the hero, to complete the payment of the debt.

2. Biography is a form of history. It is the history of the life of a great man, and, like history itself, may bring in material from all sources in order to set forth clearly the age or period with which it deals. It is also like history in that it is a story. A good biography presents the story of a great man's life in such a way as to give us an intimate acquaintance with him, with his friends, with great actions in which he bore a part, and, incidentally, with the period in which he lived.

3. There are many great biographies in English. One of the first of these you have already learned about, Sir Thomas North's translation, in the sixteenth century, of Plutarch's *Lives*, a series of biographies of Greek and Roman heroes. North made use of a French translation of Plutarch's work, which was originally written in Greek, but his translation seems almost like a work written originally in English, and we think of it in this way today. Shakespeare used this collection of biographies in several of his dramas; it has also been read for generations by ambitious boys who afterwards became great men, so that it has been called "the pasture of great minds."

The most famous of English biographies is probably Boswell's *Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson*, a book written in the eighteenth century about a man as great in his time as Scott became later. Boswell's *Johnson* is like Lockhart's *Scott* in its intimate, personal view of the subject; its profusion of anecdote; its report of the sayings of everyday life; its complete revelation of a many-sided and fascinating personality as revealed, not through his books or public addresses, but in the familiarity of home life. Besides these two great biographies, English literature possesses many others scarcely less interesting, among them Lockhart's *Burns*, Southey's *Nelson*, and Irving's *Goldsmith*.

4. Closely related to the biography are collections of letters, and autobiographies. In the biography we get a picture of a man as seen by someone who has lived with him, or has studied him so closely as to be able to produce the effect of intimacy. In the autobiography and in the letters of great men we have self-revelation. All these, biography, autobiography, letters, are fascinating because of the stories they tell; they are also useful because a boy or girl who wishes to make the most out of life can do no better than to see how men and women who have won a high place in the world have lived their lives. Great autobiographies are those by Franklin; Huxley; Muir (*The Story of my Boyhood and Youth*); Mary Antin (*The Promised Land*); Helen Keller (*The Story of my Life*); Riis (*The Making of an American*). Among the most charming letters are those by Cowper, Lamb, and Stevenson. A collection called *Familiar Letters*, containing many letters by these and other famous men and women, is published in the Lake English Classics.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Summarize in your own words the story of Scott's relations to his children, being careful to indicate the topics under which you present your subject.

2. What evidence does the second selection ("Scott at Work") give of the sources of the descriptions of nature that you find in his works? What observations can you make from this about the way in which good description is written? Does a man just *imagine* the scene he wishes to describe, or does he have a definite place or scene in mind? Try to put this idea into practice the next time you are asked to write a description.

3. This second selection also tells you about some of the ways in which poetry is written. Why did Scott find it easy to compose his poetry while galloping on his pony? What kinds of poetry might well be composed under such circumstances? Again, why did Scott recite "poetry and old legends from morning till night"?

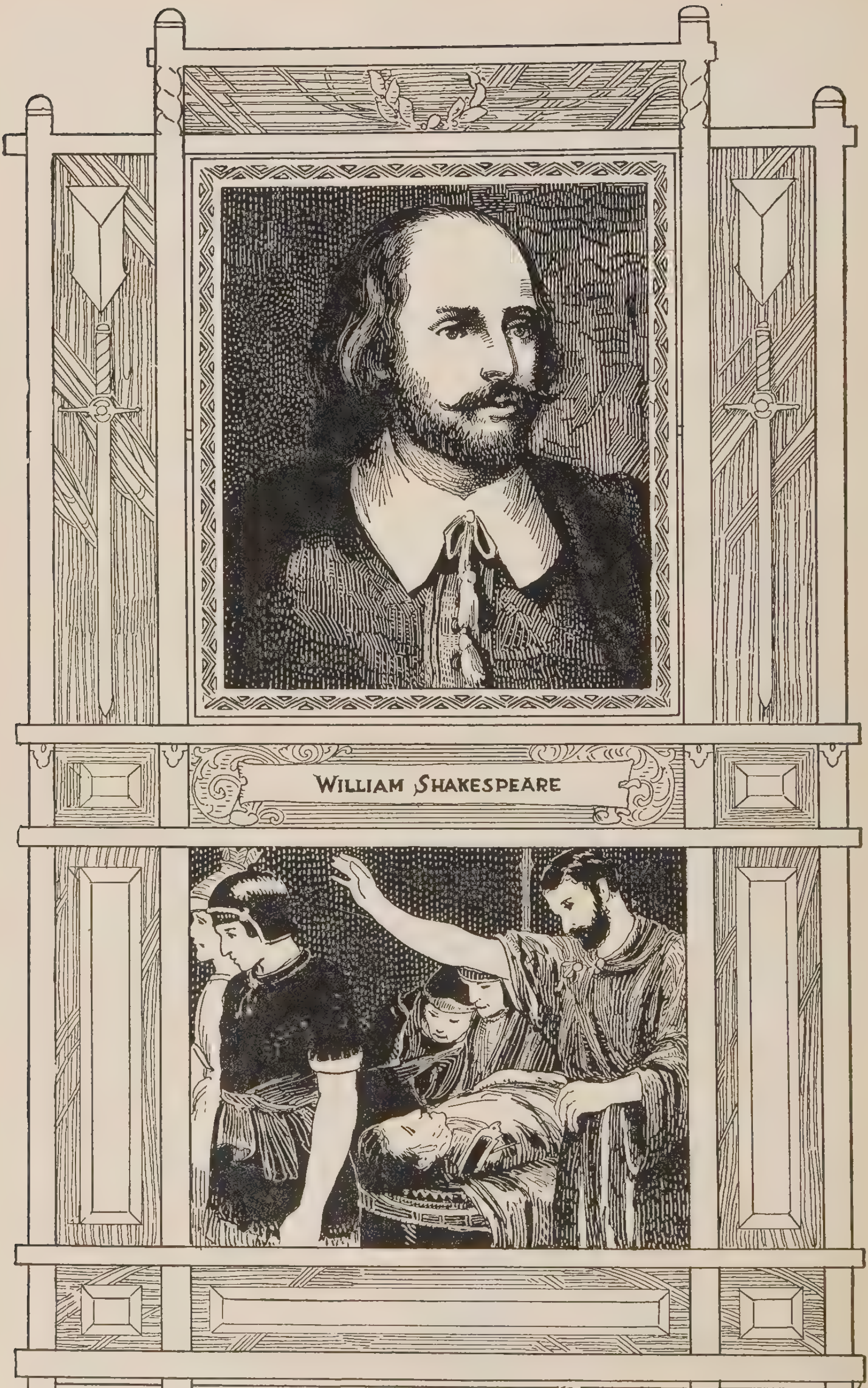
4. Near the end of the second selection, point out several incidents that seem to you to show the personality of Scott.

5. In the third selection ("Scott at Play") prepare the material for a five-minute talk. In order to do this, read through the selection, noting several headings or topics under which the material might be placed. Examples are "Scott and His Guests"; "Sir Walter's Humor"; "A Day in the Open Air"; "Recreations and Abbotsford"; etc. Select one of these topics for your five-minute talk. Perhaps some other members of the class will take other subjects from your list, so that you can present a program on "Scott at Play."

6. Add to your study of Scott's personality, begun in the second selection, whatever new information you gain from the third selection.

7. In the last selection ("How Sir Walter Met Adversity") add further notes on the topic suggested in question 6. You are now ready to make a report on "My Conception of Sir Walter Scott as a Man." This report may be in the form of notes or an outline. Under each topic, such as "humor," "love of outdoor sports," "lover of animals," "courage," etc., cite instances that prove your points. After studying this outline, try to sum up, in a few sentences, your conception of what sort of man Scott was.

Library Reading. Read all or parts from one of the autobiographies or collection of letters mentioned in the Explanatory Note, 4, and prepare a five-minute oral report on some interesting incident found in your reading.


William Shakespeare

SHAKESPEARE'S "JULIUS CAESAR"

AN INTRODUCTION

I

The Author of the Drama

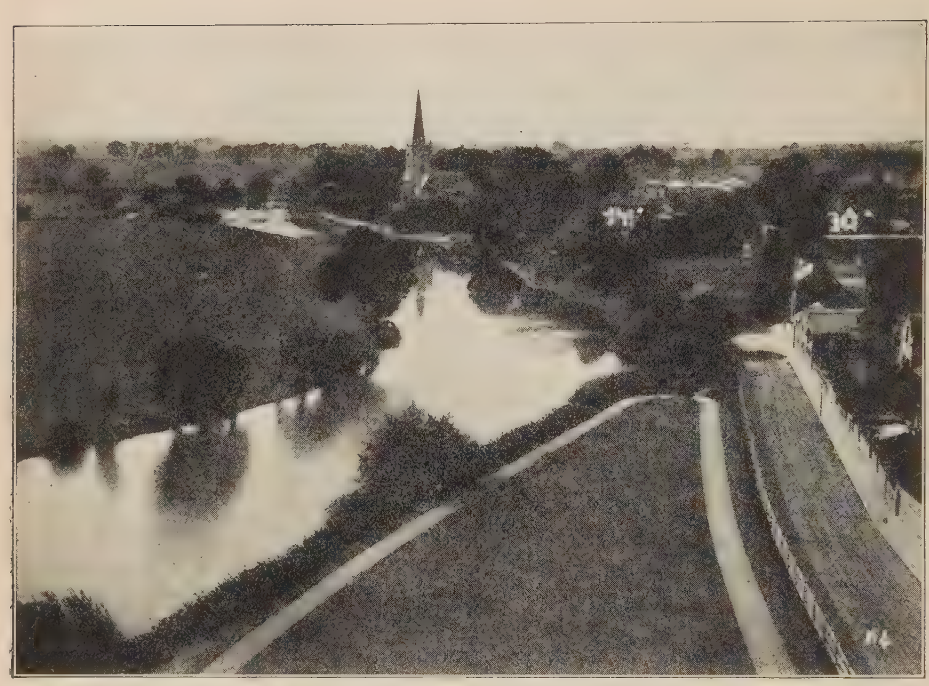
The man who wrote *Julius Caesar* was only thirty-six years old at the time, yet he was already one of the leading actors and playwrights of London. He was not, however, London born. He was in one sense a country boy, for he was born in a town of some two thousand inhabitants about eighty miles from London.

When he was born, probably on April 23, 1564, his father was a prosperous butcher and dealer in farm products, who later was made bailiff, or mayor, of the town. There was in Stratford-on-Avon a free grammar school in which the mayor's eldest son must have studied Latin grammar and Latin authors like Æsop, Ovid, and Virgil. He had to attend church every Sunday, as the town authorities were very strict about such matters. But he apparently had a great deal of time for amusement. He probably learned to bowl and to use the bow and arrow, because there were grounds for such sports in Stratford. It is very likely he watched a good many cock-fights and he learned about hunting with dogs and horses and also with falcons, though falcons were kept only by the wealthy men called "gentlemen." He may have begun to act in his boyhood, for nearly every town had companies made up of the citizens. To act was with them a diversion, not a profession. He would also be interested in the companies that came from a large neighboring town, Coventry. His father, when he was bailiff, gave such a company permission to act. All in all, young Shakespeare must have had a good time as a boy.

When he was only eighteen, he married Anne Hathaway. They had three children before he was twenty-two. Then he went away to London to try his fortune in the great city. He went at a time when opportunities were opening on every hand. The men engaged in trading with the Netherlands or in other business were growing rich very fast. The common people also had more comfort than they had ever enjoyed before. It was probably the theaters that drew Shakespeare. London was still shut in by a wall some two miles around, and no theaters were allowed inside the wall. In the fields north of the wall and across the Thames to the south, however, were several theaters which were crowded daily, and even on Sundays, until the Puritans had a law passed against Sunday playing. It was the period of greatest dramatic activity in all of English history.

Strolling players roamed over England, theatrical companies were formed, and theaters were built. One of these, *The Globe*, a summer theater, was made especially famous by Shakespeare and his associates. The summer theaters were for daylight performances in the open air, with perhaps a roof over the stage or over the boxes and the galleries around the pit. Spectators were allowed to sit on the stage and mingle with the actors. The female characters in a play were taken by boys. There was only the rudest scenery, or none at all—a change of scene being indicated by printed signs. Because of this lack of scenery, actors were compelled to rely for their effects upon the lines and the acting. This is one of the reasons why the plays of Shakespeare have been read and played, studied and discussed, more than the works of any other writer.

According to tradition, Shakespeare began his theatrical career in London by holding the horses of the theater goers. Within six years he had become a playwright himself. Before he was thirty he had become an important member of the leading theatrical company. His activi-



STRATFORD-ON-AVON

ties brought him not only honor but profit, for at thirty-three he bought the largest house in Stratford. In fact, when his friends in Stratford needed financial aid, they seem to have turned to him for assistance.

Before he composed *Julius Caesar* he had written some twenty other plays. Some of them are very famous, as *Love's Labor's Lost, Midsummer Night's Dream, The Merchant of Venice, As You Like It,* and *Twelfth Night.* These plays are the most interesting and brilliant of all Shakespeare's comedies. If you have not read them, you will wish to before you are very much older.

Julius Caesar is quite different. It is a tragedy. Shakespeare gained nearly all of his material for this play from Plutarch, a Greek who was born shortly before Caesar's assassination. Plutarch lectured in Rome on philosophy and wrote a book containing fifty parallel lives of famous Greeks and Romans; as, Alexander and Caesar, Dion and Brutus, Demetrius and Antony. Shakespeare used Sir Thomas North's English translation, which he followed very closely in places. In this play he drew upon three of the "lives": "Caesar," "Brutus," and "Antony." We cannot be sure of the exact time when the play was produced, but probably the public first saw it in the fall of 1600. It was so very successful that a rival manager tried to bring out another play on the same subject, to be called "Caesar's Fall."

Beginning with *Julius Caesar* Shakespeare turned to tragedy. In rapid succession he produced *Hamlet, Othello, King Lear,* and *Macbeth.* Some of these tragedies you will study before you are graduated from high school, but all of them you will want to read before many years have passed. Later came *Antony and Cleopatra,* and *Coriolanus,* two Roman plays which some students will find very interesting to read in connection with *Julius Caesar.* When you have read all these you will have become acquainted with the greatest dramas in English literature.

Shortly after the death of Queen Elizabeth in 1603 Shakespeare seems to have given up acting, but he kept his share in the Globe Theater, where his plays were produced. After 1611, when *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest* were played, he lived most of the time in Stratford, though he occasionally helped to write plays for the London stage. Apparently too, he had a share in a business which provided heraldic devices for shields. He was a very genial companion, not only with citizens of Stratford but also with those of neighboring towns. He died in 1616, on April 23, according to tradition on the same day as his birth just fifty-three years before. He was buried in the chancel of the Stratford church. On the slab covering the spot are cut the lines:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbeare
To dig the dust enclosed heare;
Bleste be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

It is said that Shakespeare composed these lines himself to keep later sextons from opening the grave for some other occupant.

II

ROMAN LIFE IN CAESAR'S TIME

How much do you know about Julius Caesar? Do you know enough to understand and enjoy Shakespeare's great play on one of the greatest men in history? All that is necessary is to step for a few minutes back into the time of Caesar. For this purpose let us follow the career of Lucius Sergius Marcus. His name is so obscure that it is nowhere recorded in history, but his life will show how the days passed with a Roman citizen of humble rank in the century of the famous emperor.

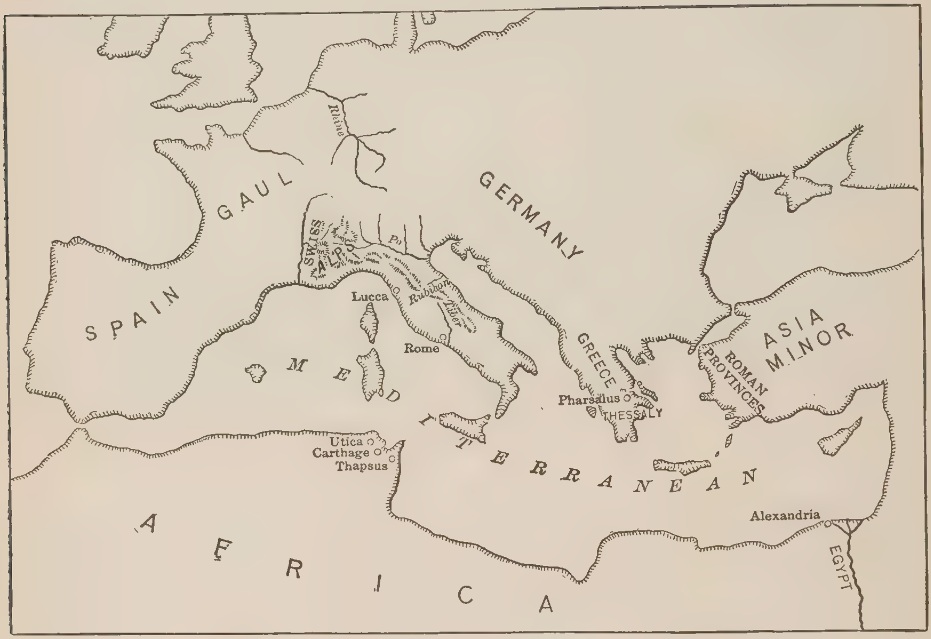
Marcus was born in the country several miles northeast of Rome in B. C. 80. His father's little farm was surrounded by large estates, for the "patrician" (high-born) families in Rome had acquired vast wealth and had bought most of the land in the region. One of his earliest recollections was that of watching, on the hills to the north, a thousand slaves who had been captured in war in many parts of the world but who were now working in the fields and on the roadways of a single landholder. His chief playmate was the son of one of the overseers who directed the labor of these slaves. The farmers who in his father's boyhood had lived in that region and cultivated the soil had entered the army or drifted off to Rome, the famous city on the Tiber.

While Marcus was still in his cradle, a celebrated Roman general, Sulla, returned with his victorious legions from Asia Minor and fought a fierce civil war at home. To understand why the Romans should join in civil conflict we must go back more than four centuries. At that time the Romans, under the leadership of Lucius Junius Brutus, banished the last king from the city. The royal powers were given to two consuls, who were elected by an assembly of the people and who held office for a year only. There was also a senate, made up of life members chiefly from among the patricians who had held office. It exercised a strong influence, because the advice of the senators represented all the political experience of Rome. The consuls nearly always followed their wishes.

In the lifetime of Marcus's father the senate had grown so overbearing that the common people, or plebeians, became restless. While Sulla was fighting in Asia Minor, they overthrew the senate and ruled Rome through one of the consuls. But on Sulla's return the democratic forces were soon crushed, and the senate was made more powerful than ever. The people could pass no law without the senate's consent, and only senators could serve as jurors in the courts. A general and a victorious army had settled for the time being the quarrel between patrician and plebeian. This was a perilous turn of affairs, for a republic that is at the mercy of its own armies cannot long survive.

Marcus's father kept his farm by sacrifice and toil. In time he had to borrow money of a neighboring landholder. He got deeper into debt the older he grew. His difficulties were increased when Marcus, his only living son, was drafted for the army and sent into northern Italy. There the young man lost all trace of his father, since there was no way for poor people to correspond even if they could write.

Marcus was very much surprised by the army. As a country boy, he had heard so much of military exploits that he had pictured the officers as very stern and the discipline as very severe. But his captain, or centurion, spent most of his time in gambling, and the soldiers idled away a good part of the day. In March of B. C. 58 a new leader came to take charge. It was Julius Caesar. He made a very pleasing impression. From the gossip of the camp Marcus learned that Caesar, although a patrician, had always been on the side of the common people. The year before, he had held the highest office in Rome and had passed many good laws. There were always two consuls, as we have seen, but Caesar's colleague, Bibulus, had been of the senatorial party and had tried to block his legislation. Caesar was a man who knew how to overcome opposition, so that Bibulus was forced to stay at home, leaving Caesar practically alone in the office. The people called that year the consulship of Julius and of Caesar.



MAP AS A BACKGROUND TO "JULIUS CAESAR"

Marcus learned further that, instead of the senate, the real rulers of Rome were now three men: Crassus, who was the richest man in Rome, Pompey, whom some soldiers called the greatest general that ever lived, and Caesar. These men had agreed that Caesar should be governor of Gaul for five years. Part of Gaul was north of the Po River, but most of it was the region now known as France, though at this time Rome controlled only a strip along the Mediterranean. Hardly had Caesar arrived in northern Italy when he had to send the tenth legion of his army across the Alps to resist an invasion. Marcus was struck with amazement at the rapidity of the campaign which turned the Swiss tribe back into the Alps. The same summer Caesar defeated a German tribe and forced it to recross the Rhine. Marcus was astonished to find that before going into battle some of the officers broke down and wept, that others made their wills, and that several asked for furloughs to go home. The spirit of these patrician officers was so cowardly that in the chief battle Caesar dismounted from his horse and himself led a wavering attack. Marcus kept just ahead of him and, when the enemy were reached, at one time saved Caesar's life by stopping a German javelin with his own shield. For this heroism Caesar made him a member of his personal bodyguard. The effect of this victory was lasting. Even the tenth legion, a veteran troop, believed that Caesar was the greatest general who had ever commanded them.

One of the most memorable scenes that Marcus witnessed was in B. C. 55 at Lucca, in northern Italy. Caesar there entertained Pompey, the famous general, and Crassus, the man of fabulous wealth. They were the three who had agreed in B. C. 60 to support each other. Now Caesar entertained them with a lavish magnificence that revealed how great a fortune he had acquired from the conquered provinces in Gaul. In a few days the three agreed that Caesar should retain his governorship of Gaul for another five years, that Pompey should similarly govern Spain, and that Crassus should rule the Roman provinces in the East. It was also decided that Pompey and Crassus should be consuls in B. C. 55. It may seem strange that all this could be settled so far from Rome, since the consuls were elected by the people in one of their assemblies. But Caesar's newly acquired wealth and the votes of his veterans would enable him to carry any such election as he wished. The people were not very faithful about voting, and those who did vote could be bought up with little difficulty.

Marcus believed that Caesar had struck terror into the Gauls and the Germans, but no sooner was the conference at Lucca concluded than the great commander had to hurry back to Gaul. For nearly five years more he had to quell treacherous revolts that taxed his military genius to the utmost. Marcus's admiration was mingled with a constant fear that Caesar's rashness in battle would end fatally. But the boldness and speed of his operations brought peace in the end. By B. C. 50 he had subdued Gaul so thoroughly that traders circulated throughout the province, and immense sums in taxes and in grain and cattle flowed into Caesar's coffers and the Roman treasury. Besides, many Gauls entered his legions.

At the close of ten years of constant travel and combat in Gaul, Marcus returned peacefully to northern Italy. He rather expected Caesar to retire to private life, as most other Roman conquerors had done, for a time at least. But Caesar felt that this would be perilous, for Pompey, no longer a friend, had recently sided with the senate. This meant that if Caesar became a private citizen, his enemies among the patricians might have him tried and secure his banishment or even his death. These fears were not unfounded, for the Senate soon ordered him to lay down his command at once or be considered a public enemy.

Caesar had been alert to the possible peril and had had two of his friends elected tribunes. Originally tribunes had been plebeians, and their duty had been to protect the common people against any abuse by the patricians. Their persons were sacred even against the consuls, and they had the right to veto any law. Later the patricians, in order to secure these two privileges for their party, had been made eligible to hold this office. It happened at this time, that one of the two tribunes was especially friendly to Caesar, being his own nephew, Mark Antony. When the senate decreed Caesar an enemy, both of the tribunes vetoed the decree. They were roughly treated and for safety fled to Caesar's camp.

Marcus long remembered the evening on which as guard he stood outside the door and heard Mark Antony recount to Caesar the events in the capital during the last few days. The province they were in was separated from Roman territory proper by a little stream, the Rubicon. The next night Caesar, with a single legion, came to the banks and paused. It is said that with the exclamation, "The die is cast!" he crossed the Rubicon and summoned his troops to follow him. By invading Roman soil he became an enemy of the republic. Caesar felt that when the patricians showed themselves bent upon oppressing the common people, they proved themselves unfit to rule the Roman world. He quickly made himself master of Italy, but Pompey and most of the senatorial party escaped to Greece. Many of Pompey's troops were in Spain, but Caesar instantly made up his mind what to do. Marcus heard him say, "I am going to Spain to fight an army without a general, and thence to the East to fight a general without an army."

Marcus had always reverenced the way the old Romans had ordered the government; he thought nothing ought to be changed. Only his great love for Caesar and hatred for his enemies caused him to approve of Caesar's appointing his own representatives to rule Rome in his absence. His devotion was put to a test when Caesar ordered him to remove a tribune from the door of the treasury and take all the money in it. But after Caesar's victorious campaign against the Pompeian faction in Spain, he was overjoyed to see his beloved commander elected "dictator" by the popular assembly.

He recalled the old stories of the time when the kings were driven from Rome. Provision had been made then for emergencies when the public safety demanded a single ruler. This ruler was called a dictator and was given unlimited powers. By this office, Caesar was empowered to preside at elections, in which he was elected consul. He was able to lay down his dictatorship in eleven days.

In B. C. 48 Caesar at last met Pompey at Pharsalus in Thessaly. His army was much smaller than Pompey's, but it consisted of veteran troops whom he had trained in Gaul. The officers were no longer the cowardly idlers he found when he took charge. They were now so devoted to their leader that they would follow him anywhere. They overwhelmed the enemy so completely that Pompey fled.

In pursuit of Pompey, Caesar next went to Alexandria in Egypt, where the head of his rival was brought to him by a would-be friend. After settling matters in Egypt, he passed into Asia and overthrew his enemies there by a single battle. When he returned unexpectedly to Rome, he made use of the powers of dictator, which had again been granted him, to raise money, pass some important bills, and appoint the necessary judges and other officers. In three months he was ready to attack the last stronghold of the senatorial party in Northern Africa.

At the battle of Thapsus, that followed, Marcus was horrified to see the soldiers break from Caesar's control and slaughter the enemy without mercy. Many of the refugees fled to Utica, on the coast near the site of Carthage. There Cato, the most respected of the opponents of Caesar, saw that it was no longer possible to stand against the great general, and, rather than live under the conqueror, committed suicide.

The proudest moment of Marcus's life was during the triumph that followed Caesar's return to Rome. The procession of chariots that rolled along the Sacred Way, the lavish display of spoils from Gaul, from the East, from Africa, fairly dazzled the Roman populace that lined the street and shouted itself hoarse with enthusiasm. Caesar was made dictator for the third time and began to reform the government. His labors were interrupted by an uprising in Spain led by the eldest son of Pompey. When Caesar led his army into Spain he was obliged to fight with great ferocity to quell the revolt. Indeed, he declared in Marcus's presence that he had often before fought for victory but never until now for life. The slaughter on the field of battle exceeded that at Thapsus, and afterwards the son of Pompey was hunted down and put to death. Thus in March B. C. 45 Caesar was at last undisputed military master of the Roman world.

Marcus took part in another triumph, and all the Romans vied with each other to honor Caesar. He had already been made "Imperator," or emperor, for life, a title that gave him command anywhere in Roman dominions. He was now made dictator for life. He coined money showing the image of his head, and his statue was added to those of the seven kings in early Roman history that stood in the Capitol. In public he wore the purple dress that formerly was worn only in tri-

TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION OF CAESAR

umphs. It became so important to be near him that rents rose in the section of the city where he lived. As one of his bodyguard, Marcus saw members of some of the oldest and wealthiest patrician families waiting for hours in an ante-chamber for a personal interview.

Yet to Marcus, in most ways the government seemed hardly changed from that of his father's time. The senate still met, though it no longer had any control of finances, for Caesar kept that branch of government under his personal control. Yet it still discussed public measures and gave advice. To be sure, many senators had perished in Pompey's armies, and Caesar had filled their places and had added three hundred others, so that the total was now nine hundred. These new men were usually supporters of Caesar, but he tried to bring all parties into the government. Some of the senators were even Gauls who could hardly understand the Latin language. This caused a good deal of grumbling among the patricians, but Marcus hadn't very much sympathy with them. He felt that the senate had shown in the days of Sulla that it was not fit to govern the Roman world. It had grown too selfish and grasping. Marcus therefore thought it was all for the best that the senate was forced to give way to the plans of Caesar.

The common people still met in their assembly to pass laws and elect the various officers. At first it seemed to Marcus quite natural that the people should enthusiastically support Caesar, since for thirty years he had supported the popular party against the senate. But after a while Marcus began to see that the tribunes represented Caesar more than they did the people. The voters seemed to care very little about voting. Most of them, like Marcus himself, had been born in the country districts and had wandered to the city because men of wealth had bought up the land. Others were disbanded soldiers who had no means of livelihood. The only reason they could stay was that the government gave them almost enough wheat and barley to support them. It was, therefore, very easy for wealthy office seekers to win enough votes to secure an election by providing games and gladiatorial combats.

Caesar saw the danger in such a situation. He cut down to 150,000, less than half of the previous number, the total of those who could receive free wheat. He likewise settled his soldiers either in colonies in the provinces or on land in Italy. Besides, he tried to keep the governors and other officers of the provinces from plundering the people there and filling their own pockets with the loot.

The senate, or at least some of the senators, as Marcus knew, wanted to have the title of king conferred on Caesar. Caesar was quite unwilling, for he knew how bitterly the people hated the memory of the old kings of Rome. He wished to preserve most of the forms that had grown up in the four centuries of the Roman republic. For the year B. C. 44 he was elected consul along with Mark Antony, a man who had faithfully supported him ever since his return from Gaul. Marcus was so thoroughly devoted to Caesar that he wished the mighty Julius would continue forever. But the Imperator, as he preferred to be called, now felt himself so well established in power that he no longer needed the protection of a bodyguard. He therefore provided land for each of his guards. To Marcus he gave a farm in the new province beyond the Po. His faithful follower was very reluctant to leave Caesar, but the great general told him that all the guard would be better off working for themselves on property of their own than in idling about the city and waiting for the government's dole of wheat or barley.

On his way from Rome, Marcus visited the region which he had left upon entering the army some fifteen years before. No trace of his father or his father's farm was left. The land had been absorbed by one of the neighboring estates. By diligent inquiry he found the son of the overseer, whom he had known in his boyhood. The man was now himself an overseer and a strong supporter of the patricians. He told of the sale of the farm to satisfy the debt against it shortly after Marcus's departure and of the old man's dying in Rome with some relatives.

He and Marcus got into a heated argument that arose from a remark which Marcus let drop about Caesar's godlike powers.

"You are as sacrilegious as the scurviest plebeian!" cried the overseer. "Why should Caesar's image be carried among those of the immortal gods! It is unpardonable that any Roman should accept divine honors from Roman citizens."

"But you will admit that he rules the country like a god!" answered Marcus.

"Not for a moment!" said the angry overseer. "Caesar is ruining the country. There is no future ahead of a man today. In the old times he could get some office in a province and come back in a few years a rich man. Now he can hardly get enough to make it worth while. No, we've had enough of this one-man rule! Times were much better when the senate ruled Rome!"

"But were the poor people better off?" asked Marcus.

"Oh, the rabble!" exclaimed the other. "What rights have they?"

With this dispute fresh in his mind, Marcus proceeded on his way to his farm. But hardly had he reached his new home when the frightful news came that the kind master of fifteen years, the victorious general, and the wise ruler, had been assassinated by a band of his political enemies. And Marcus knew that the civilized world would again be thrown into confusion.

JULIUS CAESAR

William Shakespeare

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Julius Caesar	
Octavius Caesar Marcus Antonius M. Aemilius Lepidus	*triumvirs after the death of Julius Caesar*
Cicero Publius Popilius Lena	*senators*
Marcus Brutus Cassius Casca Trebonius Ligarius Decius Brutus Metellus Cimber Cinna	*conspirators against Julius Caesar*
Flavius *and* Marullus, *tribunes*	
Artemidorus *of Cnidos, a teacher of rhetoric*	
A Soothsayer	
Cinna, *a poet.* *Another poet*	
Lucilius Titinius Messala Young Cato Volumnius	*friends to Brutus and Cassius*
Varro Clitus Claudius Strato Lucius Dardanius	*servants to Brutus*
Pindarus, *servant to Cassius*	
Calpurnia, *wife to Caesar*	
Portia, *wife to Brutus*	

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

Scene: *Rome; the neighborhood of Sardis; the neighborhood of Philippi*

ACT FIRST

Scene I. *Rome. A street.*

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain commoners.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home.
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a laboring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Sec. Com. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Sec. Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl; I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop today?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Caesar and to rejoice in his triumph.

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3. **mechanical**, working-men, mechanics.

4-5. **sign of your profession**, the tools used or the ordinary clothing worn in your trade. 10. **in respect of**, in comparison with. 12. **cobbler.** In Shakespeare's time the word referred to any kind of bungling worker. 13. **directly**, straightforwardly. 18-19. **be not out**, do not be out of temper. Note the play upon the two meanings of *out*. 30. **proper**, fine, handsome. 31. **neat's leather**, ox-hide, shoe-leather. 33. **triumph**, see pages 386, 387.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.
Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.
[*Exeunt all the commoners.*
See, whether their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way toward the Capitol;
This way will I; disrobe the images,
If you do find them decked with ceremonies.
Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.
Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers plucked from Caesar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.
[*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

EXPLANATORY NOTES

1. This first scene strikes the keynote of the play. The tribunes, Flavius and Marullus, are officers supposed to look out for the interests of the common people, as opposed to the people of wealth and birth who make up the senate. But in this scene they talk and act as party politicians; they are conservatives adhering to the cause of the senate and the dead Pompey. The mob, of whom only two speak, do not hold high sentiments. They are excited over the prospect of a show of some kind at Caesar's triumph. They are not important enough individually to be named, but collectively they determine the future, because he who is popular with the commons can rule Rome. Caesar, we here see, has won them completely.

2. Caesar is at the height of his power. He has just returned from a war in Spain where he has overthrown the last army of his opponents, led by the sons of Pompey, one of whom was killed. A large faction of Rome, represented here by the tribunes, resented the celebration of a victory over Roman blood. The triumph actually took place in October (B. C. 45), but Shakespeare moves it to the feast of the Lupercalia, February 15 (B. C. 44), when the tribunes took the action here described. The Introduction (Roman Life in Caesar's Time, pages 383-388) will clear up the whole situation.

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44. **Pompey,** a great general overcome by Caesar some three years before at the battle of Pharsalus, B. C. 48. Pompey was a supporter of the senate. 49. **pass,** pass through. 53. **replication,** echo. 56. **cull out,** choose. 58. **Pompey's blood,** Pompey's sons, one of whom had fallen. 61. **intermit the plague,** ward off the pestilence. In olden times contagious diseases were very frequent, due to insanitary conditions, but the people supposed them to be instances of divine wrath. 66-67. **till the lowest,** etc., till the lowest level of the water rises to the high-water mark. 68. **metal,** spirit (now *mettle*). 71. **images,** statues of Caesar.

72. **ceremonies,** decorations, such as badges and wreaths. 74. **Lupercal,** the Lupercalia, a feast celebrated on February 15, in honor of Lupercus, the god of shepherds. 77. **the vulgar,** the common people. 80. **pitch,** in falconry, the height to which the falcon flies before swooping on its prey. Plucking feathers from the bird's wings would keep it from flying too high.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Judging from this scene alone, what conflict do you think the play is going to develop? Will the play be tragic or comic?

2. Are your sympathies with the tribunes or with the common people? Why?

3. Do you think the speech of Marullus beginning "Wherefore rejoice?" is poetical or eloquent? Select particular lines that bear out your opinion.

4. Punning is a favorite source of humor throughout Shakespeare's plays. Point out examples in the cobbler's speeches, lines 14-32.

Class Reading or Acting. The tribunes' rebuke of the commoners (lines 1-82).

SCENE II. *A public place.*

Flourish. Enter Caesar; Antony, for the course; Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Casca; a great crowd following, among them a soothsayer.

Caes. Calpurnia!
Casca. Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.
Caes. Calpurnia!
Cal. Here, my lord.
Caes. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius!
Ant. Caesar, my lord?
Caes. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touchéd in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.
Ant. I shall remember:
When Caesar says "do this," it is performed.
Caes. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Flourish.*
Sooth. Caesar!
Caes. Ha! Who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still; peace yet again!
Caes. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry "Caesar!" Speak; Caesar is turned to hear.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Caes. What man is that?
Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.
Caes. Set him before me; let me see his face.
Cas. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.
Caes. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Caes. He is a dreamer; let us leave him; pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all except Brutus and Cassius.*

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires,
I'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late—
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived; if I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviors;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect,

Stage direction. **Flourish**, a trumpet-peal, to announce the approach of distinguished persons. **Antony, for the course**, anointed with olive oil and wearing a girdle of goatskin. At the feast of Lupercal the priests, thus attired, ran around the old city on the Palatine Hill, striking with a white leather thong those whom they met. **soothsayer**, an official foreteller of events. 9. **sterile curse**, state of being childless. Caesar's only child, his daughter Julia, had died some years before.

18. **ides of March**, March 15. Stage direction. **Sennet**, a set of notes on a trumpet to signal the march of procession. 29. **quick**, lively. 34. **show**, evidence. **as**, here used as a relative pronoun, equivalent to our "that." 35. **bear . . . . a hand**, keep a tight rein on, as a cautious rider might with a strange horse. 39. **Merely**, entirely, solely. 40. **passions of some difference**, contradictory feelings. 41. **only proper**, pertaining entirely. 42. **soil**, stain. 44. **be you one**, be assured that you are one.

Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.
Cas. 'Tis just;
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Caesar, speaking of Brutus
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.
Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?
Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear;
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus.
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard
And after scandal them, or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Caesar for their king.
Cas. Aye, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye and death i' th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently,
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.
Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Caesar; so were you;
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he;
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now,
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutered as I was, I plungéd in
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Caesar cried "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Caesar. And this man

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49. **By means whereof,** because of which. 54. **just,** true. 58. **shadow,** reflection or picture. 59. **best respect,** most highly esteemed. 60. **immortal Caesar.** Is this said seriously or sarcastically? 62. **had his eyes,** saw himself, as the one best fitted to lead. 69. **modestly,** truthfully. 71. **jealous on,** suspicious of. 72. **laugher,** buffoon. 72-73. **did use to stale,** were used to make stale with too frequent use. 74. **protester,** one who makes a strong profession of friendship. 76. **after scandal them,** afterwards slander them. 77. **profess myself,** declare my friendship. 78. **rout,** common crowd.

86-87. **set honor,** etc., even if the honorable course of action brings death, Brutus will still pursue it. 88. **speed,** make prosperous. 91. **favor,** appearance. 95. **lief,** pronounce "lieve" to bring out the pun with *live.* 109. **with hearts of controversy,** swimming strongly and courageously. 112. **Aeneas,** a survivor of the siege of Troy, who settled in Italy. 114. In scanning this line, the unimportant words in the fourth foot are not stressed.

Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body,
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake; ’tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their color fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his luster; I did hear him groan.
Aye, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, “Give me some drink, Titinius,”
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.
[*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heaped on Caesar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that “Caesar”?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with ’em,
“Brutus” will start a spirit as soon as “Caesar.”
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
Oh, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

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122. **His coward lips**, etc. The prose would be, “The color left his lips.” Cassius is apparently thinking of a soldier deserting his flag or colors. 123. **bend**, look. 124. **his**, its. *Its* was just coming into use when the play was written. 130-131. **So get the start**, etc. The figure is from foot-racing. A branch of palm was given to the victor. 136. **Colossus.** According to tradition, the entrance to the harbor of Rhodes was bestrode by a statue of Apollo so gigantic that ships passed between the legs. 140. **stars.** In Shakespeare’s day people believed that men’s lives were influenced by the position of the stars at their birth. 142. In scanning this line, notice that there are two extra, unaccented syllables, one in the third and one in the last foot.

152. **great flood**, the flood of Greek mythology, from which Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha alone survived. 159. **a Brutus**, Lucius Junius Brutus, who drove out a tyrant and helped to establish the Roman republic. Brutus claimed descent from him. 162. **am nothing jealous**, have no doubt. 163. **aim**, idea. 166. **so**, provided that. 171. **chew**, think. 174. **as**, which. See note on line 34.

Bru. The games are done, and Caesar is returning.
Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note today.

Re-enter Caesar and his train.

Bru. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being crossed in conference by some senators.
Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.
Caes. Antonius!
Ant. Caesar?
Caes. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights.
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, Caesar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman and well-given.
Caes. Would he were fatter! But I fear him not;
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared
Than what I fear; for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Exeunt Caesar and all his train but Casca.*

Casca. You pulled me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Aye, Casca; tell us what hath chanced today,
That Caesar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him; and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice; what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Aye, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbors shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it; it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again. But, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by. And still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted and clapped their chapped hands and threw up their sweaty night-

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181. **proceeded,** etc., happened worthy of notice. 182. **Cassius** must be pronounced in three syllables here and in several other places. 186. **ferret.** The ferret has red eyes. 193. **Sleek-headed,** smooth-combed. Plutarch relates that Caesar feared "pale-visaged and carrion-lean people." 194. **Yond,** old form of *yon.* 197. **well-given,** well-disposed. 199. **my name,** I. 209. **Whiles,** while.

218. **sad,** serious. 231. **marry,** merely an exclamation; originally an oath, "by Mary."

caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown that it had almost choked Caesar; for he swounded and fell down at it; and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you; what, did Caesar swound?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at the mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, Caesar hath it not; but you and I
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theater, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said if he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Aye.

Cas. Did Cicero say anything?

Casca. Aye, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again; but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads. But, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me tonight, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me tomorrow?

Casca. Aye, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you;
Tomorrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so; till then, think of the world. [*Exit Brutus.*
Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet I see,
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed. Therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Caesar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus.

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256. **swounded**, swooned. 264. **falling sickness**, old name for epilepsy. 266. In scanning this line and many others, elide the extra syllable. 276. **me**, used merely for vividness. **ope**, old form of *open*. 277. **doublet**, a man's close-fitting outer garment, worn in Shakespeare's day but not in Caesar's. 278. **An**, if. **man of any occupation**, man of some mechanical trade instead of a gentleman of leisure.

300. **Greek to me**, in Rome the educated classes knew Greek, so Shakespeare is doubtless thinking of London rather than Rome. 307. **am promised forth**, have accepted an invitation to go out. 314. **was quick mettle**, had a lively mind, as opposed to his present blunt manner. 317. **tardy**, stupid. 328. **that it is disposed**, that to which it is disposed. Cassius is much pleased with the impression he has made on Brutus. 331. **doth bear me hard**, bears a grudge against me, hates me. See line 35.

If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humor me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glancéd at;
And after this let Caesar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. There would be no intermission between this scene and the preceding. As soon as Flavius and Marullus had left the stage at one side, Caesar and his party would enter at the other and go to the front of the stage.

2. This scene exhibits more specifically the conflict suggested in scene i. We see the power of Caesar recognized in the attempt to crown him king. We see the beginnings of the conspiracy against him and are made to feel that Brutus will be induced to head it.

3. The scene also introduces all the chief characters and gives the key to their natures. Brutus is a contemplative man, who is always testing life by his ideals, but who holds somewhat aloof from others and does not think of doing anything about public conditions. Cassius, on the contrary, is an alert, active man, strongly influenced by jealousy. Casca prides himself on his crude bluntness. Caesar has become so accustomed to rule that he takes for granted that his orders will be carried out, yet he apparently has a very keen sense of what will please the people. Though his ambition is strong, he governs his acts to secure popular approval.

Questions and Topics

1. What is your first impression of Caesar? What physical weaknesses are brought to light during the scene? Is he superstitious? Is he a haughty, overbearing man? Has he warm friends? Is he a good judge of men? What is his attitude toward the people? From this scene would you think him one of the greatest figures in history?

2. What is your first impression of Brutus? Why does he not follow the crowd? Does he trust the people? Why does he distrust Caesar? What is Cassius's opinion of him? Do you think Brutus will join the conspiracy? If so, what will be his reasons?

3. Do you think Cassius skillful in engaging Brutus in conversation? Do you think his flattery would make a pleasing impression on Brutus? Answer by commenting on each piece of flattery in the scene. Is Cassius moved chiefly by patriotism or by jealousy? In answer take up each reference to Caesar. What arguments for action against Caesar does he use with Brutus?

4. What is your first impression of Casca? Do you change it while he is talking to Cassius and Brutus? What is their opinion of him?

5. What part in forthcoming events do you think each character is to play?

6. So far as the story or action of the play is concerned, what has this scene accomplished? Where does the story really begin? That is, where do you get a definite notion of the direction the story is to take?

Class Reading or Acting. Cassius sounds Brutus (lines 25-177); Caesar's opinion of Cassius and of Antony (lines 190-214); Casca on the offer of the crown (lines 215-305).

Scene III. *The same. A street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.

Cic. Good-even, Casca; brought you Caesar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds;
But never till tonight, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.

332-333. **If I were,** etc. If Brutus were Cassius, Brutus should not play upon me as I have just done upon him. 334. **hands,** handwritings. 339-340. **sure, endure,** in the Elizabethan drama, a riming couplet often marked the close of a scene or the exit of an actor.

1. **brought,** escorted. 3. **sway,** established order.

Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.
Cic. Why, saw you anything more wonderful?
Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches joined, and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remained unscorched.
Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me; and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transforméd with their fear; who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noonday upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
"These are their reasons; they are natural";
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.
Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposéd time;
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Caesar to the Capitol tomorrow?
Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there tomorrow.
Cic. Good-night then, Casca; this disturbéd sky
Is not to walk in.
Casca. Farewell, Cicero.
[*Exit Cicero.*

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?
Casca. A Roman.
Cas. Casca, by your voice.
Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!
Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.
Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?
Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walked about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And, thus unbracéd, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross blue lightning seemed to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.
Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.
Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens;
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool, and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance
Their natures and preforméd faculties
To monstrous quality—why, you shall find

11-13. **Either there is**, etc., either the gods are fighting each other or they are sending destruction upon the inhabitants of this world for insolence toward them; *destruction* is pronounced in four syllables. 14. **more wonderful**, that is, than the storm just described. 20. **Against**, opposite. 23. **Upon a heap**, into a crowd. 26. **bird of night**, the owl, whose hooting was regarded as of ill omen. 30. **These**, such and such. 32. **climate**, country.

42. **what night**, what a night! 48. **unbracéd**, unbuttoned; Shakespeare is thinking of the English doublet. 49. **thunder-stone**, the stone or bolt that was believed to fall with the lightning flash. 50. **cross**, zigzag. 60. **put on**, actually suffer. 64. **from quality and kind**, contrary to their nature. 65. **Why old men**, etc., everything is topsy-turvy, old men are foolish, and children are full of wisdom. 66. **ordinance**, what they are ordained to be. 67. **preforméd faculties**, natural habits. 68. **monstrous quality**, strange nature.

That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Caesar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is; for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are governed with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators tomorrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger ~~then;~~
~~Cassius from~~ bondage will deliver Cassius;
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure.

[*Thunder still.*

Casca. So can I;
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws; what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am armed,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering telltale. Hold, my hand.
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honorable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch; for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favor's like the work we have in hand
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.

Enter Cinna.

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71. **state,** state of affairs. 81. **thews,** muscles. 95. **Can be retentive,** etc., forcibly confine the spirit. 97. **power** is pronounced in two syllables.

114. **My answer,** etc., I shall have to answer for what I said. 117. **fleering,** grinning and sneering. **Hold, my hand,** stop, here's my hand on it. 118. **factious,** active in forming a party. **griefs,** grievances. 123. **undergo,** undertake. 126. **Pompey's porch,** a porch attached to Pompey's theater. 128. **complexion of the element,** aspect of the heavens. 129. **favor,** appearance.

Cinna, where haste you so?
Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?
Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stayed for, Cinna?
Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
Cas. Am I not stayed for? tell me.
Cin. Yes, you are.
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—
Cas. Be you content; good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue. All this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?
Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theater. [*Exit Cinna.*
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.
Casca. Oh, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offense in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him.
[*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

EXPLANATORY NOTES

Though there is no indication here to the audience, this scene takes place one month later than the preceding, on the night before March 15. We learn the further development of the conspiracy and are made to feel the portentous atmosphere that forbodes the death of Caesar. Casca again shows that his mood is controlled by circumstances. Cicero has all the calm of a philosopher.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Is Casca's superstition here in keeping with his cynicism in scene ii? Why does he join the conspiracy? What is his opinion of Brutus? Why do Cassius and Casca desire Brutus to be among the conspirators?

2. Is Cassius superstitious? What two examples of his alertness occur in this scene? How does his manner of winning Casca differ from his manner with Brutus? Is he sincere in his speech, "I know where I will wear"? What evidence have we of Cassius's activity and leadership in the conspiracy?

3. Do you think the plans of the conspirators practical and well-arranged?

4. Does the scene produce in you a sense of foreboding? Point out the details that give you your impression.

Class Reading or Acting. Casca and Cassius on the prodigies (lines 41-130).

ACT I AS A WHOLE

1. Tell or write the story of Act I in brief form. That is, pay little attention to the divisions into scenes, but begin with the events that happened first and proceed step by step to the end of the act. Then in a single sentence state what the act accomplishes. What title would be appropriate for this act?

2. What events are you now looking forward to? How have you been led to expect them?

3. If your class were producing the play, to which character would you assign your best actor? Which part do you consider second in importance? Give reasons in both cases.

4. What information about Roman politics do you gain from this act? Which party seems to trust the common people more? Why is objection raised to Caesar's becoming king? Which party is the more patriotic, that is, thinks more of the good of Rome?

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135. **incorporate,** closely united. 143. **praetor,** one of the magistrates of Rome. Brutus was a praetor at this time. 146. **old Brutus,** Lucius Junius Brutus, referred to in I, ii, 159. 159. **countenance,** support. **alchemy,** a genuine belief of Shakespeare's time that one could turn base metals, such as lead, into gold. 162. **conceited,** judged.

ACT SECOND

Scene I. *Rome. Brutus's orchard.*

Enter Brutus.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Called you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius.
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Bru. It must be by his death; and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crowned;
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when his affections swayed
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Caesar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no color for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatched, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus sealed up; and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
[*Gives him the letter.*

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not tomorrow, boy, the ides of March?
Luc. I know not, sir.
Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter and reads.*

Brutus, thou sleepest; awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!

"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!"
Such instigations have been often dropped
Where I have took them up.
"Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was called a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise;

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5. **When, What,** mere exclamations. 7. **taper,** a lighted wick in a lamp or bowl of oil. 10. **It must be,** etc. Brutus has been debating with himself the way to keep Caesar from becoming king. This line shows his conclusion. 11. **spurn,** strike. 12. **general,** good of everyone. 14-17. **brings forth the adder,** hatches it. If the senate actually crowns Caesar, the new title may lead him to act with less moderation than heretofore. Therefore he [the adder] must be killed before he can do any harm. 19. **Remorse,** pity. 20-21. **affections . . . . reason,** when his feelings governed more than his judgment or sense of fairness. **proof,** experience.

28. **prevent,** forestall. 29. **color,** sufficient excuse. Brutus argues thus: "What Caesar is now gives no excuse for opposing him, but his present tendencies, developed by the title of king, would run to extremes. Since he is therefore likely to become tyrannical, let us kill him before his tyranny begins." 34. The changed meter of this line fits the thought. 35. **closet,** private room. 44. **exhalations,** meteors. 46. **see thyself,** recall Cassius's argument with Brutus, I, ii, 54-62. This is one of the papers he speaks of in the same scene, lines 333-338. 53. **My ancestors,** Lucius Junius Brutus. Is Brutus allowing his affections to sway him more than his reason?

If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

[*Knocking within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[*Exit Lucius.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream;
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are moe with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir; their hats are plucked about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.
Bru. Let 'em enter.

[*Exit Lucius.*

They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to show thy dang'rous brow by night,
When evils are most free? Oh, then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability;
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, and Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest;
Good-morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honors you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This, Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cas. Shall I entreat a word?

[*Brutus and Cassius whisper.*

Dec. Here lies the east; doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cin. Oh, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

---

64. **motion,** impulse. 66. **The Genius,** etc., soul and body. 70. **brother,** Cassius had married Junia, the sister of Brutus. 72. **moe,** more. 76. **favor,** face, countenance. 83. **path,** pursue thy course. 84. **Erebus,** in Greek mythology, the region between Earth and Hades; here, the lower world. 85. **prevention,** discovery.

101-111. This conversation screens the whispered conference between Brutus and Cassius, showing that none of the conspirators listen to it. 104. **fret,** ornament. Do you like this description of dawn? 108. **Weighing,** etc., if you consider how young the year is. As a matter of fact, where would the sun rise on March 15?

Bru. No, not an oath; if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valor
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? What other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath passed from him.
Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.
Casca. Let us not leave him out.
Cin. No, by no means.
Met. Oh, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds;
It shall be said, his judgment ruled our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.
Bru. Oh, name him not; let us not break with him;
For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.
Cas. Then leave him out.
Casca. Indeed he is not fit.
Dec. Shall no man else be touched but only Caesar?
Cas. Decius, well urged. I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar; we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.
Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar;
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood.
Oh, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit,
And not dismember Caesar! But, alas,
Caesar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds;
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be called purgers, not murderers.

114-115. **if not**, etc., if the shame that can be seen even in men's faces for falling from the republican ideals of their fathers, the distress in our souls, and the political evils of the present. 117. **hence to his idle bed**, go to his bed and lie there idle. 118. **high-sighted**, supercilious. 119. **by lottery**, according to the whim of Caesar. 126. **palter**, trifle. 129. **cautelous**, deceitful. 130. **carrions**, carcasses, men virtually dead already. 134. **insuppressive**, insuppressible. 135. **To think**, by thinking. 138. **a several bastardy**, a separate, distinct act of treason, which shows him to be no true Roman.

150. **break with him**, disclose the matter to him. 157. **of him**, in him. 158. **shrewd contriver**, mischievous schemer. 176. **servants**, bodies. Is the advice in lines 175-177 very lofty or honorable?

And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Caesar's arm
When Caesar's head is off.
Cas. Yet I fear him;
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Caesar—
Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him;
If he love Caesar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Caesar;
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.
Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace! count the clock.
Cas. The clock hath stricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Caesar will come forth today, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustomed terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers
May hold him from the Capitol today.
Dec. Never fear that; if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humor the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eighth hour; is that the uttermost?
Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him;
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.
Cas. The morning comes upon 's; we'll leave you, Brutus.
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.
Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy;
And so good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber;
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!
Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw, cold morning.
Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed; and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walked about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,
And when I asked you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks;

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187. **take thought and die**, grieve himself to death. Brutus thinks it would be very remarkable for so light-hearted a man to do that. 190. **fear**, cause of fear. 192. **clock**, there were no striking clocks in Caesar's day. 196. **main**, firm or strong. 198. **apparent**, which have appeared. 204. **unicorn**. This fabulous animal was said to be caught by being induced to pursue the hunter, who stepped behind a tree, into which the animal ran his one horn and remained fixed. 205. **bears**, etc. Bears were attracted with mirrors, and while their attention was diverted, the hunter could take sure aim; elephants were trapped by pitfalls covered with branches. 206. **Lions**, etc., lions were captured with nets.

218. **by him**, by way of his house. 220. **fashion him**, shape him according to our wishes. 225. **put on our purposes**, show what we plan. 231. **figures**, images which come in dreams. 240. **arms across**, arms folded.

I urged you further; then you scratched your head,
And too impatiently stamped with your foot;
Yet I insisted; yet you answered not,
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you; so I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seemed too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humor,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevailed on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? And is it physical
To walk unbracéd and suck up the humors
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurgéd air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offense within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of; and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men tonight
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife;
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so fathered and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh; can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods!
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[*Knocking within.*

Hark, hark! one knocks; Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows;
Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*

Lucius, who's that knocks?

Re-enter Lucius with Ligarius.

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248. **impatience.** Pronounce as four syllables. 250. **humor,** mood or caprice. In Shakespeare's time the body was supposed to contain four humors, or forms of moisture—blood, choler, phlegm, and melancholy. The predominance of any one of these determined one's mood. 254. **condition,** disposition. 261. **physical,** wholesome. 262. **unbracéd,** with doublet unbuttoned (see I, iii, 48). **humors,** moisture, dampness. 266. **rheumy and unpurgéd air,** impure air causing colds in the head. 268. **sick offense,** trouble that makes you sick.

283. **in sort or limitation,** only after a fashion or to a limited extent. 289-290. **As dear to me, etc.** Harvey did not announce his discovery of the circulation of the blood until some sixteen years after this play was written. Shakespeare is using only a general idea of his time. 295. **Cato,** Marcus Portius Cato, a noble Roman patriot, who committed suicide as a protest against Caesar's power. 308. **charactery,** expression; accent is on the second syllable, common in Shakespeare's day.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?
Lig. Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. Oh, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!
Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honor.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honorable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.
Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
Bru. Follow me, then.
[*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

EXPLANATORY NOTES

As Act I shows the beginning of the conspiracy, so Act II shows its completion. All the events take place during the night before the ides of March. In scene i we see the final meeting of the conspirators. Here the humane character of Brutus is revealed. In the conspiracy he is acting from motives of the highest patriotism, but because of his trust in men he renders decisions that bode ill for the outcome of the enterprise. The setting of the first scene was probably suggested by a bush or two set at the rear of the stage.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Do you find any new traits in the character of Brutus in this scene? Do his soliloquies add to your admiration for him? Take each soliloquy up separately and explain the reason for your answer.

2. How forceful are Brutus's reasons for sparing Antony? Is he or Cassius the better judge of character? What do the other conspirators think of Brutus's judgment? Why have they formed this opinion? Is he the leader or the tool of the conspirators or is he sometimes the one, sometimes the other? Give instances to prove your answer.

3. In this scene what evidence do you find of Brutus's patriotism? What motives prompt each of the other conspirators?

4. Why is Lucius introduced into this scene? What would be lost if he were omitted?

5. What do we learn of Brutus from his conversation with Portia? Why is she regarded as a noble Roman matron?

6. What evidence do you find of the practical side of Cassius? Is he a good judge of character? Is he a man who can select the best way of reaching a desired end? Quote passages as evidence.

7. How far is the story carried by this scene? Where do we first learn of Brutus's decision to lead the conspiracy? What do Brutus and Cassius talk about in lines 101-111? How complete are the plans for the assassination? How do the conspirators guard against informers?

8. Exactly what is Brutus's argument in lines 28-34? Do you think it a fair argument? That is, would it be safe to follow that kind of reasoning in life today?

9. In the whole passage, is Brutus seeking to learn what it is wise to do, or is he trying to convince himself of the wisdom of a course of action he has already settled upon? Do you like him better or less as a result of this speech?

10. How should this passage be read, rapidly or deliberately? Why?

Class Reading or Acting. Brutus muses over the conspiracy (lines 10-85); the conspiracy is completed (lines 86-228); Brutus and Portia (lines 233-309).

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313. **Vouchsafe,** condescended to accept. 315. **kerchief,** in Shakespeare's day a sick person wore a kerchief, or white cloth, about his head. 323. **exorcist,** here, one who calls up a spirit. What is the usual meaning? 324. **mortified spirit,** my spirit that was dead. Pronounce *mortified* here as four syllables, *spirit* as one.

SCENE II. *Caesar's house.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter Caesar, in his nightgown.

Caes. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace tonight:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help! ho! they murther Caesar!" Who's within?

Enter a servant.

Serv. My lord?
Caes. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.
Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Calpurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house today.
Caes. Caesar shall forth; the things that threatened me
Ne'er looked but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanishéd.
Cal. Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelpéd in the streets;
And graves have yawned, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.
Caes. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Caesar.
Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
Caes. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter servant.

What say the augurers?
Serv. They would not have you to stir forth today.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.
Caes. The gods do this in shame of cowardice;
Caesar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home today for fear.
No, Caesar shall not; danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions littered in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Caesar shall go forth.
Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth today; call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well today.
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
Caes. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
Dec. Caesar, all hail! good-morrow, worthy Caesar;
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
Caes. And you are come in very happy time,

Stage direction. **nightgown,** dressing gown. 5. **present,** immediate. 6. **success,** result. 13. **stood on ceremonies,** believed in signs and omens. 25. **use,** custom. 26-27. **What can be,** etc. Caesar is apparently a fatalist; that is, he thinks the gods make important events, such as death, inevitable.

42. **should.** Today we should use *would.*

To bear my greetings to the senators
And tell them that I will not come today—
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser.
I will not come today; tell them so, Decius.
Cal. Say he is sick.
Caes. Shall Caesar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.
Dec. Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so.
Caes. The cause is in my will; I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home;
She dreamt tonight she saw my statuë,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it;
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begged that I will stay at home today.
Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.
Caes. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say;
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be rendered, for someone to say,
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, Caesar is afraid?"
Pardon me, Caesar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.
Caes. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashaméd I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, and Cinna.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good-morrow, Caesar.
Caes. Welcome, Publius.
What, Brutus, are you stirred so early, too?
Good-morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is 't o'clock?
Bru. Caesar, 'tis strucken eight.
Caes. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good-morrow, Antony.
Ant. So to most noble Caesar.
Caes. Bid them prepare within;
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna; now, Metellus; what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me today:
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Treb. Caesar, I will; [*Aside*] and so near will I be
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.
Caes. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;

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76. **tonight**, last night. It is now morning. 89. **tinctures.** It was a custom to preserve as relics handkerchiefs tinctured, or stained, with the blood of noted persons. **cognizance**, badge.

97. **Apt to be rendered**, likely to be made. 104. **reason**, etc., my love makes me say what my reason would forbid. 121. **hour's.** Pronounce as two syllables.

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
Bru. [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O Caesar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!
[*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

The setting for this scene would be indicated by drawing the curtains aside and revealing a chair or two on the inner stage. The scene not only advances the plans of the conspirators rapidly, but in the dialogue between Calpurnia and Caesar, provides a fine contrast with the scene between Brutus and Portia.

Questions and Topics

1. What incidents in this scene arouse our suspense? What do you look forward to when the scene closes?

2. Do you think Caesar is disturbed by the portents? Is he afraid of death? Is it Calpurnia or the augurs who keep him at home? Why is Decius successful in persuading him to go to the Senate? What opinion do you form of him from his reception of his callers? Is it consistent with your previous impressions?

3. Why is Calpurnia alarmed? Why does she try to dissuade Caesar from going? How does her appeal differ from Portia's appeal to Brutus? Why is she silent while Decius speaks? How do you suppose she looks when Caesar decides to go?

Scene III. *A street near the Capitol.*

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

Art. Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you; security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,
Artemidorus.

Here will I stand till Caesar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.
[*Exit.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

This scene would follow immediately, because the curtains could be drawn to, shutting off the inner stage.

Questions and Topics

How does this scene increase our anticipation of the assassination? How does the warning here differ from the superstitious portents of earlier scenes? What possibility of escape has Caesar?

Scene IV. *Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.*

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?
Luc. To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,

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128. **every like**, etc., that is, we are like friends but are not friends. 129. **yearns**, grieves. Brutus knows that Caesar is drinking with them hospitably, and he grieves that the conspirators in taking this pledge of friendship merely deepen their treachery. 9. **security gives way to**, false confidence makes a way for. 10. **lover**, friend.

14. **Out of**, etc., safe from envious rivalry. 16. **contrive**, plot. 6. **constancy**, firmness or self-control. 9. **counsel**, a secret.

For he went sickly forth; and take good note
What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
Luc. I hear none, madam.
Por. Prithee, listen well;
I hear a bustling rumor, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow; which way hast thou been?
Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is 't o'clock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?
Sooth. That I have, lady; if it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended toward him?
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow;
The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,
Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along.
[*Exit.*
Por. I must go in. Aye me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
[*To herself*] Sure, the boy heard me; [*To Lucius*] Brutus hath a suit
That Caesar will not grant. Oh, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry; come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt severally.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

After Ligarius left, Brutus told Portia fully his plans. Her fever of anxiety, now that the hour arrives, is here depicted.

How does this scene further arouse our suspense? Why does Portia appear so much excited? Do you share her anxiety? What further chance, at the end of this act, appears to lie before Caesar?

ACT II AS A WHOLE

1. Continue the story of the play as you began it for Act I, including the summarizing sentence. What title would be appropriate for this act?
2. Is your interest in coming events any more eager than it was at the close of Act I? What incidents and scenes have helped most to this result? Have you a more definite expectation than at the close of Act I?
3. What new characters are introduced, and why is each introduced?
4. What incidents in this act arouse sympathy and admiration for Brutus? Do any incidents arouse similar feelings for Caesar?
5. It has been said that Brutus is a dreamer, that he dreams into other people's minds the same high principles that govern his own conduct, and so mistakes the ideals of the Roman people. Prove or disprove this statement from the first two acts.
6. Note carefully the arguments of Brutus (scene i, lines 10-34) for the assassination of Caesar. How would an American political leader endeavor to get rid of an opponent?
7. Is there any evidence, in the discussions of the conspirators, of the power of the common people of Rome?

ACT THIRD

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol.*

A crowd of people; among them Artemidorus and the soothsayer. Flourish. Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, and others.

Caes. [*To the soothsayer*] The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Aye, Caesar; but not gone.
Art. Hail, Caesar! read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,

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18. **bustling rumor**, confused noise. 44. **commend me**, give my good wishes.

At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O Caesar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Caesar nearer; read it, great Caesar.
Caes. What touches us ourself shall be last served.
Art. Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.
Caes. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Caesar goes up to the senate-house, the rest following.

Pop. I wish your enterprise today may thrive.
Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well.

[*Advances to Caesar.*

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cas. He wished today our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.
Bru. Look, how he makes to Caesar; mark him.
Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
Bru. Cassius, be constant;
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.
Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.
Bru. He is addressed; press near and second him.
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Caes. Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Caesar and his senate must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart— [*Kneeling.*
Caes. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood
That will be thawed from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banishéd;
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.
Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear
For the repealing of my banished brother?
Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
Caes. What, Brutus!
Cas. Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon.
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.
Caes. I could be well moved, if I were as you.
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks;

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18. **makes to**, presses toward. **mark.** Pronounce as two syllables. 22. **constant**, firm, steadfast. 28. **presently**, at once. 29. **addressed**, prepared.

33. **puissant.** Pronounce as two syllables, here and elsewhere. 36. **couchings**, stoopings. 38-39. **pre-ordinance**, etc., turn what has been ordained and decreed from the beginning into laws as subject to whim and caprice as children's rules. 39-40. **fond, to think**, so foolish as to think. 51. **repealing**, recalling.

They are all fire and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So in the world; 'tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion; and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banished,
And constant do remain to keep him so.
Cin. O Caesar—
Caes. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?
Dec. Great Caesar—
Caes. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?
Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[*Casca first, then the other conspirators and Marcus Brutus stab Caesar.*

Caes. Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Caesar! [*Dies.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.
Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"
Bru. People and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still; ambition's debt is paid.
Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
Dec. And Cassius too.
Bru. Where's Publius?
Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's
Should chance—
Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else; so tell them, Publius.
Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.
Bru. Do so; and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is Antony?
Treb. Fled to his house amazed.
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run
As it were doomsday.
Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures;
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit;
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"
Cas. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!
Bru. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!
Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be called
The men that gave their country liberty.
Dec. What, shall we forth?
Cas. Aye, every man away;
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels

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67. **apprehensive,** intelligent. 74. **Olympus,** a high mountain in Greece. 77. **Et tu, Brute,** and thou too, Brutus! 80. **common pulpits,** the public platforms in the Forum, from which speakers addressed the people.

94. **abide,** answer for. 100. **stand upon,** concern themselves with. 115. **Pompey's basis,** base of Pompey's statue.

THE DEATH OF CAESAR

From a painting by Gérôme

With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a servant.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving;
Say I love Brutus, and I honor him;
Say I feared Caesar, honored him, and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Caesar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.
Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honor,
Depart untouched.
Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*
Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.
Cas. I wish we may; but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.
Bru. But here comes Antony.

Re-enter Antony.

Welcome, Mark Antony.
Ant. O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Caesar's death hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die;
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.
Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done;
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony;
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.
Bru. Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.
Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.

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131. **resolved**, informed. 136. **Thorough**, through (old form). 140. **so please him come**, if it be so that it please him to come. 145-146. **my misgiving**, etc., my suspicions usually come very near the mark.

152. **be let blood**, be bled, be put to death. **rank**, too full-blooded, that is, increasing in power too rapidly. 159. **Live**, if I live. 160. **apt**, ready. 161. **mean**, means. 171. **fire, fire.** Pronounce the first time as two syllables, the second time as one. 174-175. **Our arms**, etc., our arms, strong in their hatred of Caesar's tyranny, and our hearts, in genuine brotherly affection for you.

Let each man render me his bloody hand;
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Caesar, oh, 'tis true;
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bayed, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!
Cas. Mark Antony—
Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius;
The enemies of Caesar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.
Cas. I blame you not for praising Caesar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be pricked in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?
Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was, indeed,
Swayed from the point, by looking down on Caesar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.
Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle;
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,
You should be satisfied.
Ant. That's all I seek;
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.
Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to Bru.*] You know not what you do; do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?
Bru. By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Caesar's death;
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Caesar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies?
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.
Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.
Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral; and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.
Ant. Be it so;

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192. **conceit**, think of. 196. **dearer**, more intensely. 204. **bayed**, brought to bay. 206. **Signed in thy spoil**, bearing the stains of your blood. **lethe**, lethe apparently means death. "Lethe," in Greek mythology, was a river in the underworld, a drink of whose waters caused forgetfulness. 213. **modesty**, moderation.

216. **pricked**, marked, checked off. 224. **full of good regard**, capable of being placed in a favorable light. 228. **Produce**, exhibit. 230. **order**, course of his funeral ceremonies. 242. **wrong**, harm. 243. **fall**, befall, happen.

I do desire no more.
Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us. [*Exeunt all but Antony.*

Ant. Oh, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever livéd in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use
And dreadful objects so familiar
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds;
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a servant.

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?
Serv. I do, Mark Antony.
Ant. Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.
Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Caesar!— [*Seeing the body.*
Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?
Serv. He lies tonight within seven leagues of Rome.
Ant. Post back with speed and tell him what hath chanced:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place; there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt with Caesar's body.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. All the events of this act take place on the ides of March; that is, on the day after the events during the night covered by Act II.

2. The first scene presents the achievement of the conspiracy. The action is rapid. The short, whispered conversations show how much everyone except Caesar is wrought up. He is unconscious of the suppressed excitement about him.

Questions and Topics

1. How does Caesar display arrogance in this scene? Why does Shakespeare emphasize this trait here? Does Caesar show fear of death when death comes upon him?

2. Is Brutus consistently the patriot in this scene? Does he treat Antony as you had expected him to? Why does he treat him in so friendly a fashion? How does he seek to win the support of Antony? Why does he allow Antony to speak at the funeral? Why does he suppose his speech before Antony's will win the people?

3. What evidence of the practical alertness of Cassius do you find before the blows are struck? Does the gentle side of Cassius appear after the assassination? Why does he distrust Antony? How does Cassius try to secure his support? Why does Cassius object to Antony's speaking at the funeral? Why does he interrupt Antony's lament over Caesar?

4. Why does Antony, in his message, com-

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271. **Ate,** goddess of revenge. 272. **confines,** territories. 273. **Havoc,** the signal in war that no mercy was to be shown. **let slip,** release. 283. **Passion,** grief.

pliment Brutus? Why does Antony openly express to the conspirators his sorrow for Caesar's death? Do you think Brutus or Cassius the more likely to win his support? What is the surface meaning of each of Antony's speeches? What is the real meaning of each? Why does he wish to speak at the funeral? What promise does he make about his speech? What do you learn of his purpose from his final soliloquy? Do you think him as practical as Cassius? Why are we told that Octavius is near?

Class Reading or Acting. The assassination of Caesar (lines 1-121); Antony and the conspirators (lines 147-252).

SCENE II. *The Forum.*

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.
Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Caesar's death.
First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.
Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.*

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended; silence!
Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Antony and others, with Caesar's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!
First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.
Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.
Third Cit. Let him be Caesar.
Fourth Cit. Caesar's better parts
Shall be crowned in Brutus.

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14. **lovers**, friends. 18. **censure**, judge.

49. **extenuated**, lessened. 50. **enforced**, exaggerated. 60. Brutus reasons with the crowd and feels that his speech has won them. Its style conveys the idea of study, not of spontaneous emotion. 64. **Let him be Caesar.** This shows how the entire point of Brutus's speech has been missed.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamors.
Bru. My countrymen—
Sec. Cit. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.
First Cit. Peace, ho!
Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.
Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*
First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.
Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you. [*Goes into the pulpit.*
Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?
Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
First Cit. This Caesar was a tyrant.
Third Cit. Nay, that's certain;
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans—
Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interréd with their bones;
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men—
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept—
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff—
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse; was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar has had great wrong.
Third Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.
Fourth Cit. Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.
First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
Ant. But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir

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78. **beholding,** beholden, indebted. 92. **ambitious.** Pronounce here and in the following speeches as four syllables; but *ambition* as only three. 96. **honorable,** ironical in meaning, but should not be read so. Why?

103. **general coffers,** the public treasury, to which Caesar turned over money from his sale of captives of war. 128. **abide,** pay for it. 134. **so poor,** etc., so humble as to pay any regard to Caesar.

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will; read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! We will hear Caesar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, oh, what would come of it!

Fourth Cit. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Caesar; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors; honorable men!

All. The will! The testament!

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers. The will! read the will.

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Several Cit. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend.

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

[*Antony comes down from the pulpit.*

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Several Cit. Stand back; room; bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii;
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-belovéd Brutus stabbed;
And as he plucked his curséd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel;
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him; then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.

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147. napkins, handkerchiefs. **151. issue**, children. **164. o'ershot myself**, gone too far.

179. hearse, bier. **181. far off**, farther off. **187. overcame the Nervii**, a victory in Gaul. **189. envious**, malicious. **193. resolved**, assured. **195. angel**, best-loved friend.

O now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here, [*Lifting Caesar's mantle.*
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.
First Cit. O piteous spectacle!
Sec. Cit. O noble Caesar!
Third Cit. O woeful day!
Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!
First Cit. O most bloody sight!
Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.
All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!
Let not a traitor live!
Ant. Stay, countrymen.
First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.
Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him;
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on.
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
All. We'll mutiny.
First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.
Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.
Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.
All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!
Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what;
Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not; I must tell you, then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.
All. Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.
Ant. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
Sec. Cit. Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.
Third Cit. O royal Caesar!
Ant. Hear me with patience.
All. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?
First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.
Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

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208. **dint,** impression or effect of pity.

256. **drachmas.** The drachma was worth about twenty cents, but its purchasing power was much greater than an equivalent sum today. 270. **fire.** Pronounce here as two syllables.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, anything. [*Exeunt citizens with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a servant.

How now, fellow!
Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is he?
Serv. He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.
Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.
Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. This is the greatest acting scene of the play. The crowd is much impressed by the character of Brutus, but it does not follow his reasoning at all. Antony does not try to win them by argument, but appeals to their feelings so skillfully that he soon overthrows the influence of Brutus. The scene shows the rising of the movement of revenge.

2. Although historically the funeral oration was some days after the assassination, Shakespeare here assumes that it was delivered on the same day, the ides of March, only a few hours afterwards. This contributes to the impression of swift action.

Questions and Topics

1. Why does Shakespeare present this scene rather than the one in the "other street" where Cassius speaks?

2. Picture what you think happened in "the other street." What kind of speech do you think Cassius delivered?

3. How would the speech of Brutus have affected you if you had been in the mob?

4. Why does Antony's speech arouse the mob? Point out passages that lead up gradually to the result.

5. What is Antony's purpose in pausing after line 121? What effect has the pause on the mob?

6. Read aloud the passages referring to the "honorable Brutus." Do you speak sarcastically or in sincere tones? Before answering, consider well the attitude of the mob after Brutus's speech.

7. Draw up a plan of Antony's speech. Did he have this plan in mind from the beginning? Did he know the effect this speech was going to have?

8. Select the parts of each speech that you like best and be prepared to deliver them before the class. After several members have delivered their selections, the class may wish to determine by vote which passage is the most eloquent.

9. Why did Antony seek to win the mob? What power could it wield in the state?

10. Had Brutus by the assassination given the Roman people any more freedom than they had possessed under Caesar? How did the people feel about it?

11. From this scene would you judge the Roman people capable of carrying on self-government?

Class Reading or Acting. Brutus to the citizens (lines 1-74); Antony and the mob (lines 75-275).

Scene III. *A street.*

Enter Cinna the poet.

Cin. I dreamt tonight that I did feast with Caesar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy;
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?
Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?
Third Cit. Where do you dwell?
Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?
Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.
First Cit. Aye, and briefly.

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272. **forms,** benches. **windows,** shutters. 280. **upon a wish,** exactly as I could have wished. 284. **Belike,** probably.

1. **tonight,** last night. 2. **And things** etc., my imagination is burdened by things that forebode ill-fortune.

Fourth Cit. Aye, and wisely.

Third Cit. Aye, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely, I say, I am a bachelor.

Sec. Cit. That's as much as to say they are fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands; to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all; some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'; away, go!

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

This scene merely pictures the frenzy of the mob which Antony has roused by his speech.

1. Do you think the good humor of the crowd consistent with its illogical cruelty?

2. Is the mob spirit consistent with a democracy?

3. Does this scene help the plot of the play?

Llo. Act III as a Whole

1. Continue the story of the play as you did for Acts I and II, with the summarizing sentences. What title would be appropriate for this act? Make it harmonize with the titles of the preceding acts.

— 2. Draw up a list of the references to the ides of March from the beginning of the play up to the assassination of Caesar. What impression would these references make on an audience?

— 3. Take up the several appearances of Brutus in this act and show whether his actions are consistent with what you already know of him.

4. In the same way, show whether Cassius acts consistently.

5. Does Antony bear out Brutus's opinion of him? What motives prompt Antony's actions immediately after the assassination? Do you think he or Cassius understands human nature better?

6. Does the Roman populace act here as you would have predicted from Act I? Trace the feelings of the mob by the speeches of the citizens. Do you think a mob of this kind could be formed anywhere today?

7. Compare the two orations as to subject, plan, and manner of delivery. Are modern orations similar in any respects?

8. Where in this act does the plot take a turn? Is the audience made aware of the change then or later? When do the characters come to feel the change?

ACT FOURTH

Scene I. *A house in Rome.*

Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, seated at a table.

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their
names are pricked.
Oct. Your brother too must die; consent
you, Lepidus?
Lep. I do consent—
Oct. Prick him down, Antony.
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not
live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.
Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot
I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;

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13. **you were best,** it were best for you. 22. **bear me a bang,** receive a whack from me.

1. **pricked,** checked. 6. **damn,** condemn to death.

Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
Lep. What, shall I find you here?
Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol.
[*Exit Lepidus.*

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands; is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be pricked to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you;
And though we lay these honors on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers sland'rous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.
Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.
Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion governed by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught and trained and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abjects, orts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion; do not talk of him
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers; we must straight make head;
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, our means stretched;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.
Oct. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,
And bayed about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. In the three preceding acts events have moved rapidly. The fourth act must be supposed to happen a long time after Act III. It shows the two opposing forces of the play preparing for the final struggle.

2. Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus actually met in October, B. C. 43, some nineteen months after the assassination of Caesar, on an island in the river Reno near Bologna. Shakespeare puts the scene in Rome for greater simplicity, and for the same reason omits all the intervening maneuverings and events. It is an interesting comment on the actual result of the conspiracy that this second triumvirate (rule by three men) differed from the private agreement entered into by Caesar, Crassus, and Pompey. The second triumvirate was a kind of public commission for carrying on the government. It was self-appointed, and carried on with great cruelty the absolute autocracy that had been begun by Caesar.

Questions and Topics

1. Why do the triumvirs calmly mark friends and relatives for death? What does this act show of their character? Of their harmony? Of their growing strength?

2. Why does Antony send Lepidus away? What do you think of his manner of executing Caesar's will? Has Antony changed since we last saw him?

3. Does this scene in any way correspond to II, i?

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16. **voice**, vote. 22. **business**. Pronounce here and elsewhere as three syllables. 23. **Either**. Pronounce as a monosyllable, "eer." 27. **commons**, public pastures. 28. **soldier**. Pronounce as three syllables. 32. **wind**, turn. 34. **in some taste**, in some small degree. 37. **abjects, orts**, etc., things thrown away, and broken fragments. 39. **Begin his fashion**, are the newest fashion with him. 40. **property**, tool.

42. **straight make head**, prepare at once to fight. 44. **made**, made secure. **stretched**, made as large as we can stretch them. 46. **disclosed**, discovered. 47. **answered**, met. 48. **at the stake**. In Shakespeare's day one of the popular amusements was bear-baiting. A bear was tied to a stake and then set upon by dogs.

Scene II. *Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and soldiers; Titinius and Pindarus meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!
Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?
Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
Bru. He greets me well. Your master Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone; but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.
Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius,
How he received you; let me be resolved.
Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.
Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling; ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforcéd ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quartered;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.
Bru. Hark! he is arrived.
[*Low march within.*
March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius and his powers.

Cas. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
First Sol. Stand!
Sec. Sol. Stand!
Third Sol. Stand!
Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—
Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly; I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle; bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.
[*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. After the assassination, there was no man in complete control of Rome. The chief purpose of the various parties was to avert civil war. The republicans could not hold Rome, which was in the hands of Antony, but they governed the provinces to which they had been assigned as proconsuls by Caesar. Cassius went to Syria and Brutus to Macedonia. All their activities are omitted for simplicity until the

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6. **greets me well**, his greeting finds me in good health. 7. **In his own change**, etc., because of some change in him, or by the misconduct of his officers. 10. **be satisfied**, have a satisfactory explanation. 14. **resolved**, informed. 16. **familiar instances**, marks of familiarity. 23. **hot at hand**, restless or spirited when reined in. 26. **fall**, lower. **jades**, worthless horses.

41. **content**, calm. 46. **enlarge your griefs**, express fully your grievances.

visit of Cassius to Brutus at Sardis. Sardis was the capital of Lydia in Asia Minor. The scene occurs in B. C. 42, about a year after the preceding scene.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What, do you infer, have been the relations of these two leaders since we last saw them? How does this picture of conditions in the camp of the republicans compare with the picture in the preceding scene?

2. What traits of Brutus reappear in this scene? Is it natural that he should wish to conceal the quarrel from the troops?

3. Is it natural that Cassius should enter in an angry mood? Has he shown anger before in the play?

4. Does this scene add anything to the plot? Why is it introduced?

SCENE III. *Brutus's tent.*

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
Bru. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear his comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember;
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be graspéd thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bait not me;
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this! aye, more. Fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?

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2. **noted**, marked for disgrace. 5. **slighted off**, disregarded. 8. **nice**, trivial. **bear his comment**, be noticed and criticized; *his* means "its." 10. **itching**, covetous.

30. **hedge me in**, hamper me by interfering. 32. **conditions**, plans (for a campaign). 45. **observe**, treat with reverence. 47. **spleen**, fit of anger.

Bru. You say you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well; for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say "better"?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Caesar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not!
Bru. No.
Cas. What, durst not tempt him!
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means;
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection; I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me; was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not; he was but a fool that brought
My answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart;
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a notebook, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart;
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
Bru. Sheathe your dagger.
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yokéd with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforcéd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.

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51. **soldier.** Pronounce here as three syllables. 75. **indirection,** dishonest method. 80. **rascal counters,** worthless coins.

94. **Cassius.** Pronounce here as three syllables. 98. **conned by rote,** memorized. 102. **Plutus,** god of wealth. 109. **dishonor shall be humor,** when you are insulting, I shall call it your whim. 115. **ill-tempered,** see note on II, i, 250.

Cas. O Brutus!
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
Poet. [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet
They be alone.
Lucil. [*Within*] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter poet, followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucius.

Cas. How now! what's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.
Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rime!
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Bru. I'll know his humor, when he knows his time.
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion, hence!
Cas. Away, away, be gone!
[*Exit poet.*

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies tonight.
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us.
[*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine!
[*Exit Lucius.*

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.
Cas. Ha! Portia!
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong—for with her death
That tidings came—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.
Cas. And died so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter Lucius, with wine and taper.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.
[*Drinks.*
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.
[*Drinks.*

Bru. Come in, Titinius! [*Exit Lucius.*

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Welcome, good Messala.
Now sit we close about this taper here
And call in question our necessities.
Cas. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here receivéd letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,

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135. **fashion.** Pronounce here as three syllables. 137. **jigging,** riming.

155. **distract,** distracted. 156. **swallowed fire.** According to Plutarch, she "took hot, burning coals and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choked herself." 166. **call in question,** discuss.

Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one!
Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell;
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala;
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us;
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offense; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defense, and nimbleness.
Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection;
For they have grudged us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreshed, new-added, and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cas. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe;
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?
Cas. No more. Good night.
Early tomorrow will we rise, and hence.
Bru. Lucius! [*Enter Lucius*] My gown.
[*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell, good Messala.
Good-night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,
Good-night, and good repose.
Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night.
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.
Bru. Everything is well.
Cas. Good-night, my lord.

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185. **Nothing, Messala.** Perhaps the friends of Brutus had not written him directly; he may therefore be still hoping for better news. 195. **art,** theory. 197. **our work alive,** the work that we, who are still living, have to do. 198. **presently,** at once. 202. **offense,** harm.

204. **of force,** of necessity. 221. **Omitted,** neglected. 225. **ventures,** merchandise put on board vessels in hope of profit. 229. **niggard,** supply sparingly.

Bru. Good-night, good brother.
Tit. Mes. Good-night, Lord Brutus.
Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Luc. Here in the tent.
Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatched.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.
Bru. I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Varro and Claudius lie down.

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Luc. Aye, my lord, an't please you.
Bru. It does, my boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, sir.
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.
Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long; if I do live,
I will be good to thee.

[*Music, and a song.*

This is a sleepy tune. O murd'rous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turned down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the ghost of Caesar.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.
Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Bru. Why com'st thou?
Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. Aye, at Philippi.
Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

[*Exit Ghost.*

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest;
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake! Claudius!
Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.
Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake!
Luc. My lord?
Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?
Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes, that thou didst; didst thou see anything?
Luc. Nothing, my lord.

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242. **knave,** boy; used as a term of loving familiarity. **o'erwatched,** tired out with watching.

276. **How ill this taper burns!** It was a common belief that wicks burned low and blue in the presence of a ghost. 281. **stare,** bristle. 292. **false,** out of tune.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius! [*To Varro*] Fellow thou, awake!
Var. My lord?
Clau. My lord?
Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?
Bru. Aye; saw you anything?
Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord.
Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his power betimes before,
And we will follow.
Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

This "quarrel scene" is a very fine example of the clash between strong personalities—a kind of conflict common in drama. It was famous in its own day and has been admired ever since. Coleridge said, "I know of no part of Shakespeare that more impresses on me the belief of his genius being superhuman than this scene between Brutus and Cassius."

Questions and Topics

1. What is your feeling for Brutus on closing this scene? Why does Brutus censure Cassius? Does he treat Cassius as an equal or as an inferior in the opening of the quarrel? What is his opinion of Caesar now? Has his opinion changed? Is he at all envious of Cassius? How much had a sense of honor and how much a need for money to do with the quarrel? Could Brutus afford to accept money collected as Cassius had collected his? What reconciles the two friends? Why does Brutus drive the poet out, whereas Cassius laughs at him? Why does Brutus say so little of Portia?—from lack of feeling or from deep grief? Why do you think so? Do you consider the reasoning of Cassius or of Brutus the better with regard to the proposed advance to Philippi? What traits come out in the scene with Lucius? How many things are implied about Brutus's tastes and disposition by lines 251-254?

2. Would you have the ghost of Caesar appear on the stage? Or should it exist only in Brutus's mind? Why does Shakespeare introduce it here?

3. Why is Cassius angry with Brutus? Why does he become reconciled—because he is convinced he is wrong or because he loves Brutus too well? Where, earlier in the play, has he been swayed by personal feelings? On what earlier occasions have he and Brutus differed in opinion? Whose judgment has prevailed in each case? Whose judgment has proved sounder in each case? What difference of judgment arises in this scene? Who prevails?

4. In the quarrel, on which side do your sympathies lie? Would it make a good acting scene today? Why?

5. What ideals of friendship are expressed during the quarrel? How far do Brutus and Cassius live up to them? Could these ideals be lived up to today?

Class Reading or Acting. The quarrel of Brutus and Cassius (lines 1-123); Brutus on the night before Philippi (lines 240-309).

Act IV as a Whole

1. Continue the story as you have treated it for the three preceding acts. Do the summary sentences now tell a connected story? Do the titles harmonize with each other?

2. What new characters appear in this act? Why are they introduced?

3. Were you surprised that Brutus and Cassius quarreled? That is, had they treated each other in earlier scenes in such a way as to lead you to expect a quarrel? Does the quarrel throw any new light on their characters? Do you think more, or less, of them, for having quarreled?

4. Draw up a comparison between the imperial and the republican parties in trying to establish themselves. What methods do modern political parties (as Republicans and Democrats in the United States) employ to win against their opponents? Why have methods changed?

ACT FIFTH

Scene I. *The plains of Philippi.*

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered;
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so; their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,

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308. set on, cause to advance early.

3. **regions.** Pronounce here as three syllables. 4. **battles,** troops. 5. **warn,** summon to battle.

Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it; they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals;
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.
[*March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Cas. Stand fast, Titinius; we must out and talk.
Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Ant. No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.
Oct. Stir not until the signal.
Bru. Words before blows; is it so, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words;
Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,
Crying "Long live! hail, Caesar!"
Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
Ant. Not stingless too.
Bru. Oh, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hacked one another in the sides of Caesar;
You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like hounds,
And bowed like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;
Whilst damnéd Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!
Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself;
This tongue had not offended so today,
If Cassius might have ruled.
Oct. Come, come, the cause; if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged; or till another Caesar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.
Bru. Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
Bru. Oh, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable.
Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor,
Joined with a masker and a reveler!
Ant. Old Cassius still!
Oct. Come, Antony, away!

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7. **am in their bosoms,** know their intentions. 10. **fearful bravery,** bravery only in appearance. 14. **bloody sign,** the signal for beginning the battle was a scarlet coat. 18. **right hand,** considered more important than the left in battle. 19. **exigent,** critical moment.

34. **Hybla,** a town in Sicily noted for its honey. 52. **up,** into the sheath. 54-55. **another Caesar,** etc., till you, traitors, have also slaughtered me, another Caesar. Octavius had assumed the name Caius Julius Caesar Octavianus. 61. **peevish,** childish. Octavius was only twenty-one years old

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth;
If you dare fight today, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.*

Cas. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.
Lucil. [*Standing forth*] My lord?

[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*

Cas. Messala!
Mes. [*Standing forth*] What says my general?
Cas. Messala,
This is my birthday; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala;
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compelled to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong
And his opinion; now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perched,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
Who to Philippi here consorted us;
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
Mess. Believe not so.
Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.
Bru. Even so, Lucilius.
Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods today stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together;
What are you then determinéd to do?
Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life—arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.
Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?
Bru. No, Cassius, no; think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take;
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.
Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.
Bru. Why, then. lead on. Oh, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. The fourth act was taken up with preparation for the final conflict. The fifth gives the conflict and brings the play to a close.

2. In the autumn of B. C. 42, shortly after

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66. **stomachs**, courage. 72. **as.** The word is unnecessary here. 75. **As Pompey was.** Pompey was defeated by Caesar at the battle of Pharsalus, B. C. 48, because he was forced into action by the impatience of the men about him. 77-78. **held**, etc., believed in the doctrine of Epicurus, who taught that there was no meaning in signs and omens. 80. **former ensign**, foremost banner. 83. **consorted**, accompanied. 92. **constantly**, with firmness.

102. **Cato**, see note on II, i, 295. 103-106. **I know not . . . . life** is a parenthesis, meaning it is cowardly to anticipate the natural limit of life by committing suicide. 105. **prevent**, anticipate, cut short. 110. **Thorough**, through (old form).

the meeting at Sardis, Brutus and Cassius took their armies into Macedonia, in Europe, to the plains of Philippi. There they pitched camp on two hills, Brutus to the north of Cassius. When Antony and Octavius arrived Antony forced Cassius into a battle, during which he captured the southern hill and set fire to the camp. The forces of Brutus, without orders, attacked the camp of the enemy. When Brutus became aware of the burning of the southern camp, he sent out horsemen to find Cassius. But Cassius, not being able in the dust of battle to tell who the horsemen were, dispatched Titinius to find out. The horsemen of course received Titinius with open arms, but Cassius, thinking that the messenger had been captured, had his freedman kill him. When a second battle, twenty days later, went against Brutus, he committed suicide to keep from falling into the hands of Antony.

3. In telling this story for the theater, Shakespeare was greatly helped by the kind of stage on which the play was produced. As there was no scenery to speak of, the stage could easily represent different parts of the field in rapid succession. Since a few soldiers stood for a whole army, the two armies could enter, the chieftains could parley, and the armies could retire without loss of time. A rapid beating of drums would indicate that the battle was on in some part of the field. So scene would swiftly follow scene until Antony delivered his final speech. To catch the current of the story you should picture this hurry and continual movement.

4. Antony was at this time about forty, while Octavius was barely twenty-one. Yet as the adopted son and heir of Julius Caesar he carries all before him. Even Antony has to give way.

Questions and Topics

1. Does Brutus in the parley anywhere suggest reconciliation? Where does Antony charge the conspirators with murder? Where does Cassius remind Brutus of his warning against Antony?

2. Do you regard the parley between the leaders of the two armies as dignified? Is it witty? What part of the audience would it please most? Could such a scene occur in modern warfare?

3. What has been Cassius's attitude toward omens in earlier scenes? What is his attitude here? Is he inconsistent?

4. Why do Brutus and Cassius bid farewell so solemnly? How does their parting make you feel?

Class Reading or Acting. Misgivings before the battle (lines 67-126).

Scene II. *The same. The field of battle.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side.
[*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. Oh, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turned enemy;
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly farther off, my lord, fly farther off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord;
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,

Stage direction. **Alarum,** the call to arms. 1. **bills,** dispatches. 2. **other side,** the left wing, led by Cassius. Brutus wishes the two wings to attack at the same time.

Sc. iii. 4. **it,** the standard; ensign is used for both the standard and its bearer. 12. **This hill,** not the one he had fortified, but one nearer Philippi. 16. **yonder troops,** the troops with Messala which Brutus had sent with dispatches to Cassius in scene ii.

And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*
Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.

Pindarus ascends the hill.

This day I breathéd first; time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?
Pin. [*Above*] O my lord!
Cas. What news?
Pin. [*Above*] Titinius is enclproviding round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light. Oh, he lights too.
He's ta'en. [*Shout*] And, hark! they shout for joy.
Cas. Come down, behold no more.
Oh, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Pindarus descends.

Come hither, sirrah;
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer; here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is covered, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*
Caesar, thou art revenged
Even with the sword that killed thee. [*Dies.*
Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Titinius with Messala.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
Mes. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Mes. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, Messala.
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink tonight,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engendered thee!
Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?
Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

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19. **with a thought,** quick as thought. 25. **compass,** circular course. 38. **saving of thy life,** in saving thy life. 41. **be a freeman.** Cassius, about to die, frees his slave, according to the Roman custom.

51. **change,** exchange, a gain here balanced by a loss there. 65. **success,** good success. 67. **melancholy's child.** Cassius was of a melancholy disposition. 68. **apt,** receptive.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.
[*Exit Messala.*

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? And did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods—this is a Roman's part;
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Kills himself.*

Alarum. Re-enter Messala, with Brutus, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Bru. O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whether he have not crowned dead Cassius!
Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe moe tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body;
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on;
'Tis three o'clock; and Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight.
[*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Questions and Topics

1. Would Cassius have been defeated if the troops of Brutus had been present to support him? Why?

2. Where in preceding scenes has Cassius referred to suicide? What reason had he for committing suicide here? Was his mistake concerning Titinius natural? Give reasons. What is your final estimate of Cassius's character? Has your opinion changed since the beginning of the play?

3. What is your feeling when you see Cassius die "even with the sword that killed" Caesar? Why does Brutus exclaim, "O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!"? Do you think he was right?

4. How does the death of Cassius affect Brutus? Did it affect him more or less than the death of Portia?

Class Reading or Acting. The death of Cassius (lines 1-46).

Scene IV. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum. Enter fighting, soldiers of both armies; then Brutus, young Cato, Lucilius, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, oh, yet hold up your heads!
Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus! [*Exit.*
Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

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96. **proper,** merely emphasizes own. 101. **moe,** more.

2. **What bastard doth not,** who is so base-born as not to do so?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And mayst be honored, being Cato's son.
First Sol. Yield, or thou diest.
Lucil. Only I yield to die;
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight; [*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honored in his death.
First Sol. We must not. A noble prisoner!
Sec. Sol. Room, ho! Tell Antony Brutus is ta'en.
First Sol. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough;
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus;
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you
A prize no less in worth; keep this man safe;
Give him all kindness; I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How everything is chanced. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
Cli. Statilius showed the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en or slain.
Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus; slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [*Whispering.*
Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
Bru. Peace then! no words.
Cli. I'll rather kill myself.
Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispering.*
Dar. Shall I do such a deed?
Cli. O Dardanius!
Dar. O Clitus!
Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.
Vol. What says my lord?
Bru. Why, this, Volumnius;
The ghost of Caesar hath appeared to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields;
I know my hour is come.
Vol. Not so, my lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit; [*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.
Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord. [*Alarum still.*
Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history;

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2. **torch-light.** Statilius had promised to go into the camp of the enemy to see how many men were slain, and from there, if all was well, to lift up a torch-light. This he did, but was slain on his return.

Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labored to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within,* "Fly, fly, fly!"

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.
Bru. Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord;
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it;
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?
Stra. Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.
Bru. Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his sword*] Caesar, now be still;
I killed not thee with half so good a will.
[*Dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, and the army.

Oct. What man is that?
Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?
Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honor by his death.
Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.
Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Stra. Aye, if Messala will prefer me to you.
Oct. Do so, good Messala.
Mes. How died my master, Strato?
Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"
Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones tonight shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honorably.
So call the field to rest; and let's away
To part the glories of this happy day.
[*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. In scene iv, is Brutus a man of action or a contemplative man? Which has he been through most of the play? Is he in these two scenes a heroic or a pathetic figure?

2. Why does Brutus have to ask four of his companions-in-arms to hold his sword before he finds one to do it? Why do you suppose Brutus had never found anyone untrue to him? Why does he refer to Caesar when he dies?

3. How does his death differ from that of Cassius? Do you think Antony's comparison of him with the other conspirators just? Is his fate due to evil doing or mistaken judgment?

Class Reading or Acting. The death of Brutus (lines 1-51).

ACT V AS A WHOLE

1. Do you think that the play ends properly? Should Brutus and Cassius have been kept alive?

2. How many references are there to Caesar in this act? What impression do they make?

3. Summarize this act as you have done throughout the play.

GENERAL QUESTIONS ON THE PLAY AS A WHOLE

1. The story of the play should be arranged in steps leading to the conclusion. The theme of the play is the tragic attempt of the old republicanism of Rome represented by Brutus

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45. **good respect,** good reputation. 46. **smatch,** touch. 60. **entertain,** take them into my service. 62. **prefer,** hand over.

73-74. **the elements so mixed.** The common belief was that a man's disposition depended on the proportion of the elements; for which see note on II, i, 250. 81. **part,** divide, distribute.

to turn back the new imperialism established by Julius Caesar. What are the steps in this tragedy? Who conceives the conspiracy against Caesar? How is it formed? Why is Brutus brought into it? Why does he consent to join? What binds the conspirators together? What definite plan of accomplishing their object do they agree to? What obstacles do they overcome? What speech crowns the achievement of their object?

2. To whom does the cause of Caesar descend after his assassination? What deeds of Caesar are used to turn Rome against the conspirators? What events make clear to the conspirators the change in their fortunes? What does the meeting of the Triumvirs reveal concerning the party of Caesar? How is the discussion of the republican party revealed? Why are the republicans overthrown at Philippi? How are you made to feel the tragedy of the overthrow?

3. The essential feature of a drama is a conflict of human wills. There is running through the play a conflict between the party of Brutus and the party of Caesar. Trace this conflict. Where does the conflict begin? By what steps does the party of Brutus gain its ends? Where does it begin to fail? You will find it very interesting to determine the exact turning-point of the action. By what steps does the Brutus party decline? What brings about its final dissolution?

4. You will also find a conflict of wills in nearly every scene. How does the conflict bring out the characters of the persons taking part?

5. A play is also something to be watched on the stage. We speak oftener of seeing a play than of hearing it. Pick out scenes that you think would be very impressive, merely in pantomime; that is, without words. What two or three would be the most impressive of all? Why?

6. Shakespeare's plays dwell largely upon some of the profounder elements of life. Caesar represents what we should call imperialism. Brutus stands for a republican form of government. What human weaknesses are given to Caesar? How is his affectionate nature brought out? How often and under what circumstances does Caesar's ghost appear to Brutus? What words of Cassius and Brutus acknowledge the influence? Why is Caesar stronger after death than while alive?

7. Why was Caesar popular with the common people? Were Brutus and his party friendly to them or were they striving for power for the patrician class? What shows that Flavius and Marullus, the tribunes, were afraid of the support which the people were likely to give to Caesar? Where does Brutus express the same fear of popular support of Caesar? How do we know that Caesar wished to please the commons? Where does Antony show his reliance on the people? How does he win them to support Caesarism? In what sense did the people cause the failure of Brutus? Is your chief feeling about Brutus admiration for his character or condemnation of his deeds?

8. Brutus has been called a shallow idealist. Prove or disprove this statement by references to the play.

9. It has been said that Brutus represents the old generation in Rome, and that Antony, though only two years younger, represents the new generation. If this is true, what were the traits of each generation? What ideals did each have? What virtues or vices did each display? What did each think of the common people? What influence did each have with the people, and how was it exerted? How practical was each?

10. Cassius says:

> Men at some time are masters of their fates.

Show that the play does, or does not, bear out this statement.

11. Antony speaks of Caesar as

> the noblest man
> That ever livéd in the tide of times.

Prove or disprove this statement from the play itself.

Topics for Debate. The following topics should lead to interesting debates. In any debate great care should be used to settle upon the exact points to be proved and to bring in evidence for each argument by quotations from the play itself.

Resolved: That the play should have been named "Marcus Brutus."

Resolved: That Cassius was a better leader than Brutus.

Resolved: That political idealists like Brutus make poor governors.

Resolved: That Shakespeare's representation of Caesar is a caricature.

Resolved: That Brutus was justified in assassinating Caesar.

Familiar Quotations. Locate the following familiar quotations and tell when, where, and by whom they were spoken:

a. Oh, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
b. Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
c. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.
d. This was the most unkindest cut of all.
e. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

f. Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.
g. Though last, not least in love.
h. The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones.
i. Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more.
j. There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
k. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
l. This was the noblest Roman of them all.
m. A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.
n. Even so great men great losses should endure.
o. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
p. My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.

INTERESTING BOOKS FOR LIBRARY WORK

I. LIVES OF CAESAR

Abbott, Jacob: *History of Julius Caesar.* You will find this an interesting life, for it gives a very picturesque account of all the important events in Caesar's career.

Botsford, George Willis: *Julius Caesar.* This fills the number of *The Mentor* for March 1, 1918 (volume VI, number 2). It contains many handsome illustrations, several of them showing Rome in Caesar's day.

Julius Caesar. This article in the *New International Encyclopedia* is a very good brief account, giving all of the important facts in the life of the great Roman.

Yonge, Charlotte Mary: *A Book of Worthies Gathered from the Old Histories, and Now Written Anew.* The last "worthy" in the book is Julius Caesar. The account is not very flattering, but it will give you a good notion of life in Rome in Caesar's time and of the conditions he had to meet.

II. HISTORY

Farmer, Lydia Hoyt: *The Boys' Book of Famous Rulers.* A short, picturesque account of Caesar appears on pages 110-141.

MacGregor, Mary: *The Story of Rome from the Earliest Times to the Death of Augustus.* Julius Caesar is treated on pages 356-412.

Morris, Charles: *Historical Tales, the Romance of Reality: Roman.* Caesar occupies pages 204-226.

Plutarch: *Lives.* Of the many editions a very good one is in three volumes in Everyman's Library. In volume II are the very interesting lives of Pompey and Caesar. In volume III are lives of Cato the Younger, Cicero, Antony, Marcus Brutus. The last two are important for the light they throw on Caesar.

Wells, H. G.: *The Outline of History, Being a Plain History of Life and Mankind.* The whole movement which ended in Julius Caesar is described in chapter XXVIII, which appears in volume I, pp. 493-521. You will find in these pages many views quite new to you.

III. ROMAN LIFE

Johnston, Harold Whetstone: *The Private Life of the Romans.* If you wished to produce the play in costume, this book would give you many details of the Roman house and furniture, and of dress and personal ornaments.

IV. FICTION

Davis, William Stearns: *A Friend of Caesar. A Tale of the Fall of the Roman Republic. Time 50-47 B. C.* This interesting novel begins at the point where Pompey takes sides with the senate and ends soon after his death. It will make you acquainted with Pompey, Cato, Antony, and other famous men of the time. In reading it you will live through some of the most exciting days in the history of the world.

Masefield, John: *The Tragedy of Pompey the Great.* After reading Shakespeare, you ought to see how a modern writer treats the same period in history.

V. LIVES OF SHAKESPEARE

Mabie, Hamilton Wright: *William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man.* The many beautiful illustrations in this book give one a good idea of England and London in that day.

Neilson, William A., and Thorndike, Ashley H.: *The Facts about Shakespeare.* This small volume will give you all the facts that are actually known about Shakespeare, his plays, and the theater in which they were produced. It contains several good bibliographies that will be useful if you wish to study further.

Raleigh, Walter: *Shakespeare,* in the English Men of Letters Series. One of the best brief lives.

Rolfe, William J.: *Shakespeare, the Boy.* From this you will gain a very good notion of the conditions in which Shakespeare grew up.

PART III

MAN AND HIS FELLOWS

There is a destiny that makes us brothers;
None goes his way alone:
All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own.
—Edwin Markham.

THE VIGIL

From a painting by Pettie

MAN AND HIS FELLOWS

AN INTRODUCTION

I

At the end of the introduction to the section on *Legend and History*, page 211, it was pointed out that the selections in that part of the book illustrated some of the ways in which man as an individual has faced, nobly or ignobly, the facts of life. In the epic, for example, you are not conscious of the thoughts and feelings of the ordinary man, or even of his presence, save in the vague way that in battles there must have been masses of individuals who were fighting, not because of any will of their own, but at the command of some king or adventurer. The war before Troy lasted ten years; it was undertaken because the wife of a Greek king was carried off by a Trojan youth. The adventures of Ulysses among the Phæacians, and his story to them of his travels, were the adventures of a brave and fate-driven man. You know that he had companions, and you know the names of some of them, but they are little more than names, and nowhere do you get the idea of a society of men and women engaged in a common task or working out forms of government in which all might share. Aeneas was revered as the founder of the race whence sprang mighty Rome. The Romans, therefore, read the epic that told the story of his adventures, as the Greeks read the story of Troy and of the wanderings of Ulysses, because these stories were the stories of their national heroes. We read them today because of our interest in adventure, or because of the debt we owe to Greece and Rome, or because they were written by poets supremely gifted. But in all three of these great epics, the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, the *Aeneid*, the main interest is in the deeds of the heroes, however clearly we realize that into these poems there is also woven much that gives a picture of the ancient classical civilizations. If we consider our own old English epic, *Beowulf*, we find a similar situation. Beowulf went to the relief of King Hrothgar, whose warriors were being slain by a monster, and his last brave deed was the slaying of the dragon that was bringing death to his own subjects, but the real theme of the poet is the bravery of the hero, the spectacular deeds that brought him fame.

The same thing is true of the romances, whether we read the story of Arthur and the Round Table, or the romances of a modern writer like Sir Walter Scott. The heroes are men of high degree, who go out seeking renown. Often they win this renown through services rendered to others. They are men of high ideals who do great good in the world, but we feel, nevertheless, that it is the hero who counts for most and that the people whom he serves are altogether secondary in the story.

In a heroic drama like *Julius Caesar* the same thing is true. The main theme is found in the personal ambitions of Caesar, Brutus, and Antony. The mob, by which is meant the mass of common people, is treated with contempt. Shakespeare is not to be blamed for this. In his time few authors wrote about people of low rank. It is true that the reign of Elizabeth owes its greatness in large part to the fact that in her long and peaceful reign wealth increased and every subject, high or low, had better opportunities for decent living than England had known before. Of the "rights" of the people, however, or of the advantage of allowing them to have a share in their government, we hear nothing.

All this may be summed up by saying that in most of the imaginative literature, ancient and modern, up to and including Shakespeare's time, the common man had small place and the idea of democratic government no place at all. Of course, there are exceptions. Chaucer wrote intimately and with full understanding about very ordinary people as well as about knights and squires, and in his own time, the fourteenth century, one of the greatest of English poems, *Piers Plowman*, dealt with some of the wrongs and the needs and aspirations of common folk. It is true, also, that the folk ballads dealt with peasants as well as with persons of rank, and that Robin Hood was a sort of champion of all who were oppressed by unjust laws. Still, these exceptions serve only to bring out in clearer relief the fact that the immense mass of epic, heroic poem or romance, and drama constituted a literature of lords and knights and ladies and of their deeds, and that the ideals set forth were those of the man who seeks personal distinction through the spectacular deed.

It was natural that this should be so for two reasons:

In the first place, literature, until quite recently, was written by educated men for people of high position who had both leisure and the necessary training to appreciate it. In ruder times, and always among ruder people, it is true, the minstrel or ballad maker found a hearing, and, as we have seen, ballads were made by men and women who had no book-learning, and were handed down, orally, from generation to generation. But literature as a fine art, carefully composed and written down to be read, whether in manuscript before the invention of printing in the fifteenth century, or printed by Caxton or some other early printer, found little or no circulation outside what used to be called the upper classes. It was courtly literature. Naturally, its subjects and its heroes were related to courtly life. If peasants appeared in it, they were merely the mob. They could not read. Literature required a reading public. It reflected, therefore, only that public.

The second reason is what may be called political. Until quite recently—to be exact, until well along in the eighteenth century, the common man was not felt to have any special importance. He had small share in government. Even in a nation relatively free, such as England, in which the king had become distinctly subject to the Parliament, the people, in the sense in which we understand the term, were not represented in government. The American Revolution, the French Revolution, and the series of English Reform Bills beginning in 1832, were required in order to gain for the average man a real share in government. Until the life of common men, therefore, gained importance, their common life found only casual representation in literature. And until masses of men found their power, insisted on free government and free opportunity, one finds the individual hero and his exploits, the life of the man superior by birth and social position, the favorite theme of the greatest literature. Aeneas, wandering with a few companions through the seas from Troy to Carthage and then to Italy, founded Rome. But Walt Whitman, an American poet, writes of the pioneers, masses of them, not led by an Aeneas, but seeking ampler life by their own exertions, and guaranteed by free government the secure possession of what they achieved.

II

Literature, then, is of interest and value only to people who have attained sufficient worldly security and culture to enjoy it and who possess the mental training and leisure that go with such enjoyment. It has always been so. When, for example, France in the twelfth century had built up a civilization of high rank, courtly poets wrote for a courtly society the romances of Arthur and his knights. These were translated into English, or were read, in manuscripts, in the original French. One of the first English printed works was Malory's fine version of the Arthurian romances, printed by William Caxton near the end of the fifteenth century. Similarly, when England at the end of the sixteenth century attained a feeling of national security and prosperity it had not previously known, the immediate result was a long line of dramas by Shakespeare and others, a national epic like Spenser's *Faërie Queene*, and a host of romances, lyrics, and novels such as appealed to the cultivated society of that time.

Near the end of the eighteenth century a new force appeared. Poets began to see in the lives of common people romance and mystery. Gray, in his "Elegy," wrote of "the short and simple annals of the poor." He saw, too, that many a man who might have gained fame was prevented from realizing his ability solely because of lack of opportunity. Another poet, George Crabbe, complained about the false way in which poets who lived near the court had described country life, with a patronizing praise of simplicity and rustic health and the advantages of the simple life that was not borne out by the facts. He set himself, he says, "to paint the cot (rustic home) as truth would have it and as bards will not." And greater than these in his representation of the tragedy or the simple dignity or the comedy of the peasant's life was Robert Burns, a Scottish plowboy, who wrote of the Cotter and his family and proclaimed that "the rank is but the guinea's stamp," that the honest man, no matter how poor, is king of men.

What Gray dimly felt, what Crabbe longed to see, what Burns poured forth with fiery eloquence, was in process of becoming reality. At last the great masses of the people were becoming awake to their rights and their possibilities. From this awakening America achieved independence, France cast off her outworn system, and England began the process of extending the right of participation in government to every man. And from this awakening a whole new literature was born.

III

Lowell's poem, *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, is an excellent example of the change in ideals. Its theme is the search for the Grail, a favorite theme in Arthurian romance since the twelfth century. Sir Launfal starts out, like the knights in the old romances, to win glory. But he learns that the Grail is not to be found through the performance of the deed which dazzles the world, but through sharing his scanty food with a beggar. He found himself when he forgot himself. Hawthorne, in "The Ambitious Guest," handles the theme in a different way. He writes of a man who sought fame, one who could not bear to be forgotten in the grave. But the avalanche overwhelmed him, and his ambition was never realized.

In the poetry of Burns you approach the theme from still another angle. In the old days lords and ladies were the subjects of poetry; here, a simple Scottish peasant, his family, and his home life form the theme. There is poetry in the homecoming of the children on Saturday night. There is a healthfulness about them and the lives they lead that the courtier may lack. Again, in the old days Nature was ignored altogether, or was merely the background of the story, or was described daintily and in ornamental aspects. But Robert Burns writes a poem about a mouse, and does it so well that his poem will never be forgotten. You have also read some of the poems he wrote about the equality of men. "Liberty, equality, fraternity," the watchwords of the French Revolution, and the "rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" of our own Declaration of Independence—these are the themes of the poems by the Scottish peasant. Poetry was reflecting the awakening that was bringing democracy to men.

Now the significance of this group of stories and poems, which are representative of dozens of others that might be included, is that they show how certain democratic ideals came to play a part in literature and that they define these ideals. They show that the happiness and prosperity of nations depend not upon a few chosen individuals, but upon all men, even the humblest. They show that every man ought to be given the opportunity to make the most of himself. They show that besides the service rendered by the individual hero, there is the service in which all men coöperate for the good of all.

In order to give even more concrete reality to these ideals, you will read, in the last half of Part IV, something more about the meaning of democracy. The point of approach here is not the political. Universal suffrage, laws made by representatives of all the people, government officials elected by the people and responsible only to them, the whole political machinery of democracy—these are only means to an end. You will get a new and interesting idea of the meaning of America if you look at it through the immigrant's eyes. You will find two or three little pictures from the past history of America that will reinforce this conception. You will also get a little deeper knowledge of some of the men who have been knights and epic heroes of our nation, men such as Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt.

Thus the selections that have been chosen to illustrate this great theme of *Man and His Fellows* are intimately related to each other. Through poem and story and speech, you see how this theme is at the basis of our democracy. It all means that a man may attain the fullest development of all his powers, through sympathy, service, coöperation with his fellows. It is not that the old knightly ideal was a wrong one. To seek personal distinction is no unworthy aim. But it is incomplete. America means opportunity for the ambitious man to develop to the fullest extent his powers. America also means that this self-development involves coöperation with others.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

PRELUDE TO PART FIRST

Over his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay.
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint, auroral flushes sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy
Doth Heaven with all its splendors lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what earth gives us:
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us.
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking.
'Tis Heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.
And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay.
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it;
We are happy now because God wills it.
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green.
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing

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9. **around our infancy**, an allusion to Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality." 12. **Sinais**, the direct object of climb.

That skies are clear and grass is growing.
The breeze comes whispering in our ear
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving.
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue—
'Tis the natural way of living.
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow?

PART FIRST

I

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For tomorrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail.
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep.
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim;
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

II

The crows flapped over by twos and threes;
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees;
The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year;
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees.
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray;
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be
Save to lord or lady of high degree.
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied;
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though around it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight.
Green and broad was every tent,
And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

III

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
Had cast them forth; so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

IV

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
And morning in the young knight's heart;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
And gloomed by itself apart;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

V

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came.
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

VI

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

PRELUDE TO PART SECOND

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hilltop bleak
It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek.
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipped
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond-drops,
That crystaled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one.
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter;
The cheeks of Christmas grow red and jolly;
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly.
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.

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168. **all-sustaining Beauty**, the spirit of God.

But the wind without was eager and sharp;
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings,
Singing, in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"

The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,
Through the window-slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

Part Second

I

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

II

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail.
Little he recked of his earldom's loss;
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross;
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

III

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbéd air,
For it was just at the Christmas time.
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago;
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leaped in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.

IV

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms"—
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees naught save the gruesome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

V

And Sir Launfal said, "I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree.
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns;
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns;
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side.
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to Thee!"

VI

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink;
'Twas a moldy crust of coarse, brown bread,

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256. **sign**, the sign of the cross.

279. **desolate**, because lepers were outcasts.

'Twas water out of a wooden bowl—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

VII

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

VIII

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
That mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for Me but now;
This crust is My body broken for thee;
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

IX

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound;
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor up on the wall;
Let it be the spider's banquet hall.
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

X

The castle gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough.
No longer scowl the turrets tall;
The summer's long siege at last is o'er.
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
She entered with him in disguise,
And mastered the fortress by surprise.
There is no spot she loves so well on ground;
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round.
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

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301. red wine, an allusion to the miracle of Cana, where Christ turned water into wine (*John*, ii).
307. Beautiful Gate, an allusion to "the gate of the temple which is called Beautiful" (*Acts*, iii, 2), and also to Christ's saying, "I am the door" (*John*, x, 7).

322. Holy Supper, the Last Supper of Christ and His disciples, as preserved in the communion service of Christian churches.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

EXPLANATORY NOTES

1. *The Vision of Sir Launfal* was written in 1848, when Lowell was twenty-nine years of age. In the same year he wrote the *Biglow Papers*, a collection of poems on national questions written in the New England dialect, and abounding in humor and sharp-pointed satire. The two works are very different in nature; they represent the two sides of Lowell's genius: on the one hand a serious, somewhat moralizing idealism, and on the other a pungent humor that accompanied a rare critical faculty. While he wrote many other poems in the course of his long life, none are so widely known as these. Their very differences give a clue to the many-sidedness of their author's genius. He loved the old ballads, the old romances, old plays. He was one of the most famous of American ambassadors, serving in England and in Spain. He wrote many essays about English literature, and is recognized as one of the greatest of critics. His prose works include also some charming personal essays, on such subjects as "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners," "A Good Word for Winter," and the like. He also wrote many political papers on the meaning of American democracy. Thus Lowell figures

as a lover of romance and the literature of the past, and as a man who was also interested in his own time, in its politics and problems. He was a man of fine culture who was able to relate this culture to everyday life.

2. Sir Launfal was not one of the knights of the Round Table, though there is a romance in which a knight of this name is the hero. The story of this romance, however, is not like that of Lowell's poem, the plot of which is original. Lowell's theme is that of many of the old Arthurian romances, the search for the Holy Grail, and in order to understand the poem you should know something about these romances.

Arthur was a great leader, or chieftain, of Britain who lived in the fifth or sixth century. Little is known about his life; he was supposed to have carried on a great war against Rome, and legends also gave him supernatural or fairy powers. Early chronicles tell of his deeds, but they mix fact, or what may be fact, with the fairy elements to such an extent that the truth is hard to determine. The romances tell of his founding of the Round Table, an order of knighthood whose members were pledged to right wrong, succor the oppressed, and follow the king. The chief knights of the Round Table were Gawain, Launcelot, Kay, Perceval, and Galahad.

Many of the stories about the knights of the Round Table relate to the quest, or search, for the Grail. The nature of this object is as mysterious as everything else encountered in the legend of Arthur. In some old tales it is a marvelous jewel; in others it is a dish that had the property of supplying those who possessed it with all manner of food. At some point in the history of the legend there came in a story to the effect that Joseph of Arimathea, fleeing to Britain after the Crucifixion, bore with him the cup used by the Savior at the Last Supper. One day this cup, or Grail, appeared at Arthur's court, borne by mysterious attendants, and then vanished. All the knights vowed to give the remainder of their lives, if need be, to finding it again. There are many stories about the adventures of Gawain, Launcelot, Perceval, and others, as they searched for the Grail. It was in the possession of a mysterious Fisher King, and kept at the Grail Castle, but this castle could be found only by a knight who was blameless in conduct and pure in heart.

3. This story supplies the chief inspiration for Lowell's poem, but he makes several very interesting changes in it. The original story developed, in a succession of romances from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, into an allegory of the Christian life. In place of the earlier quest for the Grail merely to win personal distinction, the story came to represent the idea that the vision of Divine Beauty can be attained only by one who is pure in heart. Galahad, as the representative of this phase of the growth of the legend, is marked by his withdrawal from active life, his devotion to meditation and prayer. So purified, he attains sight of the sacred relic. But Lowell humanizes the story. His Sir Launfal at first is very like Sir Gawain or Sir Launcelot, a seeker for worldly glory. He tosses an alms to the beggar because that is the proper thing to do; in reality he recoils from the human wretchedness that the beggar typifies. He is filled with self-satisfaction. He feels that the Grail is to be found not at home but at the end of wonderful adventures in distant lands. But he returns, after a life spent in vain searching, to find his castle occupied by another, his money gone, himself a broken old man. Just at this point he meets once more the beggar, but since his heart is filled with love, he recognizes in the poor man a brother, a man like himself, and he shares with him his crust of bread. At once the place is filled with glory. The gift of the crust and the drink of cold water becomes a sacrament. The rude wooden bowl becomes the Grail.

Thus the old, old story gains new meaning. Lowell achieves this by a marvelous mingling of the modern spirit of the brotherhood of man with the finest elements in medieval religious faith. It is almost like one of the old saints' legends, like the legend of Saint Christopher, for example, who was faithful to a humble task and found that he was in the presence of the Christ. It expresses anew the religious awe that was associated with the medieval story of Galahad, the pure in heart. The old story associated the vision of the Grail with the Sacrament of the Last Supper; the new version retains this, retains also the spirit of charity that the saints' legends loved to dwell upon; but it presents the story in such a way as to express some of the deepest instincts of our modern life. Education, prison reform, social welfare movements, the recognition of the brotherhood of man—all these expressions of the modern spirit are in Lowell's poem. It has in it the sense of brotherhood of all living creatures that we find in Burns's poems, that we find in Coleridge's story of the Ancient Mariner. It is a growth straight from one of the deep roots of modern democracy. In it we have a poem distinguished not only for its beauty but also for its translation of the idealism of old romance, old religious faith, into an expression of some of the finest idealism of our modern life.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Into what parts is this poem divided? Give briefly the contents of Part First. Of Part Second. What is the theme of the Prelude to Part First? Of the second Prelude? How are these Preludes related to the Parts with which they belong?

2. Judging from this preliminary survey, is the poem chiefly narrative? Does it have as much story as the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner"? How many incidents are told? What kinds of incidents might have been included, but are omitted? Is it, then, Lowell's chief purpose to tell a story, or to do something else?

3. Look now at the introductory stanza with some care. Is the organist playing some selection that he knows? Why does he let his fingers wander "as they list"? What does *lay* usually mean? What do you think it means here? What does *theme* mean? What is the purpose of this stanza? Read it over several times, until its melody and rhythm are fully realized.

4. Wordsworth once wrote that Heaven lies about us in our infancy, but that as we grow older the magic and fairy mystery of life depart and fade into the life of common day. What do you think this means? Does Lowell agree that it is necessarily true? Who climbed Mount Sinai? What befell him there? What, then, does Lowell mean by saying that we climb Sinai daily without knowing it? Note the aspects of Nature mentioned in lines 13-20: skies, winds, the wood, the sea. The druids were priests of an ancient religion of Nature. The oak and the mistletoe were sacred to them. Why are the woods called druid? Sum up the meaning of these lines (13-20).

5. The lines next following (21-32) seem unrelated to each other, like a collection of proverbs, but by a little study you can see the relation and summarize the passage in a sentence or two.

6. You should commit to memory the lines describing June (33-56). At first thought they may seem unrelated to the story. Keep in mind the first stanza, telling about the organist, his lay, and the way in which he tries various themes until he finds one—

> First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
> Along the wavering vista of his dream.

These "faint auroral flushes" are present in this little poem about June, and the true theme bursts upon the poet-musician in lines 80-95.

7. Read carefully lines 96-108. What impression do you get as to the character of Sir Launfal from what he says about his armor? In the old romances a "maiden knight," that is, one just admitted to the order of knighthood, was supposed to watch or keep vigil by his arms all night before setting forth on his quest. What lines does this fact explain here? What vow had Sir Launfal made? Do you get the impression of humility, or pride, as characteristic of the knight?

8. In lines 109-127 what confirmation of your last observation about Launfal's character do you find? Point out details that contrast the joy of Nature with the cold and forbidding castle.

9. Read carefully lines 128-139 and note the words that give you an impression of *sound*. What sounds are suggested? Why? What words suggest how Launfal looked in his armor? Note, as you leave the passage, that he was going into far distant countries. Has this idea been expressed before? What is its significance?

10. In lines 140-158 make note of the means by which the splendor of the knight is contrasted with the misery of the beggar. What effect had the sight of the beggar on Sir Launfal? What words are chosen by the poet to make clear this effect? If there was "morning in the young knight's heart," why should he have felt as he did when he saw the beggar?

11. The last fourteen lines of Part First are put in quotation marks. Does the beggar speak them to Sir Launfal, or do they represent what he thought as he looked at the piece of gold? Do they, in a way, represent the poet's comment? What is meant by

> That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
> Which runs through all and doth all unite?

Is there any relation between this idea and what the poet has said, in the Prelude and in Part First, about the beauty of Nature? But how can "Beauty" have any relation to the beggar?

12. Read aloud lines 174-178, Prelude to Part Second. What vowel sound is prominent? What effect has it? What effect is gained by calling the snow five thousand summers old?

13. The Prelude to Part Second contrasts the cold of winter with the warmth and glow of the June weather described earlier in the poem. Yet beauty is the characteristic here. A critic has said that there is a contrast between the Christmas glee inside the castle and the wintry desolation without, yet the elfin palace of the brook is not desolate. Is this a fault? You may be helped to find an answer if you think back to the lines about the "all-sustaining Beauty." Point out the details by which the beauty of the ice-palace is brought out. There is happiness within the castle, but is it any less selfish than the kind of life implied in the description of the castle in Part First? What

additional contrast is introduced in the closing lines of the second Prelude?

14. What is the final impression of winter that the poet wishes to leave with you in the opening lines of Part Second? Point out the words that make clear this picture.

15. In line 250 what impression do you get from "his own hard gate"? Did he mind the loss of his castle? Why? What is the significance of line 255? Contrast Launfal's appearance now with what it was when he set out on his quest. Why did he call up the vision of a sunnier clime (261)? Note the details in this picture: the caravan, the hot desert, the oasis with its spring of cool water. How does the poet indicate the shock that Launfal felt when he heard the beggar's words and looked at him? What difference do you see between this surprise and that of the earlier time?

16. Note the details by which the poet gives you an idea of the glory that burst upon the knight. Did he realize how the water and the crust were transformed?

17. Did lines 328-333 surprise you? Where has Sir Launfal been all this time? With what line, near the beginning of Part First, should these lines be connected? You see now the meaning of the title of the poem.

18. Apply Lowell's definition of charity to deeds of charity with which you are familiar, such as the founding of hospitals and homes for the aged and friendless, Thanksgiving donations, etc. Discuss everyday opportunities for giving, such as Lowell defines.

THE AMBITIOUS GUEST

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

One September night a family had gathered round their hearth and piled it high with the driftwood of mountain streams, the dry cones of the pine, and the splintered ruins of great trees that had come crashing down the precipice. Up the chimney roared the fire, and brightened the room with its broad blaze. The faces of the father and mother had a sober gladness; the children laughed. The eldest daughter was the image of Happiness at seventeen, and the aged grandmother, who sat knitting in the warmest place, was the image of Happiness grown old. They had found the "herb heart's-ease" in the bleakest spot of all New England. This family were situated in the Notch of the White Hills, where the wind was sharp throughout the year and pitilessly cold in the winter, giving their cottage all its fresh inclemency before it descended on the valley of the Saco. They dwelt in a cold spot and a dangerous one, for a mountain towered above their heads so steep that the stones would often rumble down its sides and startle them at midnight.

The daughter had just uttered some simple jest that filled them all with mirth, when the wind came through the Notch and seemed to pause before their cottage, rattling the door with a sound of wailing and lamentation before it passed into the valley. For a moment it saddened them, though there was nothing unusual in the tones. But the family were glad again when they perceived that the latch was lifted by some traveler, whose footsteps had been unheard amid the dreary blast which heralded his approach, and wailed as he was entering, and went moaning away from the door.

Though they dwelt in such a solitude, these people held daily converse with the world. The romantic pass of the Notch is a great artery through which the lifeblood of internal commerce is continually throbbing be-

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19. **Notch**, the name commonly given to deep, close passes in certain mountains of the United States. Crawford Notch was the scene of the incident that suggested this story.

tween Maine on one side and the Green Mountains and the shores of the St. Lawrence on the other. The stage-coach always drew up before the door of the cottage. The wayfarer with no companion but his staff paused here to exchange a word, that the sense of loneliness might not utterly overcome him ere he could pass through the cleft of the mountain or reach the first house in the valley. And here the teamster on his way to Portland market would put up for the night, and, if a bachelor, might sit an hour beyond the usual bedtime and steal a kiss from the mountain maid at parting. It was one of those primitive taverns where the traveler pays only for food and lodging, but meets with a homely kindness beyond all price. When the footsteps were heard, therefore, between the outer door and the inner one, the whole family rose up, grandmother, children, and all, as if about to welcome someone who belonged to them, and whose fate was linked with theirs.

The door was opened by a young man. His face at first wore the melancholy expression, almost despondency, of one who travels a wild and bleak road at nightfall and alone, but soon brightened up when he saw the kindly warmth of his reception. He felt his heart spring forward to meet them all, from the old woman who wiped the chair with her apron to the little child that held out its arms to him. One glance and smile placed the stranger on a footing of innocent familiarity with the eldest daughter.

"Ah! this fire is the right thing," cried he, "especially when there is such a pleasant circle round it. I am quite benumbed, for the Notch is just like the pipe of a great pair of bellows; it has blown a terrible blast in my face all the way from Bartlett."

"Then you are going toward Vermont?" said the master of the house as he helped to take a light knapsack off the young man's shoulders.

"Yes, to Burlington, and far enough beyond," replied he. "I meant to have been at Ethan Crawford's tonight, but a pedestrian lingers along such a road as this. It is no matter; for when I saw this good fire and all your cheerful faces, I felt as if you had kindled it on purpose for me and were waiting my arrival. So I shall sit down among you and make myself at home."

The frank-hearted stranger had just drawn his chair to the fire when something like a heavy footstep was heard without, rushing down the steep side of the mountain as with long and rapid strides, and taking such a leap in passing the cottage as to strike the opposite precipice. The family held their breath, because they knew the sound, and their guest held his by instinct.

"The old mountain has thrown a stone at us for fear we should forget him," said the landlord, recovering himself. "He sometimes nods his head and threatens to come down, but we are old neighbors, and agree together pretty well upon the whole. Besides, we have a sure place of refuge hard by if he should be coming in good earnest."

Let us now suppose the stranger to have finished his supper of bear's meat, and by his natural felicity of manner to have placed himself on a footing of kindness with the whole family; so that they talked as freely together as if he belonged to their mountain brood. He was of a proud yet gentle spirit, haughty and reserved among the rich and great, but ever ready to stoop his head to the lowly cottage door and be like a brother or a son at the poor man's fireside. In the household of the Notch he found warmth and simplicity of feeling, the pervading intelligence of New England, and a poetry of native growth, which they had gathered when they little thought of it from the mountain-peaks and chasms, and at the very threshold of their romantic and dangerous abode. He had traveled far and alone; his whole life, indeed, had been a solitary path, for, with the lofty caution of his nature, he had kept himself apart from those who might otherwise have been his companions. The family, too, though so kind and hospitable, had that consciousness of unity among themselves and separation from the world at large which in every domestic circle should still keep a holy place where no stranger may intrude. But this evening a prophetic sympathy impelled the refined and educated youth to pour out his heart before the simple mountaineers, and constrained them to answer him with the same free confidence. And thus it should have been. Is not the kindred of a common fate a closer tie than that of birth?

The secret of the young man's character was a high and abstracted ambition. He could have borne to live an undistinguished life, but not to be forgotten in the grave. Yearning desire had been transformed to hope, and hope, long cherished, had become like certainty that, obscurely as he journeyed now, a glory was to beam on all his pathway, though not, perhaps, while he was treading it. But when posterity should gaze back into the gloom of what was now the present, they would trace the brightness of his footsteps, brightening as meaner glories faded, and confess that a gifted one had passed from his cradle to his tomb with none to recognize him.

"As yet," cried the stranger, his cheek glowing and his eye flashing with enthusiasm—"as yet I have done nothing. Were I to vanish from the earth tomorrow, none would know so much of me as you—that a nameless youth came up at nightfall from the valley of the Saco, and opened his heart to you in the evening, and passed through the Notch by sunrise, and was seen no more. Not a soul would ask, 'Who was he? Whither did the wanderer go?' But I cannot die till I have achieved my destiny. Then let Death come; I shall have built my monument."

There was a continual flow of natural emotion gushing forth amid abstracted reverie, which enabled the family to understand this young man's sentiments, though so foreign from their own. With quick sensibility of the ludicrous, he blushed at the ardor into which he had been betrayed.

"You laugh at me," said he, taking the eldest daughter's hand and laughing himself. "You think my ambition as nonsensical as if I were to freeze myself to death on the top of Mount Washington only that people might spy at me from the country roundabout. And truly that would be a noble pedestal for a man's statue."

"It is better to sit here by this fire," answered the girl, blushing, "and be comfortable and contented, though nobody thinks about us."

"I suppose," said her father, after a fit of musing, "there is something natural in what the young man says; and if my mind had been turned that way, I might have felt just the same. It is strange, wife, how his talk has set my head running on things that are pretty certain never to come to pass."

"Perhaps they may," observed the wife. "Is the man thinking what he will do when he is a widower?"

"No, no!" cried he, repelling the idea with reproachful kindness. "When I think of your death, Esther, I think of mine, too. But I was wishing we had a good farm in Bartlett or Bethlehem or Littleton, or some other township round the White Mountains, but not where they could tumble on our heads. I should want to stand well with my neighbors and be called 'squire' and sent to General Court for a term or two; for a plain, honest man may do as much good there as a lawyer. And when I should be grown quite an old man, and you an old woman, so as not to be long apart, I might die happy enough in my bed, and leave you all crying around me. A slate gravestone would suit me as well as a marble one, with just my name and age, and a verse of a hymn, and something to let people know that I lived an honest man and died a Christian."

"There, now!" exclaimed the stranger; "it is our nature to desire a monument, be it slate or marble, or a pillar of granite, or a glorious memory in the universal heart of man."

"We're in a strange way tonight," said the wife, with tears in her eyes. "They say it's a sign of something when folks' minds go a-wandering so. Hark to the children!"

They listened accordingly. The younger children had been put to bed in another room, but with an open door between; so that they could be heard talking busily among themselves. One and all seemed to have caught the infection from the fireside circle, and were outvying each other in wild wishes and childish projects of what they would do when they came to be men and women. At length a little boy, instead of addressing his brothers and sisters, called out to his mother:

"I'll tell you what I wish, mother," cried he: "I want you and father and grandma'm, and all of us, and the stranger, too, to start right away and go and take a drink out of the basin of the Flume."

Nobody could help laughing at the child's notion of leaving a warm bed and dragging them from a cheerful fire to visit the basin of the Flume—a brook which tumbles over the precipice deep within the Notch.

The boy had hardly spoken when a wagon rattled along the road and stopped a moment before the door. It appeared to contain two or three men who were cheering their hearts with the rough chorus of a song which resounded in broken notes between the cliffs, while the singers hesitated whether to continue their journey or put up here for the night.

"Father," said the girl, "they are calling you by name."

But the good man doubted whether they had really called him, and was unwilling to show himself too solicitous of gain by inviting people to patronize his house. He therefore did not hurry to the door, and, the lash being soon applied, the travelers plunged into the Notch, still singing and laughing, though their music and mirth came back drearily from the heart of the mountain.

"There, mother!" cried the boy again; "they'd have given us a ride to the Flume."

Again they laughed at the child's pertinacious fancy for a night ramble. But it happened that a light cloud passed over the daughter's spirit; she looked gravely into the fire and drew a breath that was almost a sigh. It forced its way, in spite of a little struggle to repress it. Then, starting and blushing, she looked quickly around the circle, as if they had caught a glimpse into her bosom. The stranger asked what she had been thinking of. "Nothing," answered she, with a downcast smile; "only I felt lonesome just then."

"Oh, I have always had a gift of feeling what is in other people's hearts," said he, half seriously. "Shall I tell the secrets of yours? For I know what to think when a young girl shivers by a warm hearth and complains of lonesomeness at her mother's side. Shall I put these feelings into words?"

"They would not be a girl's feelings any longer if they could be put into words," replied the mountain nymph, laughing, but avoiding his eye.

All this was said apart. Perhaps a germ of love was springing in their hearts so pure that it might blossom in Paradise, since it could not be matured on earth; for women worship such gentle dignity as his, and the proud, contemplative, yet kindly, soul is oftenest captivated by simplicity like hers. But while they spoke softly, and he was watching the happy sadness, the lightsome shadows, the shy yearnings of a maiden's nature, the wind through the Notch took a deeper and drearier sound. It seemed, as the fanciful stranger said, like the choral strain of the spirits of the blast, who in old Indian times had their dwelling among these mountains and made their heights and recesses a sacred region. There was a wail along the road as if a funeral were passing. To chase away the gloom, the family threw pine-branches on their fire till the dry leaves crackled and the flame arose, discovering once again a scene of peace and humble happiness. The light hovered about them fondly and caressed them all. There were the little faces of the children peeping from their bed apart, and here the father's frame of strength, the mother's subdued and careful mien, the high-browed youth, the budding girl, and the good old grandam still knitting in the warmest place.

The aged woman looked up from her task, and with fingers ever busy was the next to speak.

"Old folks have their notions," said she, "as well as young ones. You've been wishing and planning and letting your heads run on one thing and another till you've set my mind a-wandering too. Now, what should an old woman wish for when she can go but a step or two before she comes to her grave? Children, it will haunt me night and day till I tell you."

"What is it, mother?" cried the husband and wife, at once.

Then the old woman, with an air of mystery which drew the circle closer round the fire, informed them that she had provided her grave-clothes some years before—a nice linen shroud, a cap with a muslin ruff, and everything of a finer sort than she had worn since her wedding day. But this evening an old superstition had strangely recurred to her. It used to be said in her younger days that if anything were amiss with a corpse—if only the ruff were not smooth or the cap did not sit right—the corpse, in the coffin and beneath the clods, would strive to put up its cold hands and arrange it. The bare thought made her nervous.

"Don't talk so, grandmother," said the girl, shuddering.

"Now," continued the old woman with singular earnestness, yet smiling strangely at her own folly, "I want one of you, my children, when your mother is dressed and in the coffin, I want one of you to hold a looking-glass over my face. Who knows but I may take a glimpse at myself, and see whether all's right."

"Old and young, we dream of graves and monuments," murmured the stranger youth. "I wonder how mariners feel when the ship is sinking and they, unknown and undistinguished, are to be buried together in the ocean, that wide and nameless sepulcher?"

For a moment the old woman's ghastly conception so engrossed the minds of her hearers that a sound abroad in the night, rising like the roar of a blast, had grown broad, deep, and terrible before the fated group were conscious of it. The house and all within it trembled; the foundations of the earth seemed to be shaken, as if this awful sound were the peal of the last trump. Young and old exchanged one wild glance and remained an instant pale, affrighted, without utterance or power to move. Then the same shriek burst simultaneously from all their lips:

"The slide! The slide!"

The simplest words must intimate, but not portray, the unutterable horror of the catastrophe. The victims rushed from their cottage, and sought refuge in what they deemed a safer spot, where, in contemplation of such an emergency, a sort of barrier had been reared. Alas! they had quitted their security and fled right into the pathway of destruction. Down came the whole side of the mountain in a cataract of ruin. Just before it reached the house the stream broke into two branches, shivered not a window there, but overwhelmed the whole vicinity, blocked up the road, and annihilated everything in its dreadful course. Long ere the thunder of that great slide had ceased to roar among the mountains the mortal agony had been endured and the victims were at peace. Their bodies were never found.

The next morning the light smoke was seen stealing from the cottage chimney up the mountain-side. Within, the fire was yet smoldering on the hearth, and the chairs in a circle round it, as if the inhabitants had but gone forth to view the devastation of the slide, and would shortly return to thank Heaven for their miraculous escape. All had left separate tokens by which those who had known the family were made to shed a tear for each. Who has not heard their name? The story has been told far and wide, and will forever be a legend of these mountains. Poets have sung their fate.

There were circumstances which led some to suppose that a stranger had been received into the cottage on this awful night, and had shared the catastrophe of all its inmates; others denied that there were sufficient grounds for such a conjecture. Woe for the high-souled youth with his dream of earthly immortality! His name and person utterly unknown, his history, his way of life, his plans, a mystery never to be solved, his death and his existence equally a doubt—whose was the agony of that death moment?

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. This story is taken from *Twice-Told Tales*, a volume which appeared in its first form in 1837. After Hawthorne's graduation from Bowdoin College in 1825 he had lived for twelve years in Salem, Massachusetts, writing constantly, destroying much of his work, publishing little. A few tales appeared in newspapers and magazines, but they attracted little attention. *Twice-Told Tales* was therefore Hawthorne's first important publication. He was thirty-four years old, and had served a long apprenticeship to the art of writing. More than ten years were yet to pass before the appearance of his romance, *The Scarlet Letter*, with which, as he says, "Fame was won."

2. *Twice-Told Tales*, as the title indicates, is a collection of legends and stories, not origi-

nal in plot, but retold in such a way as to give them a permanent place in our literature. Some of them are stories of New England history. Others are Indian legends, or legends of colonial times. Still others, more original in plot, are little descriptive sketches of life as Hawthorne saw it. A vein of mystery runs through many of them; often beneath the story there is a second story, or allegory, such as we find in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress.* Thus Hawthorne says, "I myself have followed the quest of the Great Carbuncle"; and he speaks of himself as sitting by the wayside of life, like "a man under enchantment." This sentence gives an excellent clue to Hawthorne's method. He sat by the wayside, looking at the men and women and children who passed by, but he looked upon them not as individuals, about whom he might write as O. Henry wrote about the busy broker, but as types of the human race, people who were struggling for happiness or fame or for some high ideal.

3. It is in this way that "The Ambitious Guest" is to be read. It is based on an event that actually happened. In 1821 a family named Willey, living in Crawford's Notch in Carroll County, N. H., was destroyed in a great slide, or avalanche. The story was told in a crude sketch by a man who was building a barn about six miles from the scene, who rescued his own family just before his house and the partially completed barn were swept away. Later this man, with others, found the ruins of the Willey house and brought out the bodies of the people who had been buried in the slide. Among them was "a young man about twenty years old, named David Nickerson, whom the Willeys had brought up."

Thus Hawthorne's story is a "twice-told tale." It is based on fact, yet the author's purpose is not to retell the story in better literary form than in the crude sketch written by a man who had escaped. The figures are purely imaginary, not portraits of the members of the Willey family. They are not even given names. The grandmother, the farmer, the young girl, the stranger, the children—all are portraits drawn in vague and general terms, not minutely. The central figure, of course, is the young stranger. His life had been solitary, cut off from his kind, like Hawthorne's own life in those twelve long years at Salem. The secret of his character, the author tells us, was "high and abstracted ambition. He could have borne to live an undistinguished life, but not to be forgotten in the grave." This is the clue to Hawthorne's purpose in writing the story. It is a tragedy of unrealized ambition. The gifted youth who had set his heart on winning fame was cut off, his very name unknown.

4. This theme links the story with the poem by Lowell which you have just read and with the poem by Burns that follows. Sir Launfal also sought personal distinction, and set out over land and sea to find it. The vision of service that came to him changed his plans; the Grail was found at home. Hawthorne makes no comment on the ambition of the young stranger in the mountain farmhouse; but the quest of the youth for fame was as vain as Sir Launfal's idea that the Grail was to be found through marvelous adventures in distant lands. In "The Cotter's Saturday Night," the portrait of the peasant family may be compared with Hawthorne's description of the inmates of this mountain house.

Questions and Topics

1. Find in the story the details that enable you to picture to yourself the mountain home. How does Hawthorne suggest that the family had contact with the outside world? Were they really a part of the life of this world? Was their life a lonely one?

2. What was the great ambition that the young stranger had? How did it affect him? Had he accomplished anything? Did he care for money or for fame in his lifetime? Why does the author call it "a high and abstracted ambition"?

3. What effect had the story of his ideals upon the farmer? Upon the children? Upon the grandmother? Upon the young girl?

4. Find the sentences and phrases that prepare us for the tragedy, such as "a heavy footstep," "a sure place of refuge," etc. What is the significance of the child's desire to go that night to the Flume? Of the passing of the wagon? Of the frequent mention of the wind?

5. What is the climax of the story? What adds to the horror of it?

6. The great slide caused the death of all; is there anything else in the story to sadden those who read it? What greater tragedy leads Hawthorne to conclude his story with the question, "Whose was the agony of that death moment?"

THE BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS, AYR

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

ROBERT BURNS

My loved, my honored, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise;
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene,
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.
His wee-bit ingle, blinkin bonilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant, prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile.
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin

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1. **friend**, Robert Aiken, a lawyer of Ayr, who had helped Burns to local fame as a poet by reciting his verses. 10. **sugh**, sough, a rushing sound. 12. **frae the pleugh**, from the plow. 13. **craws**, crows.

21. **stacher**, stagger. 22. **flichterin**, fluttering. 26. **kiaugh**, anxiety. 28. **Belyve**, soon. 30. **ca'**, drive. **tentie rin**, heedful run.

A cannie errand to a neebor town.
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps to show a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers;
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's command
The younkers a' are warnèd to obey;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play;
"And oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
And mind your duty, duly, morn and night;
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might—
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben,
A strappin youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave,
Weel-pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've pacèd much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
"If Heaven a draft of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child;
Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food;
The sowpe their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood;

33. **e'e**, eye. 35. **sair-won**, hard-earned. 38. **spiers**, asks. 40. **uncos**, strange things. 44. **Gars auld claes**, makes old clothes. 48. **eydent**, diligent. 49. **jauk**, trifle. 62. **hafflins**, partly, half-way.

64. **ben**, into the parlor. 69. **blate and laithfu'**, shy and bashful. 72. **lave**, others. 92. **halesome parritch**, wholesome porridge. 93. **sowpe**, milk. **hawkie**, cow. 94. **'yont the hallan**, beyond the partition.

The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck, fell;
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise,
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild, warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
Or noble "Elgin" beets the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays.
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head;
How His first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heav'n's command.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days,
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The Pow'r, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,

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96. **weel-hained kebbuck, fell,** well-saved, strong cheese. 99. **towmond,** twelvemonth. **sin' lint was i' the bell,** since flax was in flower. 103. **ha' Bible,** hall Bible, family Bible. 105. **lyart haffets,** gray locks. 113. **beets,** fans. 120, 121. **Moses . . . Amalek,** see *Exodus*, xvii, 8-16. 122. **royal bard,** King David. 124. **Job's pathetic plaint,** *Job*, xxx.

133. **he, who lone, etc.,** St. John, author of *Revelation*.

That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God";
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed thro' Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never Scotia's realm desert,
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

182. **Wallace**, the Scottish patriot, Sir William Wallace (1274-1305).

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. This poem was written in 1785. Burns was then twenty-six years old, and was living on a farm at Mossgiel, Scotland. He had written a few poems, mainly love lyrics, Nature poems, songs, and satires, and these had been circulated in manuscript among his friends, so that he had some reputation as a poet. The Mossgiel farm he had taken with his two brothers after the death of his father in 1784, and the poem reflects not only the love he had for his father (whose character is well portrayed in the Cotter) but also his own training as a farmer. At thirteen he had threshed corn; at fifteen he was the chief laborer on his father's farm; and in later years he remarked, "I was bred to the plow and am independent."

2. You will find a brief biography of Burns in the "Biographical Index of Authors," beginning on page 571; a few additional points may be added here to help you to see the poem in relation to the life of its author. The first of these has to do with his reading. He had little schooling. An old woman named Betty Davison told him legends of Scottish history and superstition, and aroused in him a love for old ballads and songs that led him, in after years, to tramp about the country making collections, very much as Walter Scott did at a later time. His first book, outside of school texts, was a life of Hannibal. His father also owned or borrowed a life of Wallace (Burns later wrote a stirring song about the "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled"); a philosophical essay by John Locke; and a "geographical grammar." A little later some collections of eighteenth century letters came into Robert's hands, and he gained from these and from the *Spectator*, a collection of essays by Addison, a desire to learn to write. He read Pope's translation of Homer, and collections of Scottish songs and ballads by Ramsay and Fergusson. Burns, therefore, was not a man of great learning. A few books influenced him profoundly; the rest of his inspiration came from Nature and the simple life of the Scottish peasant.

3. While Burns lived for a time in Edinburgh and was later connected with the customs, the greater part of his life was passed on the farms at Mossgiel and Ellisland. In 1786 he planned to go to Jamaica, and his first volume of poems was published to raise the money for the trip. The success of his volume encouraged him to write more poetry, most of which belonged to the kinds of lyrics with which he had begun. He wrote about small animals or the animals of the farm, and about homely flowers, all very simply, finding subjects for poetry in

the lowliest things. He also wrote stirring songs of liberty, reflecting his deep-rooted Scottish patriotism, his sympathy with the struggle of the American colonies for independence, his sympathy for the French Revolution. "Scots Wha Hae wi' Wallace Bled" and "For A' That" illustrate his love of liberty and democracy. The "Lines to a Mouse" and "To a Daisy" show his love for humble aspects of Nature. He also wrote some of the most charming love songs in our literature. "The Cotter's Saturday Night" shows the dignity of labor and of the peasant's life. All these poems reflect the new movement in English poetry spoken of in the Introduction to Part III of this book, pages 443, 444.

Questions and Topics

1. The quotation from Gray is from the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" already referred to (Introduction, page 443) as an example of the new spirit of sympathy with humble life that began to appear in England from about 1750. In the "Elegy" Gray remarks that, given the opportunity, many men who lived and died in obscurity might have become famous. What principle of democracy is apparent in this observation?

2. Burns's statement in the first stanza that he was not mercenary refers to the old custom of dedicating poems to noble or wealthy persons who were expected to give money to the poet who so honored them. Robert Aiken was one of the best friends of Burns, who helped him when he was in difficulties and encouraged him to write poetry. Burns never tried to make money from his poetry; his statement about scorning each selfish end is literally true.

3. Discover a difference in the language of the first and second stanzas. Account for this difference. Is the language of the first stanza simple or bookish? Find other words for *bard, meed, lowly train, sequestered scene, ween.* Why do you think Burns used such words as these? Which stanzas, later in the poem, are written in the same literary language? Which in Scottish dialect? Account for the changes.

4. How many lines has each stanza? Which line has more accents, or stresses, than the others? Which lines rime? This stanza is called "Spenserian" because it was first used by Edmund Spenser, a great poet, contemporary with Shakespeare, who wrote a long poem called *The Faerie Queene.*

5. "Cotter" means "cottager," one who dwells in a cottage as a tenant of a farm belonging to some landed proprietor. What details make up the picture of evening given in the second stanza? When had Burns seen these things? Is anything mentioned here which could not have been seen by any laborer on the farm? What is the difference between what Burns saw in looking at simple, common things and what his companions saw?

6. What details make up the picture in the third stanza? What shows that the cotter is a kind father? What effect does his welcome home have on him? Point out the details in this stanza and in the fifth that prove the industry, thrift, and happiness of the cotter and his family.

7. Is the family a large one? How do the older children help with the expenses? What little story is told about one of them? Gilbert Burns, brother of the poet, said, "Although the Cotter is an exact copy of my father in his manners, his family devotions, and exhortations, yet the other parts of the description do not apply to our family. None of us ever were 'At service out, amang the farmers roun.' Instead of our depositing our 'sair-won pennyfee' with our parents, my father labored hard and lived with the most rigid economy that he might be able to keep his children at home." With this in mind, point out the details in the poem that give a true picture of the poet's boyhood home.

8. Point out the humor in the eighth stanza. How can you account for the late hour at which supper was served? Of what did the supper consist? Was any extra treat served by the mother?

9. Look up the references to Moses and Amalek, and Job's pathetic plaint. What is meant by the Christian volume? Who was banished to Patmos and there saw wondrous visions?

10. Study the last three stanzas so that you can sum up Burns's ideas on the sources of a nation's greatness. Does it depend on wealth and on the nobility? Explain "Princes and lords are but the breath of kings." Do you remember a song by Burns in which he expresses a similar idea? The next line, printed in quotation marks is from a poem by Alexander Pope, a poet of the early eighteenth century, whom Burns much admired. Why does the poet fear "luxury's contagion"? What lines show his patriotism? His love of liberty? Why does he name the patriot bard along with the patriot as a defender of liberty?

TO A MOUSE

Robert Burns

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need no start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request;
I'll get a blessing wi' the lave,
An' never miss't!

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel coulter passed
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turned out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain;
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee;
But och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

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4. **bickering brattle**, hurrying scamper. 5. **laith**, loath. 6. **pattle**, plow-staff. 15. **daimen icker in a thrave**, occasional ear of grain in twenty-four sheaves. 20. **silly wa's**, frail walls. 21. **big**, build. 31. **stibble**, stubble. 34. **But**, without. **hald**, holdings, possessions. 35. **dribble**, drizzle. 36. **cranreuch**, hoar-frost. 37. **no thy lane**, not alone.

40. **Gang aft agley**, go often amiss.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. The poem was written in November, 1785. To what circumstances in the life of Burns does it refer?

2. In the second stanza, Burns speaks, half seriously and half jestingly, of the way in which man's ambition and cruelty destroy the "social union" that should bind together all God's creatures. On this compare what you learned in "The Ancient Mariner."

3. How does Burns make clear his sympathy with the mouse? What words seem to you especially well-chosen to bring out this sympathy? Is there a touch of humor? Is there anything serious back of this humor?

4. The best comment on this poem and others that Burns wrote on similar subjects is a passage by Thomas Carlyle: "To every poet, to every writer, we might say: 'Be true, if you would be believed. Let a man but speak forth with genuine earnestness the thought, the emotion, the actual condition of his own heart, and other men, so strangely are we all knit together by the tie of sympathy, must and will give heed to him.' "

CREE QUEERY AND MYSY DROLLY

James M. Barrie

The children used to fling stones at Grinder Queery because he loved his mother. I never heard the Grinder's real name. He and his mother were Queery and Drolly, contemptuously so called, and they answered to these names. I remember Cree best as a battered old weaver, who bent forward as he walked, with his arms hanging limp as if ready to grasp the shafts of the barrow behind which it was his life to totter up hill and down hill, a rope of yarn suspended round his shaking neck and fastened to the shafts, assisting him to bear the yoke and slowly strangling him. By and by there came a time when the barrow and the weaver seemed both palsy-stricken, and Cree, gasping for breath, would stop in the middle of a brae, unable to push his load over a stone. Then he laid himself down behind it to prevent the barrow's slipping back. On those occasions only the barefooted boys who jeered at the panting weaver could put new strength into his shriveled arms. They did it by telling him that he and Mysy would have to go to the "poorshouse" after all, at which the gray old man would wince, as if "joukin" from a blow, and, shuddering, rise and, with a desperate effort, gain the top of the incline. Small blame perhaps attached to Cree if, as he neared his grave, he grew a little dottle. His loads of yarn frequently took him past the workhouse, and his eyelids quivered as he drew near. Boys used to gather round the gate in anticipation of his coming, and made a feint of driving him inside. Cree, when he observed them, sat down on his barrow-shafts terrified to approach, and I see them now pointing to the workhouse till he left his barrow on the road and hobbled away, his legs cracking as he ran.

It is strange to know that there was once a time when Cree was young and straight, a callant who wore a flower in his buttonhole and tried to be a hero for a maiden's sake.

Before Cree settled down as a weaver, he was knife and scissors grinder for three counties, and Mysy, his mother, accompanied him wherever he went. Mysy trudged alongside him till her eyes grew dim and her limbs failed her, and then Cree was told that she must be sent to the pauper's home. After that a pitiable and beautiful sight was to be seen. Grinder Queery, already a feeble man, would wheel his grindstone along the long highroad, leaving Mysy behind. He took the stone on a few hundred yards, and then, hiding it by the roadside in a ditch or behind a paling, returned for his mother. Her he led—sometimes he almost carried her—to the place where the grindstone lay, and thus by double journeys kept her with him. Everyone said that Mysy's death would be a merciful release—everyone but Cree.

Cree had been a grinder from his youth, having learned the trade from his father, but he gave it up when Mysy became almost blind. For a time he had to leave her in Thrums with Dan'l Wilkie's wife, and find employment himself in Tilliedrum. Mysy got me to write several letters for her to Cree, and she cried while telling me what to say. I never heard either of them use a term of endearment to the other, but all Mysy could tell me to put in writing was: "Oh, my son Cree; oh, my beloved son; oh, I have no one but you; oh, thou God, watch over my Cree!" On one of these occasions Mysy put into my hands a paper, which she said would perhaps help me to write the letter. It had been drawn up by Cree many years before when he and his mother had been compelled to part for a time, and I saw from it that he had been trying to teach Mysy to write. The paper consisted of phrases such as, "Dear son Cree," "Loving mother," "I am takin' my food weel," "Yesterday," "Blankets," "The peats is near done," "Mr. Dishart," "Come home, Cree." The grinder had left this paper with his mother, and she had written letters to him from it.

When Dan'l Wilkie objected to

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20. **joukin**, dodging. 25. **dottle**, crazy.

keeping a cranky old body like Mysy in his house, Cree came back to Thrums and took a single room with a hand-loom in it. The flooring was only lumpy earth, with sacks spread over it to protect Mysy's feet. The room contained two dilapidated old coffin-beds, a dresser, a high-backed armchair, several three-legged stools, and two tables, of which one could be packed away beneath the other. In one corner stood the wheel at which Cree had to fill his own pirns. There was a plate-rack on one wall, and near the chimney-piece hung the wag-at-the-wall clock, the timepiece that was commonest in Thrums at that time, and that got this name because its exposed pendulum swung along the wall. The two windows in the room faced each other on opposite walls, and were so small that even a child might have stuck in trying to crawl through them. They opened on hinges, like a door. In the wall of the dark passage leading from the outer door into the room was a recess where a pan and pitcher of water always stood wedded, as it were; and a little hole, known as the "bole," in the wall opposite the fireplace contained Cree's library. It consisted of Baxter's *Saints' Rest*, Harvey's *Meditations*, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, a work on folklore, and several Bibles. The saut-backet, or salt-bucket, stood at the end of the fender, which was half of an old cart-wheel. Here Cree worked, whistling "Ower the Watter for Charlie," to make Mysy think that he was as gay as a mavis. Mysy grew querulous in her old age, and up to the end she thought of poor, done Cree as a handsome gallant. Only by weaving far on into the night could Cree earn as much as six shillings a week. He began at six o'clock in the morning, and worked until midnight by the light of his cruizey. The cruizey was all the lamp Thrums had in those days, though it is only to be seen in use now in a few old-world houses in the glens. It is an ungainly thing in iron, the size of a man's palm, and shaped not unlike the palm when contracted and deepened to hold a liquid. Whale-oil, lying open in the mold, was used, and the wick was a rash with the green skin peeled off. These rashes were sold by herd-boys at a halfpenny the bundle, but Cree gathered his own wicks. The rashes skin readily when you know how to do it. The iron mold was placed inside another of the same shape, but slightly larger, for in time the oil dripped through the iron, and the whole was then hung by a cleek or hook close to the person using it. Even with three wicks it gave but a stime of light, and never allowed the weaver to see more than the half of his loom at a time. Sometimes Cree used threads for wicks. He was too dull a man to have many visitors, but Mr. Dishart called occasionally and reproved him for telling his mother lies. The lies Cree told Mysy were that he was sharing the meals he won for her, and that he wore the overcoat which he had exchanged years before for a blanket to keep her warm.

There was a terrible want of spirit about Grinder Queery. Boys used to climb on to his stone roof with clods of damp earth in their hands, which they dropped down the chimney. Mysy was bedridden by this time, and the smoke threatened to choke her; so Cree, instead of chasing his persecutors, bargained with them. He gave them flyhooks which he had busked himself, and when he had nothing left to give he tried to flatter them into dealing gently with Mysy by talking to them as men. One night

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58. **rash**, a rush, a marsh plant having a hollow stem.
70. **stime**, glimmer.

it went through the town that Mysy now lay in bed all day listening for her summons to depart. According to her ideas this would come in the form of a tapping at the window, and their intention was to forestall the spirit. Dite Gow's boy, who is now a grown man, was hoisted up to one of the little windows, and he has always thought of Mysy since as he saw her then for the last time. She lay sleeping, so far as he could see, and Cree sat by the fireside looking at her.

Everyone knew that there was seldom a fire in that house unless Mysy was cold. Cree seemed to think that the fire was getting low. In the little closet, which, with the kitchen, made up his house, was a corner shut off from the rest of the room by a few boards, and behind this he kept his peats. There was a similar receptacle for potatoes in the kitchen. Cree wanted to get another peat for the fire without disturbing Mysy. First he took off his boots, and made for the peats on tiptoe. His shadow was cast on the bed, however, so he next got down on his knees and crawled softly into the closet. With the peat in his hands he returned in the same way, glancing every moment at the bed where Mysy lay. Though Tammy Gow's face was pressed against a broken window, he did not hear Cree putting that peat on the fire. Some say that Mysy heard, but pretended not to do so for her son's sake; that she realized the deception he played on her and had not the heart to undeceive him. But it would be too sad to believe that. The boys left Cree alone that night.

The old weaver lived on alone in that solitary house after Mysy left him, and by and by the story went abroad that he was saving money. At first no one believed this except the man who told it, but there seemed after all to be something in it. You had only to hit Cree's trousers pocket to hear the money chinking, for he was afraid to let it out of his clutch. Those who sat on dikes with him when his day's labor was over said that the weaver kept his hand all the time in his pocket, and that they saw his lips move as he counted his hoard by letting it slip through his fingers. So there were boys who called "Miser Queery" after him instead of Grinder, and asked him whether he was saving up to keep himself from the workhouse.

But we had all done Cree wrong. It came out on his deathbed what he had been storing up his money for. Grinder, according to the doctor, died of getting a good meal from a friend of his earlier days after being accustomed to starve on potatoes and a very little oatmeal indeed. The day before he died this friend sent him half a sovereign, and when Grinder saw it he sat up excitedly in his bed and pulled his corduroys from beneath his pillow. The woman who, out of kindness, attended him in his last illness, looked on curiously while Cree added the sixpences and coppers in his pocket to the half-sovereign. After all they only made some two pounds, but a look of peace came into Cree's eyes as he told the woman to take it all to a shop in the town. Nearly twelve years previously Jamie Lownie had lent him two pounds, and though the money was never asked for, it preyed on Cree's mind that he was in debt. He paid off all he owed, and so Cree's life was not, I think, a failure.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Why were Cree and his mother given the names "Queery" and "Drolly"? Do you think that to Barrie they were only queer and droll? What did he see in them that the boys who tormented them failed to see? By what were

the boys judging? On what did Barrie base his judgment?

2. In Poe's "The Gold Bug," the important incident is the deciphering of the cryptogram by which the treasure was found—all the rest of the story leads up to that, making the reader understand why it occurred; in Barrie's story the incidents are so related that each adds something to the reader's understanding of Cree's character; tell how each incident helps to put Cree before you.

3. Such a story as this is called a character sketch; what impression of Cree Queery does the story give you? Quote passages that show Cree's pride and courage, revealed in his fight against bodily weakness and in his efforts to support his mother and himself; quote lines that show his patience; that illustrate his devotion to his mother; that show his honesty; that show his unselfishness.

4. Does Barrie's character sketch make Cree Queery seem a real person to you, one who will take a place in your memory almost as if you had known him? Does the author *tell* you that Cree was kind or patient or self-denying, or does he present the incidents in such a way that you learn these things without being told? Point out examples. Relate an incident that illustrates some characteristic of someone you know, or of whom you have read or heard, and then ask some member of the class to tell what characteristic is brought out.

5. How are we helped in understanding Cree by knowing his surroundings, by seeing the house in which he worked? Barrie pictures the interior of Cree's humble cottage so that the reader may see it clearly; show how he adds interest to his description and avoids making it a mere catalogue of the articles in the room. Point out parts of this description to illustrate. In what other story in this book is skill shown in picturing a home?

6. What other authors do you know who have ability in making their characters seem real? What characters have they made real to you? Do you think a character created by the story-teller can exert an influence such as a living person might exert? Illustrate. Give your opinion as to Barrie's purpose in writing "Cree Queery and Mysy Drolly."

Theme Topics. 1. An incident that illustrates, but does not name, a characteristic of someone. 2. A description of a room or a place which has or might have an important part in someone's life. 3. A character sketch made up of selected incidents from some book with which you are familiar. 4. A character sketch of someone you know well.

OPPORTUNITY

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears—but this
Blunt thing—!" he snapped and flung it from his hand
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

RICHARD DOUBLEDICK

CHARLES DICKENS

In the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, a relative of mine came limping down, on foot, to this town of Chatham. I call it this town because if anybody present knows to a nicety where Rochester ends and Chatham begins, it is more than I do. He was a poor traveler, with not a farthing in his pocket. He sat by the fire in this very room, and he slept one night in a bed that will be occupied tonight by someone here.

My relative came down to Chatham to enlist in a cavalry regiment, if a cavalry regiment would have him; if not, to take King George's shilling from any corporal or sergeant who would put a bunch of ribbons in his hat. His object was to get shot; but he thought he might as well ride to death as be at the trouble of walking.

My relative's Christian name was Richard, but he was better known as Dick. He dropped his own surname on the road down, and took up that of Doubledick. He was passed as Richard Doubledick; age, twenty-two; height, five foot ten; native place, Exmouth, which he had never been near in his life. There was no cavalry in Chatham when he limped over the bridge here with half a shoe to his dusty feet, so he enlisted into a regiment of the line and was glad to get drunk and forget all about it.

You are to know that this relative of mine had gone wrong and run wild. His heart was in the right place, but it was sealed up. He had been betrothed to a good and beautiful girl, whom he had loved better than she—or perhaps even he—believed; but in an evil hour he had given her cause to say to him solemnly, "Richard, I will never marry another man. I will live single for your sake, but Mary Marshall's lips"—her name was Mary Marshall—"never address another word to you on earth. Go, Richard! Heaven forgive you!" This finished him. This brought him down to Chatham. This made him Private Richard Doubledick, with a determination to be shot.

There was not a more dissipated and reckless soldier in Chatham barracks, in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine than Private Richard Doubledick. He associated with the dregs of every regiment; he was as seldom sober as he could be, and was constantly under punishment. It became clear to the whole barracks that Private Richard Doubledick would very soon be flogged.

Now the captain of Richard Doubledick's company was a young gentleman not above five years his senior, whose eyes had an expression in them which affected Private Richard Doubledick in a very remarkable way. They were bright, handsome dark eyes—what are called laughing eyes generally and, when serious, rather steady than severe—but they were the only eyes now left in his narrowed world that Private Richard Doubledick could not stand. Unabashed by evil report and punishment, defiant of everything else and everybody else, he had but to know that those eyes looked at him for a moment, and he felt ashamed. He could not so much as salute Captain Taunton in the street like any other officer. He was reproached and confused—troubled by the mere possibility of the Captain's looking at him. In his worst moments he would rather turn back, and go any distance out of his way, than encounter those two handsome, dark, bright eyes.

One day, when Private Richard Doubledick came out of the Black hole, where he had been passing the last eight-and-forty hours, and in which retreat he spent a good deal of his time, he was ordered to betake himself to Captain Taunton's quarters. In the stale and squalid state of a man just out of the Black hole he had less fancy than ever for being seen by the captain; but he was not so mad yet as to disobey orders, and consequently went up to the terrace overlooking the parade-ground, where the officers' quarters were; twisting and breaking in his hands, as he went along, a bit of the straw that had formed the decorative furniture of the Black hole.

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1. **take King George's shilling**, a would-be soldier accepted a shilling from the recruiting officer as a symbol of enlistment. 19. **regiment of the line**, regular infantry.

"Come in!" cried the Captain, when he knocked with his knuckles at the door. Private Richard Doubledick pulled off his cap, took a stride forward, and felt very conscious that he stood in the light of the dark, bright eyes.

There was a silent pause. Private Richard Doubledick had put the straw in his mouth, and was gradually doubling it up into his windpipe and choking himself.

"Doubledick," said the Captain, "do you know where you are going to?"

"To the devil, sir?" faltered Doubledick.

"Yes," returned the Captain. "And very fast."

Private Richard Doubledick turned the straw of the Black hole in his mouth, and made a miserable salute of acquiescence.

"Doubledick," said the Captain, "since I entered his Majesty's service, a boy of seventeen, I have been pained to see many men of promise going that road; but I have never been so pained to see a man determined to make the shameful journey as I have been, ever since you joined the regiment, to see you."

Private Richard Doubledick began to find a film stealing over the floor at which he looked; also to find the legs of the Captain's breakfast-table turning crooked, as if he saw them through water.

"I am only a common soldier, sir," said he. "It signifies very little what such a poor brute comes to."

"You are a man," returned the Captain, with grave indignation, "of education and superior advantages; and if you say that, meaning what you say, you have sunk lower than I had believed. How low that must be, I leave you to consider, knowing what I know of your disgrace, and seeing what I see."

"I hope to get shot soon, sir," said Private Richard Doubledick; "and then the regiment and the world together will be rid of me."

The legs of the table were becoming very crooked. Doubledick, looking up to steady his vision, met the eyes that had so strong an influence over him. He put his hand before his own eyes, and the breast of his disgrace jacket swelled as if it would fly asunder.

"I would rather," said the young Captain, "see this in you, Doubledick, than I would see five thousand guineas counted out upon this table for a gift to my good mother. Have you a mother?"

"I am thankful to say she is dead, sir."

"If your praises," returned the Captain, "were sounded from mouth to mouth through the whole regiment, through the whole army, through the whole country, you would wish she had lived to say, with pride and joy, 'He is my son!'"

"Spare me, sir," said Doubledick. "She would never have heard any good of me. She would never have had any pride and joy in owning herself my mother. Love and compassion she might have had, and would have always had, I know; but not—spare me, sir! I am a broken wretch, quite at your mercy!" And he turned his face to the wall, and stretched out his imploring hand.

"My friend—" began the Captain.

"God bless you, sir!" sobbed Private Richard Doubledick.

"You are at the crisis of your fate. Hold your course unchanged a little longer, and you know what must happen. *I* know even better than you can imagine, that, after that has happened, you are lost. No man who could shed those tears could bear those marks."

"I fully believe it, sir," in a low,

shivering voice, said Private Richard Doubledick.

"But a man in any station can do his duty," said the young Captain, "and, in doing it, can earn his own respect, even if his case should be so very unfortunate and so very rare that he can earn no other man's. A common soldier, poor brute though you called him just now, has this advantage in the stormy times we live in, that he always does his duty before a host of sympathizing witnesses. Do you doubt that he may so do it as to be extolled through a whole regiment, through a whole army, through a whole country? Turn while you may yet retrieve the past, and try."

"I will! I ask for only one witness, sir," cried Richard, with a bursting heart.

"I understand you. I will be a watchful and a faithful one."

I have heard from Private Richard Doubledick's own lips that he dropped down upon his knee, kissed that officer's hand, arose, and went out of the light of the dark, bright eyes, an altered man.

In that year, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, the French were in Egypt, in Italy, in Germany—where not? Napoleon Bonaparte had likewise begun to stir against us in India, and most men could read the signs of the great troubles that were coming on. In that very next year, when we formed an alliance with Austria against him, Captain Taunton's regiment was on service in India. And there was not a finer non-commissioned officer in it—no, nor in the whole line—than Corporal Richard Doubledick.

In eighteen hundred and one the Indian army were on the coast of Egypt. Next year was the year of the proclamation of the short peace, and they were recalled. It had then become well known to thousands of men that wherever Captain Taunton, with the dark, bright eyes, led, there, close to him, ever at his side, firm as a rock, true as the sun, and brave as Mars, would be certain to be found, while life beat in their hearts, that famous soldier, Sergeant Richard Doubledick.

Eighteen hundred and five, besides being the great year of Trafalgar, was a year of hard fighting in India. That year saw such wonders done by a Sergeant-Major, who cut his way single-handed through a solid mass of men, recovered the colors of his regiment, which had been seized from the hand of a poor boy shot through the heart, and rescued his wounded Captain, who was down, and in a very jungle of horses' hoofs and sabers—saw such wonders done, I say, by this brave Sergeant-Major, that he was specially made the bearer of the colors he had won; and Ensign Richard Doubledick had risen from the ranks.

Sorely cut up in every battle, but always reënforced by the bravest of men—for the fame of following the old colors, shot through and through, which Ensign Richard Doubledick had saved, inspired all breasts—this regiment fought its way through the Peninsular War, up to the investment of Badajos in eighteen hundred and twelve. Again and again it had been cheered through the British ranks until the tears had sprung into men's eyes at the mere hearing of the mighty British voice, so exultant in their valor; and there was not a drummer-boy but knew the legend that wherever the two friends, Major Taunton, with the dark, bright eyes, and Ensign Richard Doubledick, who was devoted to him, were seen to go, there the

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60. **Trafalgar**, a famous naval victory of the British over the French and Spanish, at which Nelson was killed.

83. **Peninsular War**, carried on against Napoleon in Spain and Portugal.

boldest spirits in the English army became wild to follow.

One day, at Badajos—not in the great storming, but in repelling a hot sally of the besieged upon our men at work in the trenches, who had given way—the two officers found themselves hurrying forward, face to face, against a party of French infantry, who made a stand. There was an officer at their head, encouraging his men, a courageous, handsome, gallant officer of five-and-thirty, whom Doubledick saw hurriedly, almost momentarily, but saw well. He particularly noticed this officer waving his sword, and rallying his men with an eager and excited cry, when they fired in obedience to his gesture, and Major Taunton dropped.

It was over in ten minutes more, and Doubledick returned to the spot where he had laid the best friend man ever had on a coat spread upon the wet clay. Major Taunton's uniform was opened at the breast, and on his shirt were three little spots of blood.

"Dear Doubledick," said he, "I am dying."

"For the love of Heaven, no!" exclaimed the other, kneeling down beside him, and passing his arm round his neck to raise his head. "Taunton! My preserver, my guardian angel, my witness! Dearest, truest, kindest of human beings! Taunton! For God's sake!"

The bright, dark eyes—so very, very dark now, in the pale face—smiled upon him; and the hand he had kissed thirteen years ago laid itself fondly on his breast.

"Write to my mother. You will see Home again. Tell her how we became friends. It will comfort her, as it comforts me."

He spoke no more, but faintly signed for a moment toward his hair as it fluttered in the wind. The Ensign understood him. He smiled again when he saw that, and, gently turning his face over on the supporting arm as if for rest, died, with his hand upon the breast in which he had revived a soul.

No dry eye looked on Ensign Richard Doubledick that melancholy day. He buried his friend on the field, and became a lone, bereaved man. Beyond his duty he appeared to have but two remaining cares in life, one, to preserve the little packet of hair he was to give to Taunton's mother; the other, to encounter that French officer who had rallied the men under whose fire Taunton fell. A new legend now began to circulate among our troops; and it was, that when he and the French officer came face to face once more, there would be weeping in France.

The war went on—and through it went the exact picture of the French officer on the one side, and the bodily reality upon the other—until the Battle of Toulouse was fought. In the returns sent home appeared these words: "Severely wounded, but not dangerously, Lieutenant Richard Doubledick."

At midsummer-time, in the year eighteen hundred and fourteen, Lieutenant Richard Doubledick, now a brown soldier, seven-and-thirty years of age, came home to England invalided. He brought the hair with him, near his heart. Many a French officer had he seen since that day; many a dreadful night, in searching with men and lanterns for his wounded, had he relieved French officers lying disabled; but the mental picture and the reality had never come together.

Though he was weak and suffered pain, he lost not an hour in getting down to Frome in Somersetshire, where Taunton's mother lived. In the sweet, compassionate words that naturally present themselves to the mind tonight, "he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

It was a Sunday evening, and the lady sat at her quiet garden-window, reading the Bible, reading to herself, in a trembling voice, that very passage in it, as I have heard him tell. He heard the words, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!"

He had to pass the window; and the bright, dark eyes of his debased time seemed to look at him. Her heart told her who he was; she came to the door quickly, and fell upon his neck.

"He saved me from ruin, made me a human creature, won me from infamy and shame. Oh, God forever bless him! As He will, He will!"

"He will!" the lady answered. "I know he is in Heaven!" Then she piteously cried, "But, oh, my darling boy, my darling boy!"

Never from the hour when Private Richard Doubledick enlisted at Chatham had the private, corporal, sergeant, sergeant-major, ensign, or lieutenant breathed his right name, or the name of Mary Marshall, or a word of the story of his life, into any ear except his reclaimer's. That previous scene in his existence was closed. He had firmly resolved that his expiation should be to live unknown; to disturb no more the peace that had long grown over his old offenses; to let it be revealed, when he was dead, that he had striven and suffered, and had never forgotten; and then, if they could forgive him and believe him—well, it would be time enough—time enough!

But that night, remembering the words he had cherished for two years, "Tell her how we became friends. It will comfort her, as it comforts me," he related everything. It gradually seemed to him as if in his maturity he had recovered a mother; it gradually seemed to her as if in her bereavement she had found a son. During his stay in England, the quiet garden into which he had slowly and painfully crept, a stranger, became the boundary of his home; when he was able to rejoin his regiment in the spring, he left the garden, thinking this was indeed the first time he had ever turned his face toward the old colors with a woman's blessing!

He followed them—so ragged, so scarred, and pierced now that they would scarcely hold together — to Quatre Bras and Ligny. He stood beside them, in an awful stillness of many men, shadowy through the mist and drizzle of a wet June forenoon, on the field of Waterloo. And down to that hour the picture in his mind of the French officer had never been compared with the reality.

The famous regiment was in action early in battle, and received its first check in many an eventful year, when he was seen to fall. But it swept on to avenge him, and left behind it no such creature in the world of consciousness as Lieutenant Richard Doubledick.

Through pits of mire, and pools of rain; along deep ditches, once roads, that were pounded and plowed to pieces by artillery, heavy wagons, tramp of men and horses, and the struggle of every wheeled thing that could carry wounded soldiers; jolted among the dying and the dead, so disfigured by blood and mud as to be hardly recognizable for humanity; undisturbed by the moaning of men and the shrieking of horses, which, newly taken from the peaceful pursuits of life, could not endure the sight of the stragglers lying by the wayside,

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2. **"he was the only son," etc.**, see *Luke*, vii, 11-15.

65. **Quatre Bras and Ligny**, places where battles were fought shortly before Waterloo.

never to resume their toilsome journey; dead, as to any sentient life that was in it, and yet alive—the form that had been Lieutenant Richard Doubledick, with whose praises England rang, was conveyed to Brussels. There it was tenderly laid down in hospital; and there it lay, week after week, through the long bright summer days, until the harvest, spared by war, had ripened and was gathered in.

Over and over again the sun rose and set upon the crowded city; over and over again the moonlight nights were quiet on the plains of Waterloo; and all that time was a blank to what had been Lieutenant Richard Doubledick. Rejoicing troops marched into Brussels, and marched out; brothers and fathers, sisters, mothers, and wives came thronging thither, drew their lots of joy or agony, and departed; so many times a day the bells rang; so many times the shadows of the great buildings changed; so many lights sprang up at dusk; so many feet passed here and there upon the pavements; so many hours of sleep and cooler air of night succeeded; indifferent to all, a marble face lay on a bed, like the face of a recumbent statue on the tomb of Lieutenant Richard Doubledick.

Slowly laboring, at last, through a long, heavy dream of confused time and place, presenting faint glimpses of army surgeons whom he knew, and of faces that had been familiar to his youth—dearest and kindest among them, Mary Marshall's with a solicitude upon it more like reality than anything he could discern—Lieutenant Richard Doubledick came back to life. To the beautiful life of a calm autumn evening sunset, to the peaceful life of a fresh, quiet room with a large window standing open; a balcony beyond, in which were moving leaves and sweet-smelling flowers; beyond, again, the clear sky, with the sun full in sight, pouring its golden radiance on his bed.

It was so tranquil and so lovely that he thought he had passed into another world. And he said in a faint voice, "Taunton, are you near me?"

A face bent over him. Not his, his mother's.

"I came to nurse you. We have nursed you many weeks. You were moved here long ago. Do you remember nothing?"

"Nothing."

The lady kissed his cheek, and held his hand, soothing him.

"Where is the regiment? What has happened? Let me call you 'mother.' What has happened, mother?"

"A great victory, dear. The war is over, and the regiment was the bravest in the field."

His eyes kindled, his lips trembled, he sobbed, and the tears ran down his face. He was very weak, too weak to move his hand.

"Was it dark just now?" he asked presently.

"No."

"It was only dark to me? Something passed away, like a black shadow. But as it went, and the sun—O blessed sun, how beautiful it is—touched my face, I thought I saw a light, white cloud pass out at the door. Was there nothing that went out?"

She shook her head, and in a little while he fell asleep, she still holding his hand, and soothing him.

From that time he recovered; slowly, for he had been desperately wounded in the head, and had been shot in the body, but making some little advance every day. When he had gained sufficient strength to converse as he lay in bed, he soon began to remark that Mrs. Taunton always brought him back to his own history. Then he recalled his preserver's dying words, and thought, "It comforts her."

One day he woke out of a sleep, refreshed, and asked her to read to him. But the curtain of the bed, softening the light, which she always drew back when he awoke, that she might see him from her table at the bedside where she sat at work, was held undrawn; and a woman's voice spoke, which was not hers.

"Can you bear to see a stranger?" it said softly. "Will you like to see a stranger?"

"Stranger!" he repeated. The voice awoke old memories, before the days of Private Richard Doubledick.

"A stranger now, but not a stranger once," it said in tones that thrilled him. "Richard, dear Richard, lost through so many years, my name—"

He cried out her name, "Mary," and she held him in her arms, and his head lay on her bosom.

"I am not breaking a rash vow, Richard. These are not Mary Marshall's lips that speak. I have another name."

She was married.

"I have another name, Richard. Did you ever hear it?"

"Never!"

He looked into her face, so pensively beautiful, and wondered at the smile upon it through her tears.

"Think again, Richard. Are you sure you never heard my altered name?"

"Never!"

"Don't move your head to look at me, dear Richard. Let it lie here, while I tell my story. I loved a generous, noble man; loved him with my whole heart; loved him for years and years; loved him faithfully, devotedly; loved him with no hope of return; loved him, knowing nothing of his highest qualities—not even knowing that he was alive. He was a brave soldier. He was honored and beloved by thousands of thousands, when the mother of his dear friend found me, and showed me that in all his triumphs he had never forgotten me. He was wounded in a great battle. He was brought, dying, here, into Brussels. I came to watch and tend him, as I would have joyfully gone, with such a purpose, to the dreariest ends of the earth. When he knew no one else, he knew me. When he suffered most, he bore his sufferings barely murmuring, content to rest his head where yours rests now. When he lay at the point of death, he married me, that he might call me Wife before he died. And the name, my dear love, that I took on that forgotten night—"

"I know it now!" he sobbed. "The shadowy remembrance strengthens. It is come back. I thank Heaven that my mind is quite restored! My Mary, kiss me; lull this weary head to rest, or I shall die of gratitude. His parting words were fulfilled. I see Home again!"

Well! They were happy. It was a long recovery, but they were happy through it all. The snow had melted on the ground, and the birds were singing in the leafless thickets of the early spring, when those three were first able to ride out together, and when people flocked about the open carriage to cheer and congratulate Captain Richard Doubledick.

But even then it became necessary for the Captain, instead of returning to England, to complete his recovery in the climate of southern France. They found a spot upon the Rhone, within a ride of the old town of Avignon, and within view of its broken bridge, which was all they could desire; they lived there, together, six months; then returned to England. Mrs. Taunton, growing old after three years—though not so old as that her bright, dark eyes were dimmed—and remembering that her strength had been benefited by the change, resolved to go back for a year to those parts. So she went with a faithful servant, who had often carried her son in his arms; and she was to be rejoined and escorted home, at the year's end, by Captain Richard Doubledick.

She wrote regularly to her children, as she called them now, and they to her. She went to the neighborhood of Aix; and there, in their own château near the farmer's house she rented, she grew into intimacy with a family belonging to that part of France. The intimacy began in her often meeting among the vineyards a pretty child, a girl with a most compassionate heart, who was never tired of listening to the solitary English lady's stories of her poor son and the cruel wars. The family were as gentle as the child, and at length she came to know them so well that she accepted their invitation to pass the last month of her residence abroad under their roof. All this intelligence she wrote home, piecemeal as it came about, from time to time; and at last enclosed a polite note, from the head of the château, soliciting, on the occasion of his approaching mission to that neighborhood, the honor of the company of *cet homme si justement célèbre, Monsieur le Capitaine* Richard Doubledick.

Captain Doubledick, now a hardy, handsome man in the full vigor of life, broader across the chest and shoulders than he had ever been before, dispatched a courteous reply, and followed it in person. Traveling through all that extent of country after three years of peace, he blessed the better days on which the world had fallen. The corn was golden, not drenched in unnatural red; was bound in sheaves for food, not trodden underfoot by men in mortal fight. The smoke rose up from peaceful hearths, not blazing ruins. The carts were laden with the fair fruits of the earth, not with wounds and death. To him who had so often seen the terrible reverse, these things were beautiful indeed, and they brought him in a softened spirit to the old château near Aix upon a deep-blue evening.

It was a large château of the genuine old ghostly kind, with round towers, and extinguishers, and a high leaden roof, and more windows than Aladdin's Palace. The lattice blinds were all thrown open after the heat of the day, and there were glimpses of rambling walls and corridors within. Then there were immense out-buildings fallen into partial decay, masses of dark trees, terrace-gardens, balustrades; tanks of water, too weak to play and too dirty to work; statues, weeds, and thickets of iron railing that seemed to have overgrown themselves like the shrubberies, and to have branched out in all manner of wild shapes. The entrance doors stood open, as doors often do in that country when the heat of the day is past; and the Captain saw no bell or knocker, and walked in.

He walked into a lofty stone hall, refreshingly cool and gloomy after the glare of a southern day's travel. Extending along the four sides of this hall was a gallery, leading to suites of rooms; and it was lighted from the top. Still no bell was to be seen.

"Faith," said the Captain halting, ashamed of the clanking of his boots, "this is a ghostly beginning!"

He started back, and felt his face turn white. In the gallery, looking

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37. **cet homme si justement célèbre,** that man so justly celebrated. 38. **Monsieur le Capitaine,** Captain.

49. **corn,** wheat.

down at him, stood the French officer—the officer whose picture he had carried in his mind so long and so far. Compared with the original, at last—in every lineament how like it was!

He moved, and disappeared, and Captain Richard Doubledick heard his steps coming quickly down into the hall. He entered through an archway. There was a bright, sudden look upon his face, much such a look as it had worn in that fatal moment.

Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick? Enchanted to receive him! A thousand apologies! The servants were all out in the air. There was a little fête among them in the garden. In effect, it was the fête day of my daughter, the little cherished and protected of Madame Taunton.

He was so gracious and so frank that *Monsieur le Capitaine* Richard Doubledick could not withhold his hand. "It is the hand of a brave Englishman," said the French officer, retaining it while he spoke. "I could respect a brave Englishman, even as my foe, how much more as my friend! I also am a soldier."

"He has not remembered me, as I have remembered him; he did not take such note of my face, that day, as I took of his," thought Captain Richard Doubledick. "How shall I tell him?"

The French officer conducted his guest into a garden and presented him to his wife, an engaging and beautiful woman, sitting with Mrs. Taunton in a whimsical old-fashioned pavilion. His daughter, her fair young face beaming with joy, came running to embrace him; and there was a boy baby to tumble down among the orange trees on the broad steps, in making for his father's legs. A multitude of children visitors were dancing to sprightly music, and all the servants and peasants about the château were dancing too. It was a scene of innocent happiness that might have been invented for the climax of the scenes of peace which had soothed the Captain's journey.

He looked on, greatly troubled in his mind, until a resounding bell rang, and the French officer begged to show him his rooms. They went upstairs into the gallery from which the officer had looked down; and *Monsieur le Capitaine* Richard Doubledick was cordially welcomed to a grand outer chamber, and a smaller one within, all clocks and draperies, and hearths, and brazen dogs, and tiles, and cool devices, and elegance, and vastness.

"You were at Waterloo," said the French officer.

"I was," said Captain Richard Doubledick. "And at Badajos."

Left alone with the sound of his own stern voice in his ears, he sat down to consider, "What shall I do, and how shall I tell him?" At that time, unhappily, many deplorable duels had been fought between English and French officers, arising out of the recent war; and these duels, and how to avoid this officer's hospitality, were the uppermost thought in Captain Richard Doubledick's mind.

He was thinking, and letting the time run out in which he should have dressed for dinner, when Mrs. Taunton spoke to him outside the door, asking if he could give her the letter he had brought from Mary. "His mother, above all," the Captain thought. "How shall I tell *her?*"

"You will form a friendship with your host, I hope," said Mrs. Taunton, whom he hurriedly admitted, "that will last for life. He is so true-hearted and so generous, Richard, that you can hardly fail to esteem one another. If *he* had been spared," she kissed, not without tears, the locket in which she wore his hair, "he would have appreciated him with his own magnanimity, and would have been truly happy that the evil days were past which made such a man his enemy."

She left the room; and the Captain walked, first to one window, whence he could see the dancing in the garden, then to another window, whence he could see the smiling prospect and the peaceful vineyards.

"Spirit of my departed friend," said he, "is it through thee these better thoughts are rising in my mind? Is it thou who hast shown me, all the way I have been drawn to meet this man, the blessings of the altered time? Is it thou who hast sent thy stricken mother to me, to stay my angry hand? Is it from thee the whisper comes, that this man did his duty as thou didst—and as I did, through thy guidance, which has wholly saved me here on earth—and that he did no more?"

He sat down, with his head buried in his hands, and, when he rose up, made the second strong resolution of his life—that neither to the French officer, nor to the mother of his departed friend, nor to any soul, while either of the two was living, would he breathe what only he knew. And when he touched that French officer's glass with his own, that day at dinner, he secretly forgave him in the name of the Divine Forgiver of injuries.

Here I ended my story as the first Poor Traveler. But if I had told it now, I could have added that the time has since come when the son of Major Richard Doubledick, and the son of that French officer, friends as their fathers were before them, fought side by side in one cause, with their respective nations, like long-divided brothers whom the better times have brought together, fast united.

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44. **one cause**, the Crimean War, in which France and England were allies, and which was in progress when this story was written.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. What was Richard's motive in going to Chatham? What is the significance of taking the King's shilling? Under what name did Richard enlist? Why did he conceal his own name?

2. How did he begin his soldier life? To what would such a course tend? Describe Doubledick's captain. How was Richard affected by his captain's eyes? How can you explain this?

3. How did the Captain show his interest in Richard? What appeal did he make to Dick's manhood? How was Dick affected by the mention of his mother? What promise did he make to the Captain?

4. Through what "stormy times" did Dick's regiment fight its way? What was the influence of the two friends upon others in the regiment?

5. Tell the story of Major Taunton's death. What rank did Dick hold at this time? For what did he seem to live after his friend's death?

6. How many years passed before Dick returned to England? What rank had he attained at that time? To whom only had he told his story? Read the words used by Dick in telling Mrs. Taunton what her son had done for him.

7. What famous battle took place soon after Dick rejoined his regiment? In what city did he lie ill? How did Mary Marshall come again into his life?

8. Under what circumstances did Dick at last meet the French officer? What did the Frenchman say as he took Dick's hand? Read the words of Mrs. Taunton when she told Dick how her son would have felt toward the brave Frenchman. Read the words addressed to the spirit of his friend as Dick put away from him forever the thought of revenge.

9. What was the second great resolution of Dick's life? In what war did the son of Major Doubledick fight side by side with the son of the French officer? What might be added today about the grandson of the brave Englishman and the grandson of the brave Frenchman?

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST

John Greenleaf Whittier

As o'er his furrowed fields which lie
Beneath a coldly-dropping sky,
Yet chill with winter's melted snow,
The husbandman goes forth to sow,

Thus, Freedom, on the bitter blast
The ventures of thy seed we cast,
And trust to warmer sun and rain
To swell the germ, and fill the grain.

Who calls thy glorious service hard?
Who deems it not its own reward?
Who, for its trials, counts it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness?

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed, is done!

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait in Heaven their harvest-day!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. This little poem is a sustained comparison between the farmer's sowing of seed under what may seem discouraging circumstances and the work of the patriot or good citizen in behalf of the cause of liberty. The farmer must wait for his reward; he may not be alive when the time of reaping comes; his work may be for others. So with the patriotic citizen: he does not serve for the sake of immediate gain, but in order that future generations may live more securely.

2. Such a comparison as this is called a simile. Look up the word in the Index of Special Terms, at the end of the book, for other examples.

3. Study with special care the first five stanzas. The first two lay the foundation for the simile, or comparison. In what ways are the husbandmen and the patriot alike? When Whittier wrote, America was free; what then does the poet mean by his references to "ventures" and trusting "to warmer sun"? In the fourth and fifth stanzas how is the simile advanced? Think carefully upon the fifth stanza. Then re-read the first two lines of the same stanza. What is "God's great thought"? Commit this stanza to memory.

4. This poem may serve as a transition between the group of selections you have just been reading and those that immediately follow. You have been reading about certain illustrations, told in story form, of ideals of service. A man lives not for himself alone, but for others. He lives most intelligently for himself, that is, he advances in power and happiness, when he gives up thinking about himself as the center of his world. The selections that follow illustrate this relationship between man and his fellows from a slightly different angle. Instead of stories about individuals you will find comments in prose and verse upon the meaning of this ideal in a democracy. Democracy is not a form of government; it is a partnership, a brotherhood. The suggestion is in Whittier's poem. Read it once more, try to see it clearly, and try to get, with special clearness, the poet's idea that this "great thought" of Freedom is one requiring two things to bring it into reality: coöperation in service, and working as the husbandman works, inspired by the vision of a harvest that is to bless mankind after seed-time and growth-time are past.

NEW AMERICANS

AMERICA!

Edward A. Steiner

It seems so long ago that I might almost say, "Once upon a time"—an Italian came to our town with a grind-organ, a monkey, and a parrot. The grind-organ and the monkey performed for rich and poor alike, but only the lucky owner of a certain number of *kreutzers* could arouse the parrot, which, with eyes shut, sat upon his perch while the organ played and the monkey performed. No doubt the parrot was trying to forget this wretched company, and was dreaming of the far-off paradise which once was his.

Now *kreutzers*, the small coin of our realm, were rather rare in the pockets of little boys. Inasmuch as the parrot was announced to be a celebrated fortune-teller, I wanted to prove him; so I teased my dear mother just long enough to get the coveted number of coins.

With an air of great importance I pushed through the crowd which encircled the Italian, and the eyes of the multitude were upon me. At least I thought they were, although in reality they were fixed on the parrot; for there had been long dispute as to whether he was alive or not. His master took my money and struck the perch upon which the bird sat immovable, with eyes shut. Quizzically it cocked its head, looked at the promised reward in the hand of its trainer, then majestically descended, drew an envelope out of a row, which no doubt held the fate of all youths of my age, and dropped it upon the little table. Thus my fortune was told, and my fate sealed.

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8. **kreutzer**, the Austrian kreutzer is meant, worth at the old normal rate of exchange a little less than half a cent in American money.

The crowd urged me to open it, but I ran home as fast as I could, reading as I ran. Even before the house was reached I cried out breathlessly, "Mother, I am going to America, and I am going to marry a rich wife."

"I told you," said the dear mother, with a smile which concealed a tear, "you would waste your money. You will stay at home with your widowed mother and be her solace in her old age."

Then she took me out into the garden under the big pear tree, and showed me the boundaries of our small estate: the poppy field, the cabbage patch, the prune trees—all the land from the *pottock*, the creek, to the edge of the dusty highway.

"This," she said, "will be yours, my son, and you will get a good, pious wife right here, rather than to go among the Indians and marry a wild woman."

In spite of the allurements offered, my imagination was fired by the parrot's prophecy, and that evening I sought out my teacher and asked him how to go to America.

"It is so far, my boy," he said, "that you will never reach there. It is one day by the omnibus, four days and nights by the railroad, and then across the *yam*—the great sea—for fourteen days.

"A ship," he continued, "does not go like the omnibus, but like a nutshell on the *pottock*, and you may at any moment be spilled over and eaten by the fish."

Long, long after this, my boyhood outgrown, a part of the parrot's prophecy was to be fulfilled.

* * *

In the part of the world where I lived there were, as everywhere, the rulers and the ruled, the oppressors and the oppressed: viz., the Magyars and the Slovaks. The latter have never been strong enough to gain national independence, although once there was a Slovak kingdom, and they cherish the memory of a great king whose name was Svatopluk. The warlike Magyars easily subjugated these agricultural Slavs, and they remained an unawakened, half-stupid, servile race. My natural feeling for the oppressed was intensified by the fact that in spite of their many faults they were a lovable people. . . . I sensed their wrongs in my childhood and felt them keenly as I grew into manhood, especially after I came in touch with the revolutionary literature of that period. I think that most boys pass through some such heroic stage, where the thought of martyrdom seems like wine in their blood. I was at that age and committed many a senseless indiscretion.

One day, when I was at home during the Pentecostal vacation after a severe examination period, a copyist from the judge's office came to my mother and told her that for a certain sum he would reveal to her an official secret, which would save me from falling into the hands of the vengeful government. I am fairly sure I was liable to a reprimand or a slight punishment, and that the shrewd copyist played on the fears of a Jewish mother who loved her boy and feared the law. Before I knew it I was on my way to America, the copyist promising to hold the secret till I should be safe across the border. Within three days of my leaving home I was on the big *yam*, the ship *did* act like a nutshell on the *pottock*, and I wished many a time that I had left the parrot dreaming on his perch instead of waking him to prophesy for me so awful a fate.

When I went down for the first time into the steerage, no one said a word of cheer, no one waved farewell.

I left strangers standing on the receding wharf and I was among eleven hundred strangers. I was going to a land full of strangers, and when I reached my bunk in a dark, deep corner of the hold, something which felt like a cold, icy hand gripped my heart. When the ship left its mooring I felt as if my heartstrings were breaking, and I stretched out my hands to the fast-receding shore, as if to grasp the loosened cables. I dimly felt what it meant, but I did not realize how new was the life which awaited me, or how completely I was being severed from my past and my former self.

* * *

It was a wonderful group which I gathered around me on that first journey, and many of them are still my friends, although they have climbed out of the steerage and are traveling through life in cabins of various grades. Every steerage has someone who makes a clown of himself, who rejoices in playing pranks and does not become angry if the pranks are turned on him. This one had such a clown, who led a jolly crew into all sorts of mischief, and out of it, and many a weary day passed less wearily because of his jollity. There were strange, awful hours when the waves came thundering over the deck and the wind played among the rigging, when the ship twisted and groaned in agony and we thought every moment was our last. After the storm there came calm and sunny days when gulls circled the ship and rested upon the quiet deep, and a tiny shore bird, driven by the wind, sought shelter on the deck. In the distance sails glided into view and disappeared; a long line of smoke betrayed the presence of many boats whose routes were to converge at the great port. The pilot came on board and we passed the Fire Ship, which guards the channel. Then the hours grew heavy and the morrow loomed with its uncertainty.

It dawned, with its ozone-laden air and azure sky, and in the far distance that which looked like a cloud grew clear and remained immovable—land! Then the rapture of it struggled with the care and burden and rose triumphantly over them.

America! we were in the magic, holy land—America! I have seen this rapture and felt it; I have rejoiced in it when others felt it, and I want all those to taste it who come and come again. Therefore, I have gone back and forth, and I should like to go unwearyingly on to guide men into this rapture and to interpret to them its meaning.

I should like the entrance into the United States to be a poem to all who come, and not the horrible tragedy into which it often resolves itself when the first ecstasy is over. All the way across the sea I would make of every ship a school, with such fair comforts as men are entitled to, for their money.

I should like to teach them that they may enter without fear and without uttering a lie, so that those at the gate might know that these newcomers are human, and treat them as such, so long as they conduct themselves properly.

I should like to teach the strangers that there is a fair reward for hard struggle and an honest living wage for an honest day's work. I should like to tell them that their health will be guarded in mines and factories and that their bodies and souls have value to man and to God.

I should like to point to the Goddess of Liberty and say that she welcomes all who come in her name, and she guarantees freedom to all who obey law, that our law is always reasonable and that, if it is a burden, it falls upon the shoulders of rich and poor alike.

I should like to tell them that they have nothing to fear in this country except their own frailties, that there are no barriers here but their own clannishness, and that the way to the best is open to all who walk reverently. This and more I should like to be able to teach; fragments of it I have taught, more of it than many of them will find true, I fear. But to me so much of it has been true that I should like to have all men find it so.

I have suffered much here, I have gone the whole scale of hunger, sorrow, and despair; yet I say it again and again, "Holy America! Holy America!" And I want all men to be able to say it, as they said it with me under the lee of the land where free men live.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. This selection is taken from *From Alien to Citizen.* What prophecy did the parrot give to the young boy? Under what circumstances did the author first come to America? Why does he call our country "magic, holy land"?

2. The author would make of every immigrant ship a school; what things does he say he would teach the immigrants? Do you think such a school would help immigrants to become helpful citizens? How would a school of this kind compare with schools for Americanization conducted in many communities?

Library Reading. *Old Trails and New Borders,* Steiner; *The Making of an American,* Riis; *The Promised Land,* Antin.

WHAT AMERICA MEANS TO ME

Letta Eulalia Thomas

America, the Homeland!
Born of humanity's fierce hunger to be free,
And of great hope and trust in the Eternal
God;
With justice and the will to help a weaker
one
Ingrained within her soul;
Alert, with clear, grave eyes
And laughing lips;
But with a strong and steadfast purpose in
her heart
To give with lavish hand to all the world—
But to protect her own—
America stands in the morning sunlight
of her life;
Land of Today;
Tomorrow's hope;
A world of dreams come true.
To all the restless millions of her own,
And to vast multitudes of alien birth
Who have been born anew within her doors,
She stretches forth her hands filled with
the boundless treasure
Of rare opportunity and high ideals;
Bright, beautiful, sweet Homeland of the
world!

THE CITIZEN

James Francis Dwyer

The President of the United States was speaking. His audience comprised two thousand foreign-born men who had just been admitted to citizenship. They listened intently, their faces, aglow with the light of a new-born patriotism, upturned to the calm, intellectual face of the first citizen of the country they now claimed as their own.

Here and there among the newly-made citizens were wives and children. The women were proud of their men. They looked at them from time to time, their faces showing pride and awe.

One little woman, sitting immediately in front of the President, held the hand of a big, muscular man and stroked it softly. The big man was looking at the speaker with great blue eyes that were the eyes of a dreamer.

The President's words came clear and distinct:

You were drawn across the ocean by some beckoning finger of hope, by some belief, by some vision of a new kind of justice, by some expectation of a better kind of life. You dreamed dreams of this country, and I hope you brought the dreams with you. A man enriches the country to which he brings dreams, and you who have brought them have enriched America.

The big man made a curious choking noise, and his wife breathed a soft "Hush!" The giant was strangely affected.

The President continued:

No doubt you have been disappointed in some of us, but remember this, if we have grown at all poor in the ideal, you brought some of it with you. A man does not go out to seek the thing that is not in him. A man does not hope for the thing that he does not believe in, and if some of us have forgotten what America believed in, you at any rate imported in your own hearts a renewal of the belief. Each of you, I am sure, brought a dream, a glorious, shining dream, a dream worth more than gold or silver, and that is the reason that I, for one, make you welcome.

The big man's eyes were fixed. His wife shook him gently, but he did not heed her. He was looking through the presidential rostrum, through the big buildings behind it, looking out over leagues of space to a snow-swept village that huddled on an island in the Beresina, the swift-flowing tributary of the mighty Dnieper, an island that looked like a black bone stuck tight in the maw of the stream.

It was in the little village on the Beresina that the Dream came to Ivan Berloff, Big Ivan of the Bridge.

The Dream came in the spring. All great dreams come in the spring, and the Spring Maiden who brought Big Ivan's Dream was more than ordinarily beautiful. She swept up the Beresina, trailing wondrous draperies of vivid green. Her feet touched the snow-hardened ground, and armies of little white and blue flowers sprang up in her footsteps. Soft breezes escorted her, velvety breezes that carried the aromas of the far-off places from which they came, places far to the southward, and more distant towns beyond the Black Sea, whose people were not under the sway of the great Czar.

The father of Big Ivan, who had fought under Prince Menshikov at Alma fifty-five years before, hobbled out to see the sunbeams eat up the snow hummocks that hid in the shady places, and he told his son it was the most wonderful spring he had ever seen.

"The little breezes are hot and sweet," he said, sniffing hungrily with his face turned toward the south. "I know them, Ivan! I know them! They have the spice odor that I sniffed on the winds that came to us when we lay in the trenches at Balaklava. Praise God for the warmth!"

And that day the Dream came to Big Ivan as he plowed. It was a wonder dream. It sprang into his brain as he walked behind the plow, and for a few minutes he quivered as the big bridge quivers when the Beresina sends her ice squadrons to hammer the arches. It made his heart pound mightily, and his lips and throat became very dry.

Big Ivan stopped at the end of the furrow and tried to discover what had brought the Dream. Where had it come from? Why had it clutched

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38, 40. **Beresina, Dnieper**, rivers of western Russia.

77. **Balaklava**, a place famous for battles in the Crimean War (1854). Its southern location (on the Black Sea) brings it near Arabia, famous for spices.

him so suddenly? Was he the only man in the village to whom it had come?

Like his father, he sniffed the sweet-smelling breezes. He thrust his great hands into the sunbeams. He reached down and plucked one of a bunch of white flowers that had sprung up overnight. The Dream was born of the breezes and the sunshine and the spring flowers. It came from them and it had sprung into his mind because he was young and strong. He knew! It couldn't come to his father, or Donkov, the tailor, or Poborino, the smith. They were old and weak, and Ivan's dream was one that called for youth and strength.

"Aye, for youth and strength," he muttered as he gripped the plow. "And I have it!"

That evening Big Ivan of the Bridge spoke to his wife, Anna, a little woman, who had a sweet face and a wealth of fair hair.

"Wife, we are going away from here," he said.

"Where are we going, Ivan?" she asked.

"Where do you think, Anna?" he said, looking down at her as she stood by his side.

"To Bobruisk," she murmured.

"No."

"Farther?"

"Aye, a long way farther."

Fear sprang into her soft eyes. Bobruisk was eighty-nine versts away, yet Ivan said they were going farther.

"We—we are not going to Minsk?" she cried.

"Aye, and beyond Minsk!"

"Ivan, tell me!" she gasped. "Tell me where we are going!"

"We are going to America."

"*To America?*"

"Yes, to America!"

Big Ivan of the Bridge lifted up his voice when he cried out the words "To America," and then a sudden fear sprang upon him as those words dashed through the little window out into the darkness of the village street. Was he mad? America was 8000 versts away! It was far across the ocean, a place that was only a name to him, a place where he knew no one. He wondered in the strange little silence that followed his words if the crippled son of Poborino, the smith, had heard him. The cripple would jeer at him if the night wind had carried the words to his ear.

Anna remained staring at her big husband for a few minutes, then she sat down quietly at his side. There was a strange look in his big blue eyes, the look of a man to whom has come a vision, the look which came into the eyes of those shepherds of Judea long, long ago.

"What is it, Ivan?" she murmured softly, patting his big hand. "Tell me."

And Big Ivan of the Bridge, slow of tongue, told of the Dream. To no one else would he have told it. Anna understood. She had a way of patting his hands and saying soft things when his tongue could not find words to express his thoughts.

Ivan told how the Dream had come to him as he plowed. He told her how it had sprung upon him, a wonderful dream born of the soft breezes, of the sunshine, of the sweet smell of the upturned sod, and of his own strength. "It wouldn't come to weak men," he said, baring an arm that showed great snaky muscles rippling beneath the clear skin. "It is a dream that comes only to those who are strong and those who want—who want something that they haven't

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34, 41. **Bobruisk, Minsk,** cities in the province of Minsk, western Russia. 39. **verst,** land measure, about two thirds of a mile.

got." Then in a lower voice he said, "What is it that we want, Anna?"

The little wife looked out into the darkness with fear-filled eyes. There were spies even there in that little village on the Beresina, and it was dangerous to say words that might be construed into a reflection on the Government. But she answered Ivan. She stooped and whispered one word into his ear, and he slapped his thigh with his big hand.

"Aye," he cried. "That is what we want! You and I and millions like us want it, and over there, Anna, over there we will get it. It is the country where a muzhik is as good as a prince of the blood!"

Anna stood up, took a small earthenware jar from a side shelf, dusted it carefully, and placed it upon the mantel. From a knotted cloth about her neck she took a ruble and dropped the coin into the jar. Big Ivan looked at her curiously.

"It is to make legs for your Dream," she explained. "It is many versts to America, and one rides on rubles."

"You are a good wife," he said. "I was afraid that you might laugh at me."

"It is a great dream," she murmured. "Come, we will go to sleep."

The Dream maddened Ivan during the days that followed. It pounded within his brain as he followed the plow. It bred a discontent that made him hate the little village, the swift-flowing Beresina, and the gray stretches that ran toward Mogilev. He wanted to be moving, but Anna had said that one rode on rubles, and rubles were hard to find.

And in some mysterious way the village became aware of the secret. Donkov, the tailor, discovered it. Donkov lived in one-half of the cottage occupied by Ivan and Anna, and Donkov had long ears. The tailor spread the news, and Poborino, the smith, and Yanansk, the baker, would jeer at Ivan as he passed.

"When are you going to America?" they would ask.

"Soon," Ivan would answer.

"Take us with you!" they would cry in chorus.

"It is no place for cowards," Ivan would answer. "It is a long way, and only brave men can make the journey."

"Are you brave?" the baker screamed one day as he went by.

"I am brave enough to want liberty!" cried Ivan angrily. "I am brave enough to want—"

"Be careful! Be careful!" interrupted the smith. "A long tongue has given many a man a train journey that he never expected."

That night Ivan and Anna counted the rubles in the earthenware pot. The giant looked down at his wife with a gloomy face, but she smiled and patted his hand.

"It is slow work," he said.

"We must be patient," she answered. "You have the Dream."

"Aye," he said. "I have the Dream."

Through the hot, languorous summertime the Dream grew within the brain of Big Ivan. He saw visions in the smoky haze that hung above the Beresina. At times he would stand, hoe in hand, and look toward the west, the wonderful west into which the sun slipped down each evening like a coin dropped from the fingers of the dying day.

Autumn came, and the fretful, whining winds that came down from the north chilled the Dream. The winds whispered of the coming of the Snow King, and the river grumbled

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17. **muzhik**, peasant. 23. **ruble**, a coin formerly worth about fifty-one cents. 40. **Mogilev**, a province bordering on Minsk.

as it listened. Big Ivan kept out of the way of Poborino, the smith, and Yanansk, the baker. The Dream was still with him, but autumn is a bad time for dreams.

Winter came, and the Dream weakened. It was only the earthenware pot that kept it alive, the pot into which the industrious Anna put every coin that could be spared. Often Big Ivan would stare at the pot as he sat beside the stove. The pot was the cord which kept the Dream alive.

"You are a good woman, Anna," Ivan would say again and again. "It was you who thought of saving the rubles."

"But it was you who dreamed," she would answer. "Wait for the spring, husband mine. Wait."

It was strange how the spring came to the Beresina that year. It sprang upon the flanks of winter before the Ice King had given the order to retreat into the fastnesses of the north. It swept up the river, escorted by a million little breezes, and housewives opened their windows and peered out with surprise upon their faces. A wonderful guest had come to them and found them unprepared.

Big Ivan of the Bridge was fixing a fence in the meadow on the morning the Spring Maiden reached the village. For a little while he was not aware of her arrival. His mind was upon his work, but suddenly he discovered that he was hot, and he took off his overcoat. He turned to hang the coat upon a bush, then he sniffed the air, and a puzzled look came upon his face. He sniffed again, hurriedly, hungrily. He drew in great breaths of it, and his eyes shone with a strange light. It was wonderful air. It brought life to the Dream. It rose up within him, ten times more lusty than on the day it was born, and his limbs trembled as he drew in the hot, scented breezes that breed the *Wanderlust* and shorten the long trails of the world.

Big Ivan clutched his coat and ran to the little cottage. He burst through the door, startling Anna, who was busy with her housework.

"The Spring!" he cried. "*The Spring!*"

He took her arm and dragged her to the door. Standing together they sniffed the sweet breezes. In silence they listened to the song of the river. The Beresina had changed from a whining, fretful tune into a lilting, sweet song that would set the legs of lovers dancing. Anna pointed to a green bud on a bush beside the door.

"It came this minute," she murmured.

"Yes," said Ivan. "The little fairies brought it there to show us that spring has come to stay."

Together they turned and walked to the mantel. Big Ivan took up the earthenware pot, carried it to the table, and spilled its contents upon the well-scrubbed boards. He counted while Anna stood beside him, her fingers clutching his coarse blouse. It was a slow business, because Ivan's big blunt fingers were not used to such work, but it was over at last. He stacked the coins into neat piles, then he straightened himself and turned to the woman at his side.

"It is enough," he said quietly. "We will go at once. If it was not enough, we would have to go because the Dream is upon me and I hate this place."

"As you say," murmured Anna. "The wife of Littin, the butcher, will buy our chairs and our bed. I spoke to her yesterday."

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52. **Wanderlust**, intense desire for roaming.

Poborino, the smith; his crippled son; Yanansk, the baker; Donkov, the tailor, and a score of others were out upon the village street on the morning that Big Ivan and Anna set out. They were inclined to jeer at Ivan, but something upon the face of the giant made them afraid. Hand in hand the big man and his wife walked down the street, their faces turned toward Bobruisk, Ivan balancing upon his head a heavy trunk that no other man in the village could have lifted.

At the end of the street a stripling with bright eyes and yellow curls clutched the hand of Ivan and looked into his face.

"I know what is sending you," he cried.

"Aye, *you* know," said Ivan, looking into the eyes of the other.

"It came to me yesterday," murmured the stripling. "I got it from the breezes. They are free; so are the birds and the little clouds and the river. I wish I could go."

"Keep your dream," said Ivan softly. "Nurse it, for it is the dream of a man."

Anna, who was crying softly, touched the blouse of the boy. "At the back of our cottage, near the bush that bears the red berries, a pot is buried," she said. "Dig it up and take it home with you, and when you have a kopeck drop it in. It is a good pot."

The stripling understood. He stooped and kissed the hand of Anna, and Big Ivan patted him upon the back. They were brother dreamers and they understood each other.

Boris Lugan has sung the song of the versts that eat up one's courage as well as the leather of one's shoes.

Versts! Versts! Scores and scores of
them!
Versts! Versts! A million or more of
them!
Dust! Dust! And the devils who
play in it,
Blinding us fools who forever must
stay in it.

Big Ivan and Anna faced the long versts to Bobruisk, but they were not afraid of the dust devils. They had the Dream. It made their hearts light and took the weary feeling from their feet. They were on their way. America was a long, long journey, but they had started, and every verst they covered lessened the number that lay between them and the Promised Land.

"I am glad the boy spoke to us," said Anna.

"And I am glad," said Ivan. "Some day he will come and eat with us in America."

They came to Bobruisk. Holding hands, they walked into it late one afternoon. They were eighty-nine versts from the little village on the Beresina, but they were not afraid. The Dream spoke to Ivan, and his big hand held the hand of Anna. The railway ran through Bobruisk, and that evening they stood and looked at the shining rails that went out in the moonlight like silver tongs reaching out for a low-hanging star.

And they came face to face with the Terror that evening, the Terror that had helped the spring breezes and the sunshine to plant the Dream in the brain of Big Ivan.

They were walking down a dark side street when they saw a score of men and women creep from the door of a squat, unpainted building. The little group remained on the sidewalk for a minute as if uncertain

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37. **kopeck**, a Russian coin formerly worth about one-half cent.

61. **Promised Land**, see *Deuteronomy*, xxxiv, 1-4.
80. **Terror**, unjust government of the time.

about the way they should go, then from the corner of the street came a cry of "Police!" and the twenty pedestrians ran in different directions.

It was no false alarm. Mounted police charged down the dark thoroughfare, swinging their swords as they rode at the scurrying men and women who raced for shelter. Big Ivan dragged Anna into a doorway, and toward their hiding place ran a young boy who, like themselves, had no connection with the group and who merely desired to get out of harm's way till the storm was over.

The boy was not quick enough to escape the charge. A trooper pursued him, overtook him before he reached the sidewalk, and knocked him down with a quick stroke given with the flat of his blade. His horse struck the boy with one of his hoofs as the lad stumbled on his face.

Big Ivan growled like an angry bear, and sprang from his hiding place. The trooper's horse had carried him on to the sidewalk, and Ivan seized the bridle and flung the animal on its haunches. The policeman leaned forward to strike at the giant, but Ivan of the Bridge gripped the left leg of the horseman and tore him from the saddle.

The horse galloped off, leaving its rider lying beside the moaning boy, who was unlucky enough to be in a street where a score of students were holding a meeting.

Anna dragged Ivan back into the passageway. More police were charging down the street, and their position was a dangerous one.

"Ivan!" she cried, "Ivan! Remember the Dream! America, Ivan! *America!* Come this way! Quick!"

With strong hands she dragged him down the passage. It opened into a narrow lane, and, holding each other's hands, they hurried toward the place where they had taken lodgings. From far off came screams and hoarse orders, curses, and the sound of galloping hoofs. The Terror was abroad.

Big Ivan spoke softly as they entered the little room they had taken. "He had a face like the boy to whom you gave the lucky pot," he said. "Did you notice it in the moonlight when the trooper struck him down?"

"Yes," she answered. "I saw."

They left Bobruisk next morning. They rode away on a great, puffing, snorting train that terrified Anna. The engineer turned a stopcock as they were passing the engine, and Anna screamed while Ivan nearly dropped the big trunk. The engineer grinned, but the giant looked up at him and the grin faded. Ivan of the Bridge was startled by the rush of hot steam, but he was afraid of no man.

The train went roaring by little villages and great pasture stretches. The real journey had begun. They began to love the powerful engine. It was eating up the versts at a tremendous rate. They looked at each other from time to time and smiled like two children.

They came to Minsk, the biggest town they had ever seen. They looked out from the car windows at the miles of wooden buildings, at the big church of St. Catharine, and the woolen mills. Minsk would have frightened them if they hadn't had the Dream. The farther they went from the little village on the Beresina the more courage the Dream gave to them.

On and on went the train, the wheels singing the song of the road. Fellow travelers asked them where they were going. "To America," Ivan would answer.

"To America?" they would cry.

"May the little saints guide you. It is a long way, and you will be lonely."

"No, we shall not be lonely," Ivan would say.

"Ha! you are going with friends?"

"No, we have no friends, but we have something that keeps us from being lonely." And when Ivan would make that reply Anna would pat his hand, and the questioner would wonder if it was a charm or a holy relic that the bright-eyed couple possessed.

They ran through Vilna, on through flat stretches of Courland to Libau, where they saw the sea. They sat and stared at it for a whole day, talking little but watching it with wide, wondering eyes. And they stared at the great ships that came rocking in from distant ports, their sides gray with the salt from the big combers which they had battled with.

No wonder this America of ours is big. We draw the brave ones from the old lands, the brave ones whose dreams are like the guiding sign that was given to the Israelites of old—a pillar of cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night.

The harbor-master spoke to Ivan and Anna as they watched the restless waters.

"Where are you going, children?"

"To America," answered Ivan.

"A long way. Three ships bound for America went down last month."

"Our ship will not sink," said Ivan.

"Why?"

"Because I know it will not."

The harbor-master looked at the strange blue eyes of the giant, and spoke softly. "You have the eyes of a man who sees things," he said. "There was a Norwegian sailor in the *White Queen*, who had eyes like yours, and he could see death."

"I see life!" said Ivan boldly. "A free life—"

"Hush!" said the harbor-master. "Do not speak so loud." He walked swiftly away, but he dropped a ruble into Anna's hand as he passed her by. "For luck," he murmured. "May the little saints look after you on the big waters."

They boarded the ship, and the Dream gave them a courage that surprised them. There were others going aboard, and Ivan and Anna felt that those others were also persons who possessed dreams. She saw the dreams in their eyes. There were Slavs, Poles, Letts, Jews, and Livonians, all bound for the land where dreams come true. They were a little afraid—not two per cent of them had ever seen a ship before—yet their dreams gave them courage.

The emigrant ship was dragged from her pier by a grunting tug and went floundering down the Baltic Sea. Night came down, and the devils who, according to the Esthonian fishermen, live in the bottom of the Baltic, got their shoulders under the stern of the ship and tried to stand her on her head. They whipped up white combers that sprang on her flanks and tried to crush her, and the wind played a devil's lament in her rigging. Anna lay sick in the stuffy women's quarters, and Ivan could not get near her. But he sent her messages. He told her not to mind the sea devils, to think of the Dream, the Great Dream that would become real in the land to which they were bound. Ivan of the Bridge grew to full stature on that first night out from Libau. The battered old craft that carried him slouched before the waves that swept over her decks, but he was not afraid. Down among the million and one smells of the steerage he induced a thin-faced Livonian to play upon a

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13, 14. **Vilna, Courland**, provinces north and west of Minsk. 14. **Libau**, a Russian seaport on the Baltic Sea. 27. **Israelites**, etc., see *Exodus* xiii, 21-22.

mouth organ, and Big Ivan sang Paleer's "Song of Freedom" in a voice that drowned the creaking of the old vessel's timbers, and made the seasick ones forget their sickness. They sat up in their berths and joined in the chorus, their eyes shining brightly in the half gloom:

Freedom for serf and for slave,
Freedom for all men who crave
Their right to be free
And who hate to bend knee
But to Him who this right to them gave.

It was well that these emigrants had dreams. They wanted them. The sea devils chased the lumbering steamer. They hung to her bows and pulled her for'ard deck under emerald-green rollers. They clung to her stern and hoisted her nose till Big Ivan thought that he could touch the door of heaven by standing on her blunt snout. Miserable, cold, ill, and sleepless, the emigrants crouched in their quarters, and to them Ivan and the thin-faced Livonian sang the "Song of Freedom."

The emigrant ship pounded through the Cattegat, swung southward through the Skagerrack and the bleak North Sea. But the storm pursued her. The big waves snarled and bit at her, and the captain and the chief officer consulted with each other. They decided to run into the Thames, and the harried steamer nosed her way in and anchored off Gravesend.

An examination was made, and the agents decided to transship the emigrants. They were taken to London and thence by train to Liverpool, and Ivan and Anna sat again side by side, holding hands and smiling at each other as the third-class emigrant train from Euston raced down through the green Midland counties to grimy Liverpool.

"You are not afraid?" Ivan would say to her each time she looked at him.

"It is a long way, but the Dream has given me much courage," she said.

"Today I spoke to a Lett whose brother works in New York City," said the giant. "Do you know how much money he earns each day?"

"How much?" she questioned.

"Three rubles, and he calls the policemen by their first names."

"You will earn five rubles, my Ivan," she murmured. "There is no one as strong as you."

Once again they were herded into the bowels of a big ship that steamed away through the fog banks of the Mersey out into the Irish Sea. There were more dreamers now, nine hundred of them, and Anna and Ivan were more comfortable. And these new emigrants, English, Irish, Scotch, French, and German, knew much concerning America. Ivan was certain that he would earn at least three rubles a day. He was very strong.

On the deck he defeated all comers in a tug of war, and the captain of the ship came up to him and felt his muscles.

"The country that lets men like you get away from it is run badly," he said. "Why did you leave it?"

The interpreter translated what the captain said, and through the interpreter Ivan answered.

"I had a Dream," he said, "a Dream of freedom."

"Good," cried the captain. "Why should a man with muscles like yours have his face ground into the dust?"

The soul of Big Ivan grew during those days. He felt himself a man, a man who was born upright to speak his thoughts without fear.

The ship rolled into Queenstown

29, 30. **Cattegat, Skagerrack,** rough sea passages between the Baltic and the North Seas. 37. **Gravesend,** a town at the mouth of the Thames River. 45. **Euston,** a London railway station.

66. **Mersey,** a river in western England.

one bright morning, and Ivan and his nine hundred steerage companions crowded the for'ard deck. A boy in a rowboat threw a line to the deck, and after it had been fastened to a stanchion he came up hand over hand. The emigrants watched him curiously. An old woman sitting in the boat pulled off her shoes, sat in a loop of the rope, and lifted her hand as a signal to her son on deck.

"Hey, fellers," said the boy, "help me pull me muvver up. She wants to sell a few dozen apples, an' they won't let her up the gangway!"

Big Ivan didn't understand the words, but he guessed what the boy wanted. He made one of a half dozen who gripped the rope and started to pull the ancient apple woman to the deck. They had her halfway up the side when an undersized third officer discovered what they were doing. He called to a steward, and the steward sprang to obey.

"Turn a hose on her!" cried the officer. "Turn a hose on the old woman!"

The steward rushed for the hose. He ran with it to the side of the ship with the intention of squirting on the old woman, who was swinging in mid-air and exhorting the six men who were dragging her to the deck.

"Pull!" she cried. "Sure, I'll give every one of ye a rosy red apple an' me blessing with it."

The steward aimed the muzzle of the hose, and Big Ivan of the Bridge let go of the rope and sprang at him. The fist of the great Russian went out like a battering ram; it struck the steward between the eyes, and he dropped upon the deck. He lay like one dead, the muzzle of the hose wriggling from his limp hands.

The third officer and the interpreter rushed at Big Ivan, who stood erect, his hands clenched.

"Ask the big swine why he did it," roared the officer.

"Because he is a coward!" cried Ivan. "They wouldn't do that in America!"

"What does the big brute know about America?" cried the officer.

"Tell him I have dreamed of it," shouted Ivan. "Tell him it is in my Dream. Tell him I will kill him if he turns the water on this old woman."

The apple seller was on deck then, and with the wisdom of the Celt she understood. She put her lean hand upon the great head of the Russian and blessed him in Gaelic. Ivan bowed before her, then as she offered him a rosy apple he led her toward Anna, a great Viking leading a withered old woman who walked with the grace of a duchess.

"Please don't touch him," she cried, turning to the officer. "We have been waiting for your ship for six hours, and we have only five dozen apples to sell. It's a great man he is. Sure he's as big as Finn MacCool."

Someone pulled the steward behind a ventilator and revived him by squirting him with water from the hose which he had tried to turn upon the old woman. The third officer slipped quietly away.

The Atlantic was kind to the ship that carried Ivan and Anna. Through sunny days they sat up on deck and watched the horizon. They wanted to be among those who would get the first glimpse of the wonderland.

They saw it on a morning with sunshine and soft wind. Standing together in the bow, they looked at the smear upon the horizon, and their eyes filled with tears. They forgot the long road to Bobruisk, the rocking journey to Libau, the

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65. **Gaelic**, the original Irish tongue.

mad, buckjumping boat in whose timbers the sea devils of the Baltic had bored holes. Everything unpleasant was forgotten, because the Dream filled them with a great happiness.

The inspectors at Ellis Island were interested in Ivan. They walked around him and prodded his muscles, and he smiled down upon them good-naturedly.

"A fine animal," said one. "Gee, he's a new white hope! Ask him can he fight?"

An interpreter put the question, and Ivan nodded. "I have fought," he said.

"Gee!" cried the inspector. "Ask him was it for purses or what?"

"For freedom," answered Ivan. "For freedom to stretch my legs and straighten my neck!"

Ivan and Anna left the Government ferryboat at The Battery. They started to walk uptown, making for the East Side, Ivan carrying the big trunk that no other man could lift.

It was a wonderful morning. The city was bathed in warm sunshine, and the well-dressed men and women who crowded the sidewalks made the two immigrants think that it was a festival day. Ivan and Anna stared at each other in amazement. They had never seen such dresses as those worn by the smiling women who passed them by; they had never seen such well-groomed men.

"It is a feast day for certain," said Anna.

"They are dressed like princes and princesses," murmured Ivan. "There are no poor here, Anna. None."

Like two simple children, they walked along the streets of the City of Wonder. What a contrast it was to the gray, stupid towns where the Terror waited to spring upon the cowed people. In Bobruisk, Minsk, Vilna, and Libau the people were sullen and afraid. They walked in dread, but in the City of Wonder beside the glorious Hudson every person seemed happy and contented.

They lost their way, but they walked on, looking at the wonderful shop windows, the roaring elevated trains, and the huge skyscrapers. Hours afterwards they found themselves in Fifth Avenue near Thirty-third Street, and there the miracle happened to the two Russian immigrants. It was a big miracle inasmuch as it proved the Dream a truth, a great truth.

Ivan and Anna attempted to cross the avenue, but they became confused in the snarl of traffic. They dodged backward and forward as the stream of automobiles swept by them. Anna screamed, and, in response to her scream, a traffic policeman, resplendent in a new uniform, rushed to her side. He took the arm of Anna and flung up a commanding hand. The charging autos halted. For five blocks north and south they jammed on the brakes when the unexpected interruption occurred, and Big Ivan gasped.

"Don't be flurried, little woman," said the cop. "I can tame 'em by liftin' my hand."

Anna didn't understand what he said, but she knew it was something nice by the manner in which his eyes smiled down upon her. And in front of the waiting automobiles he led her with the same care that he would give to a duchess, while Ivan, carrying the big trunk, followed them, wondering much. Ivan's mind went back to Bobruisk on the night the Terror was abroad.

The policeman led Anna to the sidewalk, patted Ivan good-naturedly upon the shoulder, and then with a

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24. **The Battery**, the southern extremity of the island of Manhattan, New York City.

sharp whistle unloosed the waiting stream of cars that had been held up so that two Russian immigrants could cross the avenue.

Big Ivan of the Bridge took the trunk from his head and put it on the ground. He reached out his arms and folded Anna in a great embrace. His eyes were wet.

"The Dream is true!" he cried. "Did you see, Anna? We are as good as they! This is the land where a muzhik is as good as a prince of the blood!"

The President was nearing the close of his address. Anna shook Ivan, and Ivan came out of the trance which the President's words had brought upon him. He sat up and listened intently:

We grow great by dreams. All big men are dreamers. They see things in the soft haze of a spring day or in the red fire of a long winter's evening. Some of us let those great dreams die, but others nourish and protect them, nurse them through bad days till they bring them to the sunshine and light which come always to those who sincerely hope that their dreams will come true.

The President finished. For a moment he stood looking down at the faces turned up to him, and Big Ivan of the Bridge thought that the President smiled at him. Ivan seized Anna's hand and held it tight.

"He knew of my Dream!" he cried. "He knew of it. Did you hear what he said about the dreams of a spring day?"

"Of course he knew," said Anna. "He is the wisest man in America, where there are many wise men. Ivan, you are a citizen now."

"And you are a citizen, Anna."

The band started to play "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and Ivan and Anna got to their feet. Standing side by side, holding hands, they joined in with the others who had found after long days of journeying the blessed land where dreams come true.

for oral

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. President Wilson explained to the newly-made citizens the value of having an ideal; tell why he thinks "a dream is worth more than gold or silver" to the citizen. Mention some things America believes in that we might forget.

2. What dream came to Ivan as he plowed the fields of far-off Russia? What did his dream lead him to do? Tell briefly the story of Ivan's coming to America.

3. Quote Ivan's words to show what his vision of America was. Show that such an ideal would help a man to become a good American citizen. Show that his ideal included more than earning a living. What tells you that Ivan and Anna were thrifty? What does thrift have to do with good citizenship?

4. Which of the incidents mentioned in the story of Ivan's trip to America interested you most? What tells you that Ivan had found the land "where dreams come true"? What other story dealing with immigrants have you read?

Theme Topics. 1. How immigrants are treated at Ellis Island. 2. Americanization work among new citizens.

AMERICANS OF FOREIGN BIRTH

Woodrow Wilson

It warms my heart that you should give me such a reception; but it is not of myself that I wish to think tonight, but of those who have just become citizens of the United States.

This is the only country in the world which experiences this constant and repeated rebirth. Other countries depend upon the multiplication of their own native people. This country is constantly drinking strength out of new sources by the voluntary association with it of great bodies of strong men and forward-looking women out of other lands. And so by the gift of the free will of independent people it is being constantly renewed from generation to generation by the same process by which it was originally created. It is as if humanity had determined to see to it that this great Nation, founded for the benefit of humanity, should not lack for the allegiance of the people of the world.

You have just taken an oath of allegiance to the United States. Of allegiance to whom? Of allegiance to no one, unless it be God—certainly not of allegiance to those who temporarily represent this great Government. You have taken an oath of allegiance to a great ideal, to a great body of principles, to a great hope of the human race. You have said, "We are going to America not only to earn a living, not only to seek the things which it was more difficult to obtain where we were born, but to help forward the great enterprises of the human spirit—to let men know that everywhere in the world there are men who will cross strange oceans and go where a speech is spoken which is alien to them if they can but satisfy their quest for what their spirits crave; knowing that whatever the speech, there is but one longing and utterance of the human heart, and that is for liberty and justice." And while you bring all countries with you, you come with a purpose of leaving all other countries behind you—bringing what is best of their spirit, but not looking over your shoulders and seeking to perpetuate what you intend to leave behind in them. I certainly would not be one even to suggest that a man cease to love the home of his birth and the nation of his origin—these things are very sacred and ought not to be put out of our hearts—but it is one thing to love the place where you were born and it is another thing to dedicate yourself to the place to which you go. You cannot dedicate yourself to America unless you become in every respect and with every purpose of your will thorough Americans. You cannot become thorough Americans if you think of yourselves in groups. America does not consist of groups. A man who thinks of himself as belonging to a particular national group in America has not yet become an American, and the man who goes among you to trade upon your nationality is no worthy son to live under the Stars and Stripes.

My urgent advice to you would be, not only always to think first of America, but always, also, to think first of humanity. You do not love humanity if you seek to divide humanity into jealous camps. Humanity can be welded together only by love, by sympathy, by justice, not by jealousy and hatred. I am sorry for the man who seeks to make personal capital out of the passions of his fellow-men. He has lost the touch and ideal of America, for America was created to unite mankind by those passions which lift, and not by the passions which separate and debase. We came to America, either ourselves or in the persons of our ancestors, to better the ideals of men, to make them see finer things than they had seen before, to get rid of the things that divide and to make sure of the things that unite. It was but an historical accident no doubt, that this great country was called the "United States"; yet I am very thankful that it has that word "United" in its title, and the man who seeks to divide man from man, group from group, interest from interest in this great Union is striking at its very heart.

It is a very interesting circumstance to me, in thinking of those of you who have just sworn allegiance to this great Government, that you were drawn across the ocean by some beckoning finger of hope, by some belief, by some vision of a new kind of justice, by some expectation of a better kind of life. No doubt you have been disappointed in some of us. Some of us are very disappointing. No doubt you have found that justice in the United States goes only with a pure heart and a right purpose as it does everywhere else in the world. No doubt what you found here did not seem touched for you, after all, with the complete beauty of the ideal which you had conceived beforehand. But remember this: If we had grown at all poor in the ideal, you had brought some of it with you. A man does not go out to seek the thing that is not in him. A man does not hope for the thing that he does not believe in, and if some of us have forgotten what America believed in, you, at any rate, imported in your own hearts a renewal of the belief. That is the reason that I, for one, make you welcome. If I have in any degree forgotten what America was intended for, I will thank God if you will remind me. I was born in America. You dreamed dreams of what America was to be, and I hope you brought the dreams with you. No man that does not see visions will ever realize any high hope or undertake any high enterprise. Just because you brought dreams with you, America is more likely to realize dreams such as you brought. You are enriching us if you came expecting us to be better than we are.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. This selection is taken from a speech made by Mr. Wilson at Philadelphia in 1915, before a gathering of recently naturalized citizens.

Mr. Wilson points out that "this is the only country in the world which experiences this constant and repeated rebirth"; explain his meaning. What problems that are not found elsewhere are created in America by this fact?

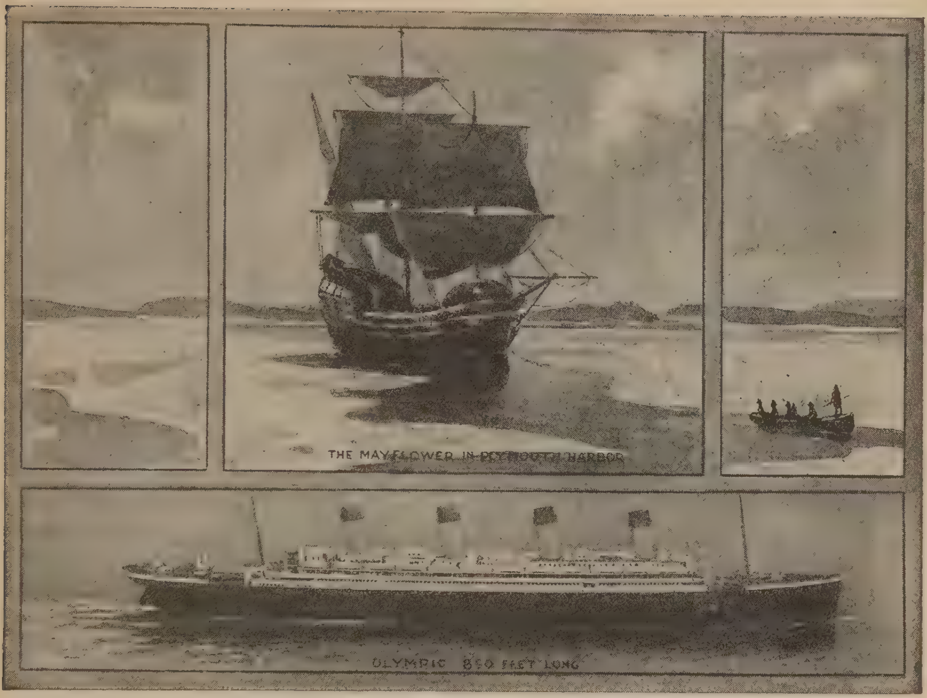
3. To what does the President tell the newly-made citizens they have taken an "oath of allegiance"? What, besides earning a living, does he say brought the immigrant-citizen to America? Compare with Ivan's dream of America.

4. The President defines the attitude the citizen should take toward the country from which he came and toward the country to which he has come; discuss this definition.

5. Discuss the President's argument for unity—the contention that "America was created to unite mankind." What do you know of the early history of America that supports this opinion?

Theme Topics (2 minute talks). 1. The source from which America gains strength. 2. Whom the foreign-born citizen owes his allegiance to. 3. What the foreign-born citizen brings with him when he comes to America, and what he leaves behind him. 4. Mr. Wilson's plan for welding humanity together; The aptness of Mr. Wilson's address for the occasion.

Library Reading. *The Promised Land,* Antin; *The Making of an American,* Riis; *His Soul Goes Marching On,* Andrews; "What We Can Expect of the American Boy," Roosevelt (in *St. Nicholas,* Vol. 46, Part I); *The Americanization of Edward Bok,* Bok.


THE MAYFLOWER IN PLYMOUTH HARBOR
OLYMPIC 850 FEET LONG

1620-1920

L. B. R. Briggs

Before him rolls the dark, relentless ocean;
Behind him stretch the cold and barren sands;
Wrapped in the mantle of his deep devotion,
The Pilgrim kneels, and clasps his lifted hands:

"God of our fathers, who hast safely brought us
Through seas and sorrows, famine, fire, and sword;
Who, in Thy mercies manifold, hast taught us
To trust in Thee, our leader and our Lord;

"God, who hast sent Thy truth to shine before us,
A fiery pillar, beaconing on the sea;
God, who hast spread Thy wings of mercy o'er us;
God, who hast set our children's children free,

"Freedom Thy newborn nation here shall cherish;
Grant us Thy covenant, unchanging, sure:
Earth shall decay; the firmament shall perish;
Freedom and Truth, immortal shall endure."

Face to the Indian arrows,
Face to the Prussian guns,
From then till now the Pilgrim's vow
Has held the Pilgrim's sons.

He braved the red man's ambush;
He loosed the black man's chain;
His spirit broke King George's yoke
And the battleships of Spain.

He crossed the seething ocean;
He dared the death-strewn track;
He charged in the hell of Saint Mihiel
And hurled the tyrant back.

For the voice of the lonely Pilgrim
Who knelt upon the strand
A people hears three hundred years
In the conscience of the land.

27. **Saint Mihiel**, a town on the river Meuse in France, scene of an American victory in the World War.

Daughter of Truth and mother of Courage,
Conscience, all hail!
Heart of New England, strength of the Pilgrim,
Thou shalt prevail.
Look how the empires rise and fall!
Athens robed in her learning and beauty,
Rome in her royal lust of power—
Each has flourished her little hour,
Risen and fallen and ceased to be.
What of her by the western sea,
Born and bred as the child of Duty,
Sternest of them all?
She it is, and she alone
Who built on faith as her corner-stone;
Of all the nations none but she
Knew that the truth shall make us free.
Daughter of Courage, mother of heroes,
Freedom divine,
Light of New England, star of the Pilgrim,
Still shalt thou shine.

Yet even as we in our pride rejoice,
Hark to the prophet's warning voice:

"The Pilgrim's thrift is vanished,
And the Pilgrim's faith is dead,
And the Pilgrim's God is banished,
And Mammon reigns in his stead;
And work is damned as an evil,
And men and women cry,
In their restless haste, 'Let us spend and waste,
And live; for tomorrow we die.'

"And law is trampled under;
And the nations stand aghast,
As they hear the distant thunder
Of the storm that marches fast;
And we, whose ocean borders
Shut off the sound and the sight,
We will wait for marching orders;
The world has seen us fight;
We have earned our days of revel;
'On with the dance!' we cry.
'It is pain to think; we will eat and drink,
And live—for tomorrow we die.

" 'We have laughed in the eyes of danger;
We have given our bravest and best;
We have succored the starving stranger;
Others shall heed the rest.'
And the revel never ceases;
And the nations hold their breath;
And our laughter peals, and the mad world reels
To a carnival of death.

"Slaves of sloth and the senses,
Clippers of Freedom's wings,
Come back to the Pilgrim's army
And fight for the King of Kings;
Come back to the Pilgrim's conscience;
Be born in the nation's birth;
And strive again as simple men
For the freedom of the earth.

"Freedom a free-born nation still shall cherish;
Be this our covenant, unchanging, sure:
Earth shall decay; the firmament shall perish;
Freedom and Truth immortal shall endure."

Land of our fathers, when the tempest rages,
When the wide earth is racked with war and crime,
Founded for ever on the Rock of Ages,
Beaten in vain by surging seas of time,

Even as the shallop on the breakers riding,
Even as the Pilgrim kneeling on the shore,
Firm in thy faith and fortitude abiding,
Hold thou thy children free for evermore.

And when we sail as Pilgrims' sons and daughters
The spirit's Mayflower into seas unknown,
Driving across the waste of wintry waters,
The voyage every soul shall make alone,

The Pilgrim's faith, the Pilgrim's courage grant us;
Still shines the truth that for the Pilgrim shone.
We are his seed; nor life nor death shall daunt us.
The port is Freedom! Pilgrim heart, sail on!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. This poem was written for the tercentenary celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims in America. What have you learned from your histories about the circumstances under which the Pilgrims set out for America?

2. The Pilgrims represent the beginnings of free government in America; tell of the compact of the Pilgrims. (See Bradford's *History of the Plymouth Plantation.*) What characteristic of freedom and truth is mentioned in the last lines of the Pilgrim's prayer? With what mortal things does the poet contrast freedom and truth?

3. What accomplishments wrought by the Pilgrim spirit are enumerated? Discuss these achievements briefly. Do these achievements have to do with "the conscience of the land"?

4. In lines 33-52, the poet addresses himself directly to *Conscience;* why does he believe that the "star of the Pilgrim" shall continue to shine? He contrasts our nation with Athens and Rome; what difference does he note?

5. In lines 53-82, the poet gives a warning note; do you think work is viewed by Americans as an evil? Is thrift vanishing? Is law trampled under? Give reasons. Do you think there is good reason for the poet's warning note?

WASHINGTON

James Russell Lowell

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
High-poised example of great duties done
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
Never seduced through show of present good
By other than unsetting lights to steer
New-trimmed in Heaven, nor than his steadfast mood
More steadfast, far from rashness as from fear;
Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still
In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will;
Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one,
Who was all this and ours, and all men's—
WASHINGTON.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. The poet says Washington was "eloquent for his barefoot soldiers but dumb for himself"; can you cite an instance to verify this statement?

2. Quote a line from the poem to show that Washington did not seek by popular approval to gain self-advancement. What facts of history do you know that confirm this opinion?

Library Reading. *The Americanism of Washington,* van Dyke; "George Washington," Ingham (in *Poems of American History,* Stevenson); "Washington," Byron (in *Poems of American History,* Stevenson).

Theme Topics. Qualities That Particularly Fitted Washington to Be a Leader of Men.

LINCOLN, THE LAWYER*

Ida M. Tarbell

When, in 1849, Lincoln decided to abandon politics finally and to devote himself to the law, he had been practicing for thirteen years. In spite of the many interruptions electioneering and office-holding had caused, he was well-established. Rejoining his partner Herndon—the firm of Lincoln and Herndon had been only a name during Lincoln's term in Washington—he took up the law with a singleness of purpose which had never before characterized his practice.

Lincoln's headquarters were in Springfield, but his practice was itinerant. The arrangements for the administration of justice in Illinois in the early days were suited to the conditions of the country, the state being divided into judicial circuits including more or less territory according to the population. To each

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*This selection from Tarbell's *Life of Abraham Lincoln* is used by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

circuit a judge was appointed, who each spring and fall traveled from county-seat to county-seat to hold court. With the judge traveled a certain number of the best-known lawyers of the district. Each lawyer had, of course, a permanent office in one of the county-seats, and often at several of the others he had partners, usually young men of little experience, for whom he acted as counsel in special cases. This peripatetic court prevailed in Illinois until the beginning of the fifties; but for many years after, when the towns had grown so large that a clever lawyer might have enough to do in his own county, a few lawyers, Lincoln among them, who from long association felt that the circuit was their natural habitat, refused to leave it.

The circuit which Lincoln traveled was known as the "Eighth Judicial Circuit." It included fifteen counties in 1845, though the territory has since been divided into more. It was about one hundred and fifty miles long by as many broad. There were no railroads in the Eighth Circuit until about 1845, and the court traveled on horseback or in carriages. Lincoln had no horse in the early days of his practice. It was his habit then to borrow one, or to join a company of a half dozen or more in hiring a "three-seated spring wagon." Later he owned a turn-out of his own, which figures in nearly all the traditions of the Eighth Circuit; the horse being described as "poky" and the buggy as "rattling."

There was much that was irritating and uncomfortable in the circuit-riding of the Illinois court, but there was more which was amusing to a temperament like Lincoln's. The freedom, the long days in the open air, the unexpected, if trivial, adventures, the meeting with wayfarers and settlers—all was an entertainment to him. He found humor and human interest on the route, where his companions saw nothing but commonplaces. "He saw the ludicrous in an assemblage of fowls," says H. C. Whitney, one of his fellow-itinerants, "in a man spading his garden, in a clothes-line full of clothes, in a group of boys, in a lot of pigs rooting at a mill door, in a mother duck teaching her brood to swim—in everything and anything." The sympathetic observations of these long rides furnished humorous settings for some of his best stories. If frequently on these trips he fell into somber reveries and rode with head bent, ignoring his companions, generally he took part in all the frolicking which went on, joining in practical jokes, singing noisily with the rest, sometimes even playing a jew's-harp.

When the county-seat was reached, the bench and bar quickly settled themselves in the town tavern. It was usually a large two-story house with big rooms and long verandas. There was little exclusiveness possible in these hostelries. Ordinarily judge and lawyer slept two in a bed, and three or four beds in a room. They ate at the common table with jurors, witnesses, prisoners out on bail, traveling peddlers, teamsters, and laborers. The only attempt at classification on the landlord's part was seating the lawyers in a group at the head of the table. Most of them accepted this distinction complacently. Lincoln, however, seemed to be indifferent to it. One day, when he had come in and seated himself at the foot with the "fourth estate," the landlord called to him, "You're in the wrong place, Mr. Lincoln; come up here."

"Have you anything better to eat up there, Joe?" he inquired quizzically; "if not, I'll stay here."

The accommodations of the taverns were often unsatisfactory—the food poorly cooked, the beds hard. Lincoln accepted everything with uncomplaining good nature, though his companions habitually growled at the hardships of the life. It was not only repugnance to criticism which might hurt others, it was the indifference of one whose thoughts were always busy with problems apart from physical comfort, who had little notion of the so-called "refinements of life," and almost no sense of luxury and ease.

The judge naturally was the leading character in these nomadic groups. He received all the special consideration the democratic spirit of the inhabitants bestowed on anyone, and controlled his privacy and his time to a degree. Judge David Davis, who from 1848 presided over the Eighth Circuit as long as Mr. Lincoln traveled it, was a man of unusual force of character, of large learning, quick impulses, and strong prejudices. Lincoln was from the beginning of their association a favorite with Judge Davis. Unless he joined the circle which the judge formed in his room after supper, his honor was impatient and distraught, interrupting the conversation constantly by demanding: "Where's Lincoln?" "Why don't Lincoln come?" And when Lincoln did come, the judge would draw out story after story, quieting everybody who interrupted with an impatient, "Mr. Lincoln's talking." If anyone came to the door to see the host in the midst of one of Lincoln's stories he would send a lawyer into the hall to see what was wanted, and, as soon as the door closed, order Lincoln to "go ahead."

The appearance of the court in a town was invariably a stimulus to its social life. In all of the county-seats there were a few fine homes of which the dignity, spaciousness, and elegance still impress the traveler through Illinois. The hospitality of these houses was generous. Dinners, receptions, and suppers followed one another as soon as the court began. Lincoln was a favorite figure at all these gatherings.

His favorite field, however, was the court. The courthouses of Illinois in which he practiced were not log-houses, as has been frequently taken for granted. "It is not probable," says a leading member of the Illinois bar, "Mr. Lincoln ever saw a log courthouse in central Illinois, where he practiced law, unless he saw one at Decatur, in Macon County. In a conversation between three members of the Supreme Court of Illinois, all of whom had been born in this state and had lived in it all their lives, and who were certainly familiar with the central portions of the state, all declared they had never seen a log courthouse in the state."

The courthouses in which Lincoln practiced were stiff, old-fashioned wood or brick structures, usually capped by cupola or tower, and fronted by verandas with huge Doric or Ionic pillars. They were finished inside in the most uncompromising style—hard, white walls, unpainted woodwork, pine floors, wooden benches. Usually they were heated by huge Franklin stoves, with yards of stove-pipe running wildly through the air, searching for an exit, and threatening momentarily to unjoint and tumble in sections. Few of the lawyers had offices in the town; and a corner of the courtroom, the shade of a tree in the courtyard, a sunny side of a building, were where they met their clients and transacted business.

In the courts themselves there was a certain indifference to formality engendered by the primitive surroundings, which, however, the judges never allowed to interfere with the seriousness of the work. Lincoln habitually, when not busy, whispered stories to his neighbors, frequently to the annoyance of Judge Davis. If Lincoln persisted too long, the judge would rap on the chair and exclaim: "Come, come, Mr. Lincoln, I can't stand this! There is no use trying to carry on two courts; I must adjourn mine or you yours, and I think you will have to be the one." As soon as the group had scattered, the judge would call one of the men to him and ask: "What was that Lincoln was telling?"

"I was never fined but once for contempt of court," says one of the clerks of the court in Lincoln's day. "Davis fined me five dollars. Mr. Lincoln had just come in, and leaning over my desk had told me a story so irresistibly funny that I broke out into a loud laugh. The judge called me to order in haste, saying, 'This must be stopped! Mr. Lincoln, you are constantly disturbing this court with your stories.' Then to me, 'You may fine yourself five dollars for your disturbance.' I apologized, but told the judge that the story was worth the money. In a few minutes the judge called me to him. 'What was the story Lincoln told you?' he asked. I told him, and he laughed aloud in spite of himself. 'Remit your fine,' he ordered."

The partiality of Judge Davis for Lincoln was shared by the members of the court generally. The unaffected friendliness and helpfulness of his nature had more to do with this than his wit and cleverness. If there was a new clerk in court, a stranger unused to the ways of the place, Lincoln was the first—sometimes the only one—to shake hands with him and congratulate him on his election.

"No lawyer on the circuit was more unassuming than was Mr. Lincoln," says one who practiced with him. "He arrogated to himself no superiority over anyone—not even the most obscure member of the bar. He treated everyone with that simplicity and kindness that friendly neighbors manifest in their relations with one another. He was remarkably gentle with young lawyers becoming permanent residents at the several county-seats in the circuit where he had practiced for so many years. . . . The result was, he became the much-loved senior member of the bar. No young lawyer ever practiced in the courts with Mr. Lincoln who did not in all his after life have a regard for him akin to personal affection."

"I remember with what confidence I always went to him," says Judge Lawrence Welden, who first knew Lincoln at the bar in 1854, "because I was certain he knew all about the matter and would most cheerfully help me. I can see him now, through the decaying memories of thirty years, standing in the corner of the old court-room; and as I approached him with a paper I did not understand, he said, 'Wait until I fix this plug of my "gallis" and I will pitch into that like a dog at a root.' While speaking he was busily engaged in trying to connect his suspenders with his pants by making a plug perform the function of a button."

If for any reason Lincoln was absent from court, he was missed perhaps as no other man on the Eighth Circuit would have been, and his return greeted joyously. He was not less happy himself to rejoin his friends. "Ain't you glad I've come?" he would call out, as he came up to shake hands.

The cases which fell to Lincoln on the Eighth Circuit were of the sort common to a new country. Litigation over bordering lines and deeds, over damages by wandering cattle, over broils at country festivities. Few of the cases were of large importance. When a client came to Lincoln his first effort was to arrange matters, if possible, and to avoid a suit. In a few notes for a law lecture prepared about 1850, he says:

"Discourage litigation. Persuade your neighbors to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often a real loser—in fees, expenses, and waste of time. As a peacemaker the lawyer has a superior opportunity of being a good man. There will still be business enough.

"Never stir up litigation. A worse man can scarcely be found than one who does this. Who can be more nearly a fiend than he who habitually overhauls the register of deeds in search of defects in titles, whereon to stir up strife, and put money in his pocket? A moral tone ought to be infused into the profession which should drive such men out of it."

He carried out this in his practice. "Who was your guardian?" he asked a young man who came to him to complain that a part of the property left him had been withheld. "Enoch Kingsbury," replied the young man.

"I know Mr. Kingsbury," said Lincoln, "and he is not the man to have cheated you out of a cent, and I can't take the case, and advise you to drop the subject." And it was dropped.

"We shall not take your case," he said to a man who had shown that by a legal technicality he could win property worth six hundred dollars. "You must remember that some things legally right are not morally right. We shall not take your case, but will give you a little advice for which we will charge you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man; we would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

Where he saw injustice he was quick to offer his services to the wronged party. A pleasant example of this is related by Joseph Jefferson in his *Autobiography*. In 1839 Jefferson, then a lad of ten years, traveled through Illinois with his father's theatrical company. After playing at Chicago, Quincy, Peoria, and Pekin, the company went in the fall to Springfield, where the sight of the legislature tempted the elder Jefferson and his partner to remain throughout the season. But there was no theater. Not to be daunted they built one. But hardly had they completed it before a religious revival broke out in the town, and the church people turned all their influence against the theater. So effectually did they work that a law was passed by the municipality imposing a license which was practically prohibitory. "In the midst of our trouble," says Jefferson, "a young lawyer called on the managers. He had heard of the injustice, and offered, if they would place the matter in his hands, to have the license taken off, declaring that he only desired to see fair play, and he would accept no fee whether he failed or succeeded. The young lawyer began his harangue. He handled the subject with tact, skill, and humor, tracing the history of the drama from the time when Thespis acted in a cart to the stage of today. He illustrated his speech with a number of anecdotes, and kept the council in a roar of laughter. His good humor prevailed, and the exorbitant tax was taken off." The "young lawyer" was Lincoln.

53. **Joseph Jefferson**, a famous American actor (1829-1905). 85. **Thespis**, reputed founder of Greek tragedy, who flourished in Athens in the sixth century B. C.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. For data concerning Lincoln's life prior to the time noted in the beginning of this selection (1849), see your United States history.

What is meant by "Lincoln's term in Washington"?

2. Be prepared to discuss Lincoln's return to the practice of law, after his decision to abandon politics, under the following topics: Lincoln's law firm and its headquarters; the itinerant practice; the "Eighth Judicial Circuit"; the mode of travel about the circuit and the town tavern; Lincoln a great favorite and story-teller; Lincoln's humor; his attitude toward injustice, and toward litigation.

3. Prepare a brief statement summarizing Lincoln's qualities as you gain them from reading this selection.

Library Reading. Read *The Perfect Tribute*, Andrews, and be prepared to make a report upon it to your classmates. Read "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," Whitman.

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LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

Edwin Markham

When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road,
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy,
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears,
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face,
And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
Moving—all hushed—behind the mortal veil.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth,
The smack and tang of elemental things;
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the West,
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts
Were roots that firmly gripped the granite truth.

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow:
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

WORKING TOGETHER IN A DEMOCRACY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Fellow-feeling, sympathy in the broadest sense, is the most important factor in producing a healthy political and social life. Neither our national nor our local civic life can be what it should be unless it is marked by the fellow-feeling, the mutual kindness, the mutual respect, the sense of common duties and common interests, which arise when men take the trouble to understand one another, and to associate together for a common object. A very large share of the rancor of political and social strife arises either from sheer misunderstanding by one section, or by one class, of another, or else from the fact that the two sections, or two classes, are so cut off from each other that neither appreciates the other's passions, prejudices, and, indeed, point of view, while they are both entirely ignorant of their community of feeling as regards the essentials of manhood and humanity.

This is one reason why the public school is so admirable an institution. To it more than to any other among the many causes which, in our American life, tell for religious toleration is due the impossibility of persecution of a particular creed. When in their earliest and most impressionable years Protestants, Catholics, and Jews go to the same schools, learn the same lessons, play the same games, and are forced, in the rough-and-ready democracy of boy life, to take each at his true worth, it is impossible later to make the disciples of one creed persecute those of another. From the evils of religious persecution America is safe.

From the evils of sectional hostility we are, at any rate, far safer than we were. The war with Spain was the most absolutely righteous foreign war in which any nation has engaged during the nineteenth century, and not the least of its many good features was the unity it brought about between the sons of the men who wore the blue and of those who wore the gray. This necessarily meant the dying out of the old antipathy. Of course embers smolder here and there; but the country at large is growing more and more to take pride in the valor, the self-devotion, the loyalty to an ideal, displayed alike by the soldiers of both sides in the Civil War. We are all united now. We are all glad that the Union was restored, and are one in our loyalty to it; and hand in hand with this general recognition of the all-importance of preserving the Union has gone the recognition of the fact that at the outbreak of the Civil War men could not cut loose from the ingrained habits and traditions of generations, and that the man from the North and the man from the South each was loyal to his highest ideal of duty when he drew sword or shouldered rifle to fight to the death for what he believed to be right.

Nor is it only the North and the South that have struck hands. The East and the West are fundamentally closer together than ever before. Using the word "West" in the old sense, as meaning the country west of the Alleghanies, it is of course perfectly obvious that it is the West which will shape the destinies of this nation. The great group of wealthy and powerful states about the Upper Mississippi, the Ohio, the Missouri, and their tributaries, will have far more weight than any other section in deciding the fate of the republic in the centuries that are opening. This is not in the least to be regretted by the East, for the simple and excellent reason that the interests of the West and the East are one. The

44. **war with Spain,** Spanish-American War (1898).

West will shape our destinies because she will have more people and a greater territory, and because the whole development of the Western country is such as to make it peculiarly the exponent of all that is most vigorously and characteristically American in our national life.

So it is with the Pacific slope, and the giant young states that are there growing by leaps and bounds. The greater the share they have in directing the national life, the better it will be for all of us.

I do not for a moment mean that mistakes will not be committed in every section of the country; they certainly will be, and in whatever section they are committed it will be our duty to protest against them, and to try to overthrow those who are responsible for them. But I do mean to say that in the long run each section is going to find that its welfare, instead of being antagonistic to, is indissolubly bound up in, the welfare of other sections; and the growth of means of communication, the growth of education in its highest and finest sense, means the growth in the sense of solidarity throughout the country, in the feeling of patriotic pride of each American in the deeds of all other Americans—of pride in the past history and present and future greatness of the whole country.

Nobody is interested in the fact that Dewey comes from Vermont, Hobson from Alabama, or Funston from Kansas. If all three came from the same county it would make no difference to us. They are Americans, and every American has an equal right to challenge his share of glory in their deeds. As we read of the famous feats of our army in the Philippines, it matters nothing to us whether the regiments come from Oregon, Idaho, California, Nebraska, Pennsylvania, or Tennessee. What does matter is that these splendid soldiers are all Americans; that they are our heroes; that our blood runs in their veins; that the flag under which we live is the flag for which they have fought, for which some of them have died.

Danger from religious antipathy is dead, and from sectional antipathy dying; but there are at times very ugly manifestations of antipathy between class and class. It seems a pity to have to use the word "class," because there are really no classes in our American life in the sense in which the word "class" is used in Europe. Our social and political systems do not admit of them in theory, and in practice they exist only in a very fluid state. In most European countries classes are separated by rigid boundaries, which can be crossed but rarely, and with the utmost difficulty and peril. Here the boundaries cannot properly be said to exist, and are certainly so fluctuating and evasive, so indistinctly marked, that they cannot be appreciated when seen near by. Any American family which lasts a few generations will be apt to have representatives in all the different classes. The great business men, even the great professional men, and especially the great statesmen and sailors and soldiers, are very apt to spring from among the farmers or wage-workers, and their kinsfolk remain near the old home or at the old trade. If ever there existed in the world a community where the identity of interest, of habit, of principle, and of ideals should be felt as a living force, ours is the one. Speaking generally, it really is felt to a degree quite unknown in other countries of our size. There are, doubtless, portions of Norway and Switzerland where the

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38-39. **Dewey, Hobson, Funston.** Admiral Dewey, Lieutenant Richmond P. Hobson, General Frederick Funston were among those who most distinguished themselves in the Spanish-American War.

social and political ideals, and their nearness to realization, are not materially different from those of the most essentially American portions of our own land; but this is not true of any European country of considerable size. It is only in American communities that we see the farmer, the hired man, the lawyer, and the merchant, and possibly even the officer of the army or the navy, all kinsmen, and all accepting their relations as perfectly natural and simple. This is eminently healthy. This is just as it should be in our republic. It represents the ideal toward which it would be a good thing to approximate everywhere. In the great industrial centers, with their highly complex, highly specialized conditions, it is of course merely an ideal. There are parts even of our oldest states, as, for example, New York, where this ideal is actually realized; there are other parts, particularly the great cities, where the life is so wholly different that the attempt to live up precisely to the country conditions would be artificial and impossible. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the only true solution of our political and social problems lies in cultivating everywhere the spirit of brotherhood, of fellow-feeling and understanding between man and man, and the willingness to treat a man as a man, which are the essential factors in American democracy as we still see it in the country districts.

The chief factor in producing such sympathy is simply association on a plane of equality, and for a common object. Any healthy-minded American is bound to think well of his fellow-Americans if he only gets to know them. The trouble is that he does not know them. If the banker and the farmer never meet, or meet only in the most perfunctory business way, if the banking is not done by men whom the farmer knows as his friends and associates, a spirit of mistrust is almost sure to spring up. If the merchant or the manufacturer, the lawyer or the clerk, never meets the mechanic or the handicraftsman, save on rare occasions, when the meeting may be of a hostile kind, each side feels that the other is alien and naturally antagonistic. But if any one individual of any group were to be thrown into natural association with another group, the difficulties would be found to disappear so far as he was concerned. Very possibly he would become the ardent champion of the other group.

Perhaps I may be pardoned for quoting my own experience as an instance in point. Outside of college boys and politicians my first intimate associates were ranchmen, cow-punchers, and game-hunters, and I speedily became convinced that there were no other men in the country who were their equals. Then I was thrown much with farmers, and I made up my mind that it was the farmer upon whom the foundations of the commonwealth really rested—that the farmer was the archetypical good American. Then I saw a good deal of railroad men, and after quite an intimate acquaintance with them I grew to feel that, especially in their higher ranks, they typified the very qualities of courage, self-reliance, self-command, hardihood, capacity for work, power of initiative, and power of obedience, which we like most to associate with the American name. Then I happened to have dealings with certain carpenters' unions, and grew to have a great respect for the carpenter, for the mechanic type. By this time it dawned upon me that they were all pretty good fellows, and that my championship of each set in succession above all other sets had sprung largely from the fact that I was very familiar with the set I championed, and less familiar with the remainder. In other words, I had grown into sympathy with, into understanding of, group after group, with the effect that I invariably found that they and I had common purposes and a common standpoint. We differed among ourselves, or agreed among ourselves, not because we had different occupations or the same occupation, but because of our ways of looking at life.

It is this capacity for sympathy, for fellow-feeling and mutual understanding, which must lie at the basis of all really successful movements for good government and the betterment of social and civic conditions. There is no patent device for bringing about good government. Still less is there any patent device for remedying social evils and doing away with social inequalities. Wise legislation can help in each case, and crude, vicious, or demagogic legislation can do an infinity of harm. But the betterment must come through the slow workings of the same forces which always have tended for righteousness, and always will.

The prime lesson to be taught is the lesson of treating each man on his worth as a man, and of remembering that while sometimes it is necessary, from both a legislative and social standpoint, to consider men as a class, yet in the long run our safety lies in recognizing the individual's worth or lack of worth as the chief basis of action, and in shaping our whole conduct, and especially our political conduct, accordingly. It is impossible for a democracy to endure if the political lines are drawn to coincide with class lines. The resulting government, whether of the upper or the lower class, is not a government of the whole people, but a government of part of the people at the expense of the rest. Where the lines of political division are vertical, the men of each occupation and of every social standing separating according to their vocations and principles, the result is healthy and normal. Just so far, however, as the lines are drawn horizontally, the result is unhealthy, and in the long run disastrous, for such a division means that men are pitted against one another in accordance with the blind and selfish interests of the moment. Each is thus placed over against his neighbor in an attitude of greedy class hostility, which becomes the mainspring of his conduct, instead of each basing his political action upon his own convictions as to what is advisable and what inadvisable, and upon his own disinterested sense of devotion to the interests of the whole community as he sees them. Republics have fallen in the past primarily because the parties that controlled them divided along the lines of class, so that inevitably the triumph of one or the other implied the supremacy of a part over the whole. The result might be an oligarchy, or it might be mob rule; it mattered little which, as regards the ultimate effect, for in both cases tyranny and anarchy were sure to alternate. The failure of the Greek and Italian republics was fundamentally due to this cause. Switzerland has flourished because the divisions upon which her political issues have been fought have not been primarily those of mere caste or social class, and America will flourish and will become greater than any empire because, in the long run, in this country, any party which strives to found itself upon sectional or class jealousy and hostility must go down before the good sense of the people.

The only way to provide against the evils of a horizontal cleavage in politics is to encourage the growth of fellow-feeling, of a feeling based on the relations of man to man, and not of class to class. In the country districts this is not very difficult. In the neighborhood where I live, on the Fourth of July the four Protestant ministers and the Catholic priest speak from the same platform, the children of all of us go to the same district school, and the landowner and the hired man take the same views, not merely of politics, but of duck-shooting and of international yacht races. Naturally, in such a community there is small chance for class division. There is a slight feeling against the mere summer residents, precisely because there is not much sympathy with them, and because they do not share in our local interests; but otherwise there are enough objects in common to put all much on the same plane of interest in various important particulars, and each man has too much self-respect to feel particularly jealous of any other man. Moreover, as the community is small and consists for the most part of persons who have dwelt long in the land, while those of foreign ancestry, instead of keeping by themselves, have intermarried with the natives, there is still a realizing sense of kinship among the men who follow the different occupations. The characteristic family names are often borne by men of widely different fortunes, ranging from the local bayman through the captain of the oyster-sloop, the sail-maker, or the wheelwright, to the owner of what the countryside may know as the manor-house—which probably contains one of the innumerable rooms in which Washington is said to have slept. We have sharp rivalries, and our politics are by no means always what they should be, but at least we do not divide on class lines, for the very good reason that there has been no crystallization into classes.

This condition prevails in essentials throughout the country districts of New York, which are politically very much the healthiest districts. Any man who has served in the legislature realizes that the country members form, on the whole, a very sound and healthy body of legislators. Any man who has gone about much to the county fairs in New York—almost the only place where the farm folks gather in large numbers—cannot but have been struck by the high character of the average countryman. He is a fine fellow, rugged, hardworking, shrewd, and keenly alive to the fundamental virtues. He and his brethren of the smaller towns and villages, in ordinary circumstances, take very little account, indeed, of any caste difference; they greet each man strictly on his merits as a man, and therefore form a community in which there is singularly little caste spirit, and in which men associate on a thoroughly healthy and American ground of common ideals, common convictions, and common sympathies.

Unfortunately, this cannot be said of the larger cities, where the conditions of life are so complicated that there has been an extreme differentiation and specialization in every species of occupation, whether of business or pleasure. The people of a certain degree of wealth and of a certain occupation may never come into any real contact with the people of another occupation, of another social standing. The tendency is for the relations always to be between class and class instead of between individual and individual. This produces the thoroughly unhealthy belief that it is for the interest of one class as against another to have its class representatives dominant in public life. The ills of any such system are obvious. As a matter of fact, the enormous mass of our legislation and administration ought to be concerned with matters that are strictly for the commonwealth; and where special legislation or administration is needed, as it often must be, for a certain class, the need can be met primarily by mere honesty and common sense. But if men are elected solely from any caste, or on any caste theory, the voter gradually substitutes the theory of allegiance to the caste for the theory of allegiance to the commonwealth as a whole, and instead of demanding as fundamental the qualities of probity and broad intelligence—which are the indispensable qualities in securing the welfare of the whole—as the first consideration, he demands, as a substitute, zeal in the service, or apparent service, of the class, which is quite compatible with gross corruption outside. In short, we get back to the conditions which foredoomed democracy to failure in the ancient Greek and medieval republics, where party lines were horizontal and class warred against class, each in consequence necessarily substituting devotion to the interest of a class for devotion to the interest of the state and to the elementary ideas of morality.

The only way to avoid the growth of these evils is, so far as may be, to help in the creation of conditions which will permit mutual understanding and fellow-feeling between the members of different classes. To do this it is absolutely necessary that there should be natural association between the members for a common end or with a common purpose. As long as men are separated by their caste lines, each body having its own amusements, interests, and occupations, they are certain to regard one another with that instinctive distrust which they feel for foreigners. There are exceptions to the rule, but it is a rule. The average man, when he has no means of being brought into contact with another, or of gaining any insight into that other's ideas and aspirations, either ignores these ideas and aspirations completely, or else feels toward them a more or less tepid dislike. The result is a complete and perhaps fatal misunderstanding, due primarily to the fact that the capacity for fellow-feeling is given no opportunity to flourish. On the other hand, if the men can be mixed together in some way that will loosen the class or caste bonds and put each on his merits as an individual man, there is certain to be a regrouping independent of cast lines. A tie may remain between the members of a caste, based merely upon the similarity of their habits of life; but this will be much less strong than the ties based on identity of passion, of principle, or of ways of looking at life. Any man who has ever, for his good fortune, been obliged to work with men in masses, in some place or under some condition or in some association where the dislocation of caste was complete, must recognize the truth of this as apparent. Every mining-camp, every successful volunteer regiment, proves it. In such cases there is always some object which must be attained, and the men interested in its attainment have to develop their own leaders and their own ties of association, while the would-be leader can succeed only by selecting for assistants the men whose peculiar capacities fit them to do the best work in the various emergencies that arise. Under such circumstances the men who work together for the achievement of a common result in which they are intensely interested are very soon certain to disregard, and, indeed, to forget, the creed or race origin or antecedent social standing or class occupation of the man who is either their friend or their foe. They get down to the naked bed-rock of character and capacity.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. This selection is taken from an article entitled "Fellow-Feeling as a Political Factor," that appeared in *The Century Magazine*, January, 1900.

2. Roosevelt says that there are three kinds of hostility that prevent men's working together in a democracy—religious hostility, sectional hostility, and class hostility; how does he think the public school helps to prevent religious hostility?

3. In what way did the Spanish War help to remove sectional hostility? This article was written shortly after the Spanish War; would Roosevelt have said the same thing about the World War?

4. Which of the three things that prevent men's working together does Roosevelt consider the most dangerous? What is the cure for it? Tell Roosevelt's own experience as he gives it in this article to prove that "any healthy-minded American is bound to think well of his fellow Americans if he only gets to know them."

5. What does he think lies at the basis of all good government? What does he consider the right way to improve social and civic conditions?

6. What is the "prime lesson" to be taught? Roosevelt speaks of the danger of drawing class lines "horizontally." By this he means dividing people into "upper" and "lower" classes; show how this is "unhealthy, and in the long run disastrous." What has happened in the past to great republics that drew class lines horizontally? What alone can save our country from the same fate?

7. Discuss the difference between large cities and smaller communities with reference to the ease with which one knows one's fellow Americans. How does Dwyer's story "The Citizen" help the "fellow-feeling" that Roosevelt speaks of as necessary to democracy?

Class Report (by committee). Read Hagedorn's *The Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt* and show that what Roosevelt says in this selection on the following topics is based on his own experience: the Spanish War; "ranchers, cowpunchers, and game-hunters."

Theme Topics. 1. Give an account of some community activity that has brought people together in a common cause. 2. Explain how your favorite game or sport aids democracy.

RECESSIONAL—A VICTORIAN ODE

RUDYARD KIPLING

God of our fathers, known of old—
  Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
  The Captains and the Kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
  An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away—
  On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
  Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!
Amen.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. This poem, written for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897, struck a warning note against the arrogance of power; explain the reference to the ancient cities of Nineveh and Tyre.

2. The "Recessional" forms part of the song service of the Church of England; point out sentiments that particularly make it appropriate for such use. Mention countries that are included in England's "far-flung battle line." Explain in your own words the meaning of the last stanza.

3. Does the warning given to England by Kipling, apply also to the United States?

THE TUFT OF FLOWERS

Robert Frost

I went to turn the grass once after one
Who mowed it in the dew before the sun.

The dew was gone that made his blade so keen
Before I came to view the leveled scene.

I looked for him behind an isle of trees;
I listened for his whetstone on the breeze.

But he had gone his way, the grass all mown,
And I must be, as he had been—alone,

"As all must be," I said within my heart,
"Whether they work together or apart."

But as I said it, swift there passed me by
On noiseless wing a 'wildered butterfly,

Seeking with memories grown dim o'er night
Some resting flower of yesterday's delight.

And once I marked his flight go round and round,
As where some flower lay withering on the ground.

And then he flew as far as eye could see,
And then on tremulous wing came back to me.

I thought of questions that have no reply,
And would have turned to toss the grass to dry;

But he turned first, and led my eye to look
At a tall tuft of flowers beside a brook,

A leaping tongue of bloom the scythe had spared
Beside a reedy brook the scythe had bared.

I left my place to know them by their name,
Finding them butterfly weed when I came.

The mower in the dew had loved them thus,
By leaving them to flourish, not for us,

Nor yet to draw one thought of ours to him,
But from sheer morning gladness at the brim.

The butterfly and I had lit upon,
Nevertheless, a message from the dawn,

That made me hear the wakening birds around,
And hear his long scythe whispering to the ground,

And feel a spirit kindred to my own;
So that henceforth I worked no more alone;

But glad with him, I worked as with his aid,
And weary, sought at noon with him the shade;

And dreaming, as it were, held brotherly speech
With one whose thought I had not hoped to reach.

"Men work together," I told him from the heart,
"Whether they work together or apart."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. This poem has been chosen to close Part III of our book because it sums up much of the thought that binds together the selections you have been reading in Part III and looks forward to Man's relationship to the world of Nature, which is the theme of Part IV. You should compare it specially with Whittier's poem "Seed-Time and Harvest" (page 478).

2. Read this poem through thoughtfully but without pausing over details, and then ask yourself what is the theme of it. The first part ends with the idea that men work alone, even if they work in company with others. What is the final thought? What experience showed the poet this truth? What do the last two lines mean?

3. Now note that the truth about working together comes to the poet because of a perception of the beauty of Nature. It was the mower's love of beauty that reached out and influenced the love of beauty that the poet felt. This interpretation of beauty, as has already been pointed out in the various introductions, is what makes literature. To put it in another way, the idea about coöperation as a cornerstone of democracy may be expressed in an essay, or a president's message, or a constitution; it may also be felt, as a revelation of beauty, and set down by a poet who has just seen the truth from a new angle.

4. In this case, the revelation of truth and beauty has come to the poet through an inspiration gained from Nature. In Part IV, this relationship between Man and Nature will be worked out more completely.

PART IV

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE

All are needed by each one,
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from Heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home in his nest at even—
He sings the song, but it pleases not now;
For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear; they sang to my eye.
—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

SCENE IN THE PANAMA CANAL

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE

AN INTRODUCTION

I

Read the lines written by Ralph Waldo Emerson on the page facing 512. They are printed in a different type from that of the text of the book in order to show you that they are a key to the study of Part IV. What does the poet mean by saying, "All are needed by each one"? What illustration does he give? Has Nature any part in the idea of brotherhood that the poem tells about?

In a celebrated address, Emerson once said that the mind of man is formed, or educated, by three forces: the Mind of the Past; Action; and the World of Nature. By the mind of the past he meant the records in history and literature of what men have done, the story of the progress of civilization. By action he meant man's relations to his fellows, not business relations alone, or a man's career, but all that brings him into contact with life in his own time. The World of Nature is important to us because we live in this world. It is our city. We need to know how to find our way about in it, just as we need to know how to find our way about in the city which we visit or in which we live. To know this World of Nature means to enjoy its beauty, to understand its laws, and to make use of it through the power that science has given to us.

You will observe that this book is an introduction to each of these three sources of education. You can easily name selections in this book that have a bearing upon each of these sources of education. One of the uses of literature is that it has this direct application to life. It is only an introduction; the subjects studied in school and college, and the experience of life itself, must be drawn upon for the complete training to which Emerson refers. Thus, you study history as another means of knowing what he calls the Mind of the Past; you study botany and geography and physics as another means of knowing the World of Nature, while the world of action can never be studied merely in books.

In this last section of the book you will find some of the things that literature has to say about the world in which we live. Some of the selections are poems which express the joy that springs in the heart when one looks on the flowers or the trees or the ocean or any other of the thousand forms that clothe the world in beauty. You do not read these poems in order to gain scientific knowledge. If you want information about seaweed or the ocean you will go to a scientific textbook, not to Longfellow's poems. But the joy of the spring is expressed in such poems as those by Wordsworth and Noyes; the noble conception of the earth as the tomb of man is in Bryant's "Thanatopsis"; the mystery and magic of the sea, even the motion of the waves, you find in the poems by Longfellow and Byron; the clouds, the winds, the marvel of a day in June—all ways in which Nature brings a message of beauty to our lives—are put into words for us by the poets.

A second way in which we may get acquainted with the world in which we live is illustrated by the group of selections which begins on page 533 with the essay called "The Wonders of the World," by Sir John Lubbock. This essay is the work of a scientist, not a poet. He was interested in studying Nature itself, not in giving lyrical expression to the emotions inspired by Nature. Yet like the poet he approaches the subject with a sense of its beauty and wonder. In the stories that follow, about the ants, the tortoise, the coral reefs, the falling star, you have other illustrations of the pleasure as well as the knowledge that comes from the exact observation of Nature. Once more, these selections form only an introduction to the subject. You will find that the books from which they are taken are filled with stories just as interesting. What is more, when you study geography or botany or astronomy, or any other science, you are yourself engaged in making the same kind of observations. The appeal of Nature to the feelings and imagination may be found by anyone who will open his eyes.

The last four selections introduce you to the World of Nature in a different way. Here the theme is the way in which Nature aids and serves man. The great fields of cotton or hemp or wheat, the giant industries that man has built up to make life happier and safer—all these are results of man's mastery of Nature and represent forces that he has learned to use. The story is filled with beauty, like the others. This is the service of literature always: to show the beauty and the good that are in Nature and in human life. There is beauty in the waving fields of grain, in the blast furnaces with their flames that shoot against the sky at night, in the express train, in the great ship moving slowly down the bay. And in the last selection, written expressly for this book, you have a summary of much that the book contains. It is a comment in prose upon Emerson's lines that you read on page 513. It shows how our present life springs out of what men have thought and done in the past; it tells of the coöperation of men, of the world of action in which men work with one another; and it shows how Nature serves men and contributes to their happiness.

II

Now that you are about to begin the reading of this last section of our book on Literature and Life, it will be an advantage if you will recall some of the stories and poems that you have read in the earlier parts of the book in order to see how largely they, too, draw upon the world of Nature. In the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," for example, you will now see not merely a ballad, or a legend told in verse, but an illustration of that "all-sustaining beauty" that Lowell speaks about in his "Vision of Sir Launfal." The Mariner, you will remember, could not pray until his hate had turned to love. As soon as Nature had taught him this lesson of love the spell was broken and he could pray. Bryant expresses the same thought in "Thanatopsis"—

> To him who in the love of Nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language.

Finally, throughout the book we see how literature, whatever its form or time, is the interpretation of beauty. Beauty of the heroic deed, revealed in ballad and epic; beauty of the life of the cottager and of all wholesome human relations; beauty of the June day and of the delicate patterns traced by the frost; the beauty of the coral and the falling star, of the fields of hemp, of the surge of industry—all these themes are one. It is because literature in all its varied forms has been in all ages and is forever to be an expression of

> That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
> Which runs through all and doth all unite,

that it ministers to the mind and heart of man. It is an introduction to all your studies. It is a world of adventure that gives zest to living. It is not something apart, a means of filling vacant hours, but the expression, in terms of beauty, of the meaning of life.

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526
532

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

William Wordsworth

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played—
Their thoughts I cannot measure—
But the least motion which they made
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from Heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Wordsworth says that he composed this poem while sitting by the side of a brook, enjoying a beautiful scene in Nature; imagine the scene that inspired this poem and describe your picture. What details for your picture does the poem give you?

2. What thought grieved the poet as he viewed the scene? How would you answer the question the poet asks in the last stanza? What is Nature's message to us, about which you read on page 516?

Library Reading. Bring to class and read a poem on spring from a recent magazine; or one of the following: "Spring Song," Carman; "Spring Song in the City," Buchanan; "A Vagabond Song," Carman; "Home Thoughts from Abroad," Browning.

THE CALL OF THE SPRING*

Alfred Noyes

Come, choose your road and away, my lad,
Come, choose your road and away!
We'll out of the town by the road's bright crown
As it dips to the dazzling day.
It's a long white road for the weary;
But it rolls through the heart of the May.

Though many a road would merrily ring
To the tramp of your marching feet,
All roads are one from the day that's done,
And the miles are swift and sweet,
And the graves of your friends are the milestones
To the land where all roads meet.

But the call that you hear this day, my lad,
Is the Spring's old bugle of mirth,
When the year's green fire in a soul's desire
Is brought like a rose to the birth;
And knights ride out to adventure
As the flowers break out of the earth.

Over the sweet-smelling mountain-passes
The clouds lie brightly curled;
The wild-flowers cling to the crags and swing
With cataract-dews impearled;
And the way, the way, that you choose this day
Is the way to the end of the world.

It rolls from the golden long ago
To the land that we ne'er shall find;
And it's uphill here, but it's downhill there,
For the road is wise and kind,
And all rough places and cheerless faces
Will soon be left behind.

Come, choose your road and away, away!
We'll follow the gypsy sun;
For it's soon, too soon, to the end of the day,
And the day is well begun;
And the road rolls on through the heart of the May,
And there's never a May but one.

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There's a fir-wood here, and a dog-rose there,
And a note of the mating dove;
And a glimpse, maybe, of the warm blue sea,
And the warm white clouds above;
And warm to your breast in a tenderer nest
Your sweetheart's little glove.

There's not much better to win, my lad,
There's not much better to win!
You have lived, you have loved, you have fought, you have proved
The worth of folly and sin;
So now come out of the city's rout,
Come out of the dust and the din.

Come out—a bundle and stick is all
You'll need to carry along,
If your heart can carry a kindly word,
And your lips can carry a song;
You may leave the lave to the keep o' the grave,
If your lips can carry a song!

Come, choose your road and away, my lad,
Come, choose your road and away!
We'll out of the town by the road's bright crown,
As it dips to the sapphire day!
All roads may meet at the world's end,
But, hey for the heart of the May!
Come, choose your road and away, dear lad,
Come, choose your road and away.

---

53. **lave**, rest.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. What is there about a spring day that gives you an impulse to follow a road out to the sunshine and the air? Do you like this comparison of the choosing of a life work with the choosing of a road in springtime?

2. What is suggested by the fact that the road "rolls through the heart of the May"? What is meant by "the year's green fire"? What details does the poet bring in to show how wholly delightful the road is? Explain line 36.

3. What effect has the repetition in the last stanza of the first lines of the poem? Notice the use of color words, such as "sapphire day," "warm blue sea," "long white road"; find others.

4. Do you enjoy a poem that has a hidden meaning underneath the surface? Name some other poem you have read that is similar in this respect.

RHŒCUS

James Russell Lowell

God sends his teachers unto every age,
To every clime, and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth
Into the selfish rule of one sole race;
Therefore each form of worship that hath swayed
The life of man, and given it to grasp
The master-key of knowledge, reverence,
Enfolds some germs of goodness and of right;
Else never had the eager soul, which loathes
The slothful down of pampered ignorance,
Found in it even a moment's fitful rest.

There is an instinct in the human heart
Which makes that all the fables it hath coined,
To justify the reign of its belief
And strengthen it by beauty's right divine,
Veil in their inner cells a mystic gift,
Which, like the hazel twig, in faithful hands,
Points surely to the hidden springs of truth.
For, as in Nature naught is made in vain,
But all things have within their hull of use
A wisdom and a meaning which may speak
Of spiritual secrets to the ear
Of spirit; so, in whatsoe'er the heart
Hath fashioned for a solace to itself,
To make its inspirations suit its creed,
And from the niggard hands of falsehood wring
Its needful food of truth, there ever is
A sympathy with Nature, which reveals,
Not less than her own works, pure gleams of light
And earnest parables of inward lore.
Hear now this fairy legend of old Greece,
As full of gracious youth and beauty still
As the immortal freshness of that grace
Carved for all ages on some Attic frieze.

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18. **hazel twig**, a reference to the belief that a hazel branch carried in the hand will indicate, by a downward twitch, the presence of water underground. 21. **hull of use**, rough outside which covers and protects the important part. 35. **Attic**, here, Grecian; Attica was a division of ancient Greece.

A youth named Rhœcus, wandering in the wood,
Saw an old oak just trembling to its fall,
And, feeling pity of so fair a tree,
He propped its gray trunk with admiring care,
And with a thoughtless footstep loitered on.
But, as he turned, he heard a voice behind
That murmured "Rhœcus!" 'Twas as if the leaves,
Stirred by a passing breath, had murmured it,
And, while he paused bewildered, yet again
It murmured "Rhœcus!" softer than a breeze.
He started, and beheld with dizzy eyes
What seemed the substance of a happy dream
Stand there before him, spreading a warm glow
Within the green glooms of the shadowy oak.
It seemed a woman's shape, yet far too fair
To be a woman, and with eyes too meek
For any that were wont to mate with gods.
All naked like a goddess stood she there,
And like a goddess all too beautiful
To feel the guilt-born earthliness of shame.
"Rhœcus, I am the Dryad of this tree,"
Thus she began, dropping her low-toned words
Serene, and full, and clear, as drops of dew,
"And with it I am doomed to live and die;
The rain and sunshine are my caterers,
Nor have I other bliss than simple life;
Now ask me what thou wilt, that I can give,
And with a thankful joy it shall be thine."

Then Rhœcus, with a flutter at the heart,
Yet, by the prompting of such beauty, bold,
Answered: "What is there that can satisfy
The endless craving of the soul but love?
Give me thy love, or but the hope of that
Which must be evermore my spirit's goal."
After a little pause she said again,
But with a glimpse of sadness in her tone,
"I give it, Rhœcus, though a perilous gift;
An hour before the sunset meet me here."
And straightway there was nothing he could see
But the green glooms beneath the shadowy oak,
And not a sound came to his straining ears
But the low trickling rustle of the leaves,
And far away upon an emerald slope
The falter of an idle shepherd's pipe.

Now, in those days of simpleness and faith,
Men did not think that happy things were dreams
Because they overstepped the narrow bourne
Of likelihood, but reverently deemed
Nothing too wondrous or too beautiful
To be the guerdon of a daring heart.
So Rhœcus made no doubt that he was blest,
And all along unto the city's gate
Earth seemed to spring beneath him as he walked,
The clear, broad sky looked bluer than its wont,
And he could scarce believe he had not wings,
Such sunshine seemed to glitter through his veins
Instead of blood, so light he felt and strange.

Young Rhœcus had a faithful heart enough,
But one that in the present dwelt too much,
And, taking with blithe welcome whatsoe'er
Chance gave of joy, was wholly bound in that,
Like the contented peasant of a vale,
Deemed it the world, and never looked beyond.
So, haply meeting in the afternoon
Some comrades who were playing at the dice,
He joined them and forgot all else beside.

The dice were rattling at the merriest,
And Rhœcus, who had met but sorry luck,
Just laughed in triumph at a happy throw,
When through the room there hummed a yellow bee
That buzzed about his ear with down-dropped legs

As if to light. And Rhœcus laughed and said,
Feeling how red and flushed he was with loss,
"By Venus! does he take me for a rose?"
And brushed him off with rough, impatient hand.
But still the bee came back, and thrice again
Rhœcus did beat him off with growing wrath.
Then through the window flew the wounded bee,
And Rhœcus, tracking him with angry eyes,
Saw a sharp mountain-peak of Thessaly
Against the red disk of the setting sun—
And instantly the blood sank from his heart,
As if its very walls had caved away.
Without a word he turned, and, rushing forth,
Ran madly through the city and the gate,
And o'er the plain, which now the wood's long shade,
By the low sun thrown forward broad and dim,
Darkened well-nigh unto the city's wall.

Quite spent and out of breath he reached the tree,
And, listening fearfully, he heard once more
The low voice murmur "Rhœcus!" close at hand;
Whereat he looked around him, but could see
Naught but the deepening glooms beneath the oak.
Then sighed the voice: "Oh, Rhœcus! nevermore
Shalt thou behold me or by day or night,
Me, who would fain have blessed thee with a love
More ripe and bounteous than ever yet
Filled up with nectar any mortal heart;
But thou didst scorn my humble messenger,
And sent'st him back to me with bruiséd wings.
We spirits only show to gentle eyes,
We ever ask an undivided love,
And he who scorns the least of Nature's works
Is thenceforth exiled and shut out from all.
Farewell! for thou canst never see me more."

Then Rhœcus beat his breast, and groaned aloud,
And cried, "Be pitiful! forgive me yet
This once, and I shall never need it more!"
"Alas!" the voice returned, "'tis thou art blind,
Not I unmerciful; I can forgive,
But have no skill to heal thy spirit's eyes;
Only the soul hath power o'er itself."
With that again there murmured "Nevermore!"
And Rhœcus after heard no other sound
Except the rattling of the oak's crisp leaves,
Like the long surf upon a distant shore,
Raking the sea-worn pebbles up and down.
The night had gathered round him; o'er the plain
The city sparkled with its thousand lights,
And sounds of revel fell upon his ear
Harshly and like a curse; above, the sky,
With all its bright sublimity of stars,
Deepened, and on his forehead smote the breeze;
Beauty was all around him and delight,
But from that eve he was alone on earth.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Judging from the first line of the poem, what is the nature of the story following the introduction? Why is ignorance represented as resting upon "slothful down"? What does the poet say of each form of worship adopted by men? How much of truth does he say is shown to the minds of all races?

2. What poems have you studied in which something in Nature brings home a great truth—in which trees or flowers direct the thoughts to higher things?

3. What does the first act of Rhœcus tell you as to the kind of young man he was? Describe what he saw as he turned to answer the voice. Why was his wish a natural one? Read aloud the lines that tell of Rhœcus's great happiness.

4. What does the striking of the bee tell you about Rhœcus? How is his apparent for-

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115. Thessaly, one of the divisions of ancient Greece.

138-9. Compare with "The Ancient Mariner," stanza CXL.

getfulness explained? Read aloud the Dryad's reproach. What meaning do you see for others besides Rhœcus in the lines

"And he who scorns the least of Nature's works
Is thenceforth exiled and shut out from all"?

5. Read the description given each time the Dryad disappeared. Does the poet make you feel sorry for Rhœcus? Does he make you feel that Rhœcus's punishment was deserved? Why could he not be given another chance?

TREES AND THE MASTER

Sidney Lanier

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him;
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last,
'Twas on a tree they slew him—last,
When out of the woods He came.

THANATOPSIS

William Cullen Bryant

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—
Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mold.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone; nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty; and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread

The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

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51. **Barcan,** along the river Barca in Africa. 53. **Oregon,** the river now called the Columbia.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Name some of the "visible forms" of Nature. What does Bryant say Nature does for those who love her? What does he mean?

2. What is meant by "the last bitter hour," line 9? To what does the poet advise us to listen when the thought of death seems terrible? Who will be able to hear this still voice?

3. In the twelfth chapter of *Ecclesiastes* we read, "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God Who gave it." Read lines from "Thanatopsis" which show that the poet was thinking of the first part of this quotation. What lines tell of those lying in that "mighty sepulcher"?

4. To make us understand that death is everywhere, the poet says that the earth is a tomb; what things are the decorations of this tomb? What comparison does the poet make between the number of the living and the number of the dead? Why does he mention the Barcan wilderness and the region of the Oregon River as having their dead?

5. In what lines does the call to action come? To what kind of life does the poet urge us? Why? What kind of action will make such a life?

Class Reading. Bring to class and read "Crossing the Bar," Tennyson; "Requiem," Stevenson.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

(A Song from *As You Like It*)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

SEAWEED

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

When descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Stormwind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with seaweed from the rocks:

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
Of sunken ledges
In some far-off, bright Azore;
From Bahama, and the dashing,
Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf that buries
The Orkneyan skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
Spars, uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion
Strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul, ere long
From each cave and rocky fastness,
In its vastness,
Floats some fragment of a song:

From the far-off isles enchanted,
Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of Truth;
From the flashing surf, whose vision
Gleams Elysian
In the tropic clime of Youth;

From the strong Will, and the Endeavor
That forever
Wrestles with the tides of Fate;
From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,
Tempest-shattered,
Floating waste and desolate—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting,
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart;
Till at length in books recorded,
They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

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14. **Orkneyan skerries**, rocky islands (the Orkneys) to the north of Scotland. 15. **Hebrides**, group of islands west of Scotland. 35. **Elysian**, heavenly; from Elysium—in classic mythology, the dwelling place of the happy souls after death. 36. **tropic clime**, warm, rich imagination.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. What brings in the seaweed? To what does "he" refer in the first stanza? What words make you feel the power of the stormwind?

2. Do you know the location of the far-off islands and foreign places that the poet mentions? Do you need to know in order to appreciate the poetry? Taken together, what do they represent? Where does the seaweed come to rest?

3. Notice how the second half of the poem repeats both the thought and the form of the first half, substituting for the "ocean" the "poet's soul," and drawing corresponding parallels to the end; point out what is compared to the storm; the seaweed; the far-off isles; the tropic lands; the wreck of ships; the restless sea; the coves and beaches. Which of the comparisons do you like best?

4. Do you like the short lines riming with the long lines? To appreciate this poem you need to read it aloud. Read it so as to get the best effect from the sound of the lines.

Library Reading. "The Secret of the Sea," Longfellow; "The Three Fishers," Kingsley.

THE TIDE RISES, THE TIDE FALLS

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
Along the sea-sands dark and brown
The traveler hastens toward the town,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
But the sea, the sea, in the darkness calls;
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,
Efface the footprints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;
The day returns, but nevermore
Returns the traveler to the shore,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN

Lord Byron

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar—
I love not man the less but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed; nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan—
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth; there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts; not so thou—
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play.
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze or gale or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

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27. **lay**, wrong word, used for the sake of the rime.

36. **Armada**, the great Spanish fleet defeated by the English in 1588. Many of the fleeing ships were destroyed by storms. **Trafalgar**, the greatest British naval victory in the Napoleonic wars. A number of the captured vessels were, like those of the Armada, destroyed by storms.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. What devices does Byron use to give to this poem its musical quality? Point out examples. Which lines do you think most musical?

2. Byron calls the ocean a "glorious mirror"; what other names does he give to it in this poem? In which stanzas does the poet address the ocean directly? Why do you think he uses direct address?

3. On page 516 you read that Nature brings a message of beauty to us; what beauty inspired Byron in this poem? What characteristic of the ocean does the poet bring out by contrast in the fifth stanza?

4. In the second and third stanzas the poet contrasts the ocean and the earth in their relation to man; what differences are noted? With what is "watery plain" contrasted? How has man extended his control beyond the shore in recent years? What contrast does the poet make in the fourth stanza? What other poems about the ocean have you read?

Library Reading. Bring to class and read "The Sea," Procter (in *Home Book of Verse*, Burton E. Stevenson); "On the Sea," Keats; "Sea Fever," Masefield (in *Salt Water Ballads*).

HAMPTON BEACH

John Greenleaf Whittier

The sunlight glitters keen and bright
Where, miles away,
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
A luminous belt, a misty light,
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of sandy gray.

The tremulous shadow of the Sea!
Against its ground
Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,
Still as a picture, clear and free,
With varying outline mark the coast for miles around.

On—on—we tread with loose-flung rein
Our seaward way,
Through dark-green fields and blossoming grain,
Where the wild brier-rose skirts the lane,
And bends above our heads the flowering locust spray.

Ha! like a kind hand on my brow
Comes this fresh breeze,
Cooling its dull and feverish glow,
While through my being seems to flow
The breath of a new life—the healing of the seas!

Now rest we, where this grassy mound
His feet hath set
In the great waters, which have bound
His granite ankles greenly round
With long and tangled moss, and weeds with cool spray wet.

Good-by to pain and care! I take
Mine ease today.
Here where these sunny waters break,
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake
All burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts away.

I draw a freer breath—I seem
Like all I see—
Waves in the sun—the white-winged gleam
Of sea-birds in the slanting beam—
And far-off sails which flit before the southwind free.

So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,
The soul may know
No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,
But with the upward rise, and with the vastness grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem
No new revealing;
Familiar as our childhood's stream,
Or pleasant memory of a dream
The loved and cherished Past upon the new life stealing.

Serene and mild the untried light
May have its dawning;
And, as in summer's northern night
The evening and the dawn unite,
The sunset hues of Time blend with the soul's new morning.

I sit alone; in foam and spray
Wave after wave
Breaks on the rocks which, stern and gray,
Shoulder the broken tide away,
Or murmurs hoarse and strong through mossy cleft and cave.

What heed I of the dusty land
And noisy town?
I see the mighty deep expand
From its white line of glimmering sand
To where the blue of heaven on bluer waves shuts down!

In listless quietude of mind,
I yield to all
The change of cloud and wave and wind,
And passive on the flood reclined,
I wander with the waves, and with them rise and fall.

But look, thou dreamer!—wave and shore
In shadow lie;
The night-wind warns me back once more
To where, my native hilltops o'er,
Bends like an arch of fire the glowing sunset sky.

So then, beach, bluff, and wave, farewell!
I bear with me
No token stone nor glittering shell,
But long and oft shall Memory tell
Of this brief thoughtful hour of musing by the Sea.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. At what time of day does the poet approach the seashore? Point out the words that tell you this. Describe the view of the sea as he first caught sight of it.

2. What imaginative picture does the poet give you of the mound on which he sat? Was the road which the poet traveled to the seashore such as to make him happy or sad? Read aloud the lines that give the answer.

3. Explain the thought, "I seem like all I see." With this thought in mind, the poet feels that the "mystery" of the future may not hold any great change from the "vastness" of the present; how does he think we may, in the future, look back upon the past?

4. What is the beautiful comparison in the tenth stanza? How does the poet describe the horizon?

5. How does the thirteenth stanza tell that the poet feels himself a part of all he sees? By what name does he call himself in the next to the last stanza?

6. What does he carry away with him from the sea? Is an hour of musing wasted time? What great inventions can you name that began as "dreams"? What other great accomplishments have had their beginnings in thoughtful musings?

TO AUTUMN

JOHN KEATS

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,

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48. **summer's northern night**, the time when, in countries near the north pole, the sun is visible almost the whole twenty-four hours.

Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twinéd flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Aye, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

17. **drowsed**, etc., made drowsy by the opium in the poppies.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. What does the poet describe in the first stanza? Point out words used in unusual or especially vivid ways, in this stanza.

2. What are the "songs" of autumn? Read aloud the lines that tell this. Can you think of other autumn songs not mentioned in the poem? How do the songs of autumn differ from the songs of spring? How can you train your ear to hear the songs of autumn?

Theme Topic. Write an account of a modern "winnowing" (threshing) scene; a reaping scene; or a harvest-home festival. Make it as vivid as you can by mentioning details of sound, color, etc.

Library Reading. "Indian Summer," Teasdale; "The Autumn Rose," Patterson; "The End of Summer," Millay (in *The Melody of Earth*, Richards); "When the Frost Is on the Pumpkin," Riley; "Autumn," Dickinson.

THE CLOUD

Percy Bysshe Shelley

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams;
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder—
It struggles and howls by fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes, and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains;
And I, all the while, bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning-star shines dead,

33. **rack**, flying, broken cloud.

As on the jag of a mountain-crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit,
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbéd Maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the Moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her, and peer!
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees;
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent of sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.
I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a sprite from the gloom, like a ghost from the tomb,
I rise and unbuild it again.

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58. **these**, the stars. 59. **zone**, girdle.

81. **cenotaph**, empty tomb (the blue dome of air).

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. What other poems by Shelley have you read? What does the first stanza of this poem tell you that the cloud brings?

2. What do the first two lines of the second stanza tell? In the fourth stanza, to what is the leap of the sunrise on the cloud compared? What is the poet's idea of the cloud at sunset?

3. In his "Ode to the West Wind," Shelley says that the clouds are shaken like dead leaves from the "tangled boughs of heaven and ocean"; how does he describe the origin of the cloud in the last stanza of "The Cloud"? Which image do you prefer? Show that Shelley expresses scientific truth about cloud formation under the poetical imagery of the closing stanza. Explain the line "I change, but I cannot die."

4. This poem is remarkable for the beauty of its imagery; point out the comparisons that seem to you most beautiful. See how many words indicating light and color you can find.

Class Reading. Bring to class and read "My Heart Leaps Up," Wordsworth; "The Spacious Firmament," Addison; "The Cloud," Peabody.

HARK TO THE SHOUTING WIND*

HENRY TIMROD

Hark to the shouting Wind!
Hark to the flying Rain!
And I care not though I never see
A bright blue sky again.

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*This selection from Timrod is reprinted from the *Memorial Edition*, through the courtesy of the holder of the copyright, the Johnson Publishing Company, Richmond, Virginia.

There are thoughts in my breast today
That are not for human speech;
But I hear them in the driving storm,
And the roar upon the beach.

And oh, to be with that ship
That I watch through the blinding brine!
O Wind! for thy sweep of land and sea!
O Sea! for a voice like thine!

Shout on, thou pitiless Wind,
To the frightened and flying Rain!
I care not though I never see
A calm blue sky again.

APRIL—NORTH CAROLINA

Harriet Monroe

Would you not be in Tryon
Now that the spring is here,
When mocking-birds are praising
The fresh, the blossomy year?

Look—on the leafy carpet
Woven of winter's browns,
Iris and pink azaleas
Flutter their gaudy gowns.

The dogwood spreads white meshes—
So white and light and high—
To catch the drifting sunlight
Out of the cobalt sky.

The pointed beech and maple,
The pines, dark-tufted, tall,
Pattern with many colors
The mountain's purple wall.

Hark—what a rushing torrent
Of crystal song falls sheer!
Would you not be in Tryon
Now that the spring is here?

TREES

Bliss Carman

In the Garden of Eden, planted by God,
There were goodly trees in the springing sod—
Trees of beauty and height and grace,
To stand in splendor before His face.

Apple and hickory, ash and pear,
Oak and beech and the tulip rare

The trembling aspen, the noble pine,
The sweeping elm by the river line;

Trees for the birds to build and sing,
And the lilac tree for a joy in spring;

Trees to turn at the frosty call
And carpet the ground for their Lord's footfall;

Trees for fruitage and fire and shade,
Trees for the cunning builder's trade;

Wood for the bow, the spear, and the flail,
The keel and the mast of the daring sail—

He made them of every grain and girth,
For the use of man in the Garden of Earth.

Then lest the soul should not lift her eyes
From the gift to the Giver of Paradise,

On the crown of a hill, for all to see,
God planted a scarlet maple tree.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. What do you think was the inspiration for this poem, the use of trees or the beauty of trees? Why do you think so? Has the poet named any uses or purposes of trees which you might have omitted?

2. Let some good reader in the class read the poem aloud to bring out the beauty of the lines. Compare this poem with Joyce Kilmer's "Trees"; which of the two poems do you like the better?

Class Reading. "Loveliest of Trees," Housman; "Shade," Garrison; "A Lady of the Snows," Monroe (all in *The Melody of Earth*, Richards).

Suggested Problems. Plan an Arbor Day program to be given by your class. Plan for your class to take trips to parks or woods near by for the purpose of noting down and learning the characteristics of the different trees. Learn to know all the various kinds of trees in your neighborhood.

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1. **Tryon**, a town in the North Carolina mountains.

LILACS

AMY LOWELL

Lilacs,
False blue,
White,
Purple,
Color of lilac,
Your great puffs of flowers
Are everywhere in this my New England.
Among your heart-shaped leaves
Orange orioles hop like music-box birds and sing
Their little weak soft songs;
In the crooks of your branches
The bright eyes of song sparrows sitting on spotted eggs
Peer restlessly through the light and shadow
Of all Springs.
Lilacs in dooryards
Holding quiet conversations with an early moon;
Lilacs watching a deserted house
Settling sideways into the grass of an old road;
Lilacs, wind-beaten, staggering under a lopsided shock of bloom
Above a cellar dug into a hill,
You are everywhere.
You were everywhere.
You tapped the window when the preacher preached his sermon,
And ran along the road beside the boy going to school.
You stood by pasture-bars to give the cows good milking;
You persuaded the housewife that her dishpan was of silver,
And her husband an image of pure gold.
You flaunted the fragrance of your blossoms
Through the wide doors of Customhouses—
You, and sandal-wood, and tea,
Charging the noses of quill-driving clerks
When a ship was in from China.
You called to them: "Goose-quill men, goose-quill men,
May is a month for flitting,"
Until they writhed on their high stools
And wrote poetry on their letter-sheets behind the propped-up ledgers,
Paradoxical New England clerks,
Writing inventories in ledgers, reading the "Song of Solomon" at night,
So many verses before bedtime,
Because it was the Bible.
The dead fed you
Amid the slant stones of graveyards.
Pale ghosts who planted you
Came in the night-time
And let their thin hair blow through your clustered stems.
You are of the green sea,
And of the stone hills which reach a long distance.
You are of elm-shaded streets with little shops where they sell kites and marbles.
You are of great parks where everyone walks and nobody is at home.
You cover the blind sides of greenhouses,
And lean over the top to say a hurry-word through the glass
To your friends, the grapes, inside.

Lilacs,
False blue,
White,
Purple,
Color of lilac,
You have forgotten your Eastern origin,
The veiled women with eyes like panthers,
The swollen, aggressive turbans of jeweled Pashas;
Now you are a very decent flower,
A reticent flower,
A curiously clear-cut, candid flower,
Standing beside clean doorways,
Friendly to a house-cat and a pair of spectacles,
Making poetry out of a bit of moonlight
And a hundred or two sharp blossoms.

Maine knows you,
Has for years and years;
New Hampshire knows you,
And Massachusetts
And Vermont.
Cape Cod starts you along the beaches to Rhode Island;
Connecticut takes you from a river to the sea.

38. **Paradoxical**, contrary to the New England nature.

58. **Eastern.** The lilac is thought to have had its origin in the Orient. 60. **Pasha**, officer of high rank in Turkey.

You are brighter than apples,
Sweeter than tulips,
You are the great flood of our souls
Bursting above the leaf-shapes of our hearts;
You are the smell of all Summers,
The love of wives and children,
The recollection of the gardens of little children;
You are State Houses and Charters
And the familiar treading of the foot to and fro on a road it knows.
May is lilac here in New England;
May is thrush singing "Sun up!" on a tip-top ash-tree;
May is white clouds behind pine-trees
Puffed out and marching upon a blue sky.
May is a green as no other;
May is much sun through small leaves;
May is soft earth,
And apple-blossoms,
And windows open to a South Wind;
May is a full light wind of lilac
From Canada to Naragansett Bay.

Lilacs,
False blue,
White,
Purple,
Color of lilac,
Heart-leaves of lilac all over New England,
Roots of lilac under all the soil of New England,
Lilac in me because I am New England,
Because my roots are in it,
Because my leaves are of it,
Because my flowers are for it,
Because it is my country
And I speak to it of itself
And sing of it with my own voice,
Since certainly it is mine.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. What setting does the poet give the lilacs in the first stanza? In what kinds of places do the lilacs grow? What is their effect upon the Custom House clerks? Have you ever been affected in the same way?

2. Beginning with line 46 how does the poem tell that lilacs are of all times and all places? Why is this more interesting than to say merely "Lilacs are everywhere"?

3. How does the poet describe the month of May? What part does the lilac play in these beauties of spring? In the last stanza how does the poet express her own feeling for the lilac?

4. The poet, at the beginning of each stanza, names four colors of lilacs; have you noticed all four? What do you think is meant by "false blue"? Find as many other instances as you can in which the poet has seen more accurately and describes more exactly than most people do. Has this poem opened your eyes to any details of beauty that you had not noticed before?

5. Can you tell what it is that makes the lines of "Lilacs" flow with such an easy rhythm, even though this rhythm is not regular in its accent? What is the effect of the very short lines? Do you like this "vers libre," or "free verse," as well as you like poetry with regular rhythm and rime?

Library Reading. "A Tulip Garden" and "July Midnight," Lowell (in *The Melody of Earth*, Richards).

THE FURROW AND THE HEARTH*

Padraic Colum

I

Stride the hill, sower,
Up to the sky-ridge,
Flinging the seed,
Scattering, exultant!
Mouthing great rhythms
To the long sea-beats
On the wide shore, behind
The ridge of the hillside.

Below in the darkness—
The slumber of mothers—
The cradles at rest—
The fire-seed sleeping
Deep in white ashes!

Give to darkness and sleep,
O sower, O seer!
Give me to the Earth.
With the seed I would enter.
Oh! the growth through the silence
From strength to new strength;
Then the strong bursting forth
Against primal forces,
To laugh in the sunshine,
To gladden the world!

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*From *Wild Earth and Other Poems*, by Padraic Colum. Used by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, Publishers.

II

Who will bring the red fire
Unto a new hearth?
Who will lay the wide stone
On the waste of the earth?

Who is fain to begin
To build day by day?
To raise up his house
Of the moist, yellow clay?

There's clay for the making
Moist in the pit;
There are horses to trample
The rushes through it.

Above where the wild duck
Arise up and fly,
There one may build
To the wind and the sky.

There are boughs in the forest
To pluck young and green;
O'er them thatch of the crop
Shall be heavy and clean.

I speak unto him
Who in dead of the night
Sees the red streaks
In the ash deep and white;

While around him he hears
Men stir in their rest,
And stir of the child
That is close to the breast!

He shall arise,
He shall go forth alone.
Lay stone on the earth
And bring fire to the stone.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Who is addressed in the first stanza? Have you ever seen the sower at work, "scattering" the seeds and "mouthing great rhythms"? What pictures do the first four lines give you? The next four? What are the most joyous lines in the poem?

2. The poet says there is clay for anyone who wishes to build up his house; how high may he build it? Explain the meaning of the last stanza. This is a poem of Nature; what else is it?

Library Reading. "The Plougher," Colum (in *Wild Earth and Other Poems*); "Earth," Wheelock (in *New Voices*); "Transformations," Hardy (in *New Voices*); "Nature's Friend," Davies (in *New Voices*); "The Last Days," Sterling (in *New Voices*); "The Pasture," Frost (in *The Melody of Earth*).

ON THE GREAT PLATEAU

EDITH WYATT

In the Santa Clara Valley, far away and far away,
Cool-breathed waters dip and dally, linger toward another day—
Far and far away—far away.
Slow their floating step, but tireless, terraced down the Great Plateau,
Toward our ways of steam and wireless, silver-paced the brook-beds go.
Past the ladder-walled pueblos, past the orchards, pear and quince,
Where the black-locked river's ebb flows, miles and miles the valley glints,
Shining backward, singing downward, toward horizons blue and bay.
All the roofs the roads ensconce so dream of visions far away—
Santa Cruz and Ildefonso, Santa Clara, Santa Fé.
Ancient, sacred fears and faiths, ancient, sacred faiths and fears—
Some were real, some were wraiths—Indian, Franciscan years,
Built the kivas, swung the bells; while the wind sang plain and free,
"Turn your eyes from visioned hells!—look as far as you can see!"
In the Santa Clara Valley, far away and far away,
Dying dreams divide and dally, crystal-terraced waters sally—
Linger toward another day, far and far away—far away.

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1. **Santa Clara**, etc. The proper names are mostly of places in New Mexico, to be found by reference to an atlas. 6. **ladder-walled**, access to many of the pueblo houses can be had only by a trap door in the roof and a ladder. 12. **Franciscan**, pertaining to the Franciscan monks, who in the early days of our country labored among the western Indians. 13. **kiva**, a room in a Pueblo village, used for religious ceremonies.

As you follow where you find them, up
along the high Plateau,
In the hollows left behind them Spanish
chapels fade below—
Shaded court and low corrals. In the vale
the goat-herd browses.
Hollyhocks are seneschals by the little
buff-walled houses.
Over grassy swale and alley have you ever
seen it so—
Up the Santa Clara Valley, riding on the
Great Plateau?
Past the ladder-walled pueblos, past the
orchards, pear and quince,
Where the trenchéd waters' ebb flows,
miles and miles the valley glints,
Shining backward, singing downward
toward horizons blue and bay.
All the haunts the bluffs ensconce so
breathe of visions far away,
As you ride near Ildefonso back again to
Santa Fé.
Pecos, mellow with the years, tall-walled
Taos—who can know
Half the storied faiths and fears haunting
green New Mexico?
Only from her open places down arroyos
blue and bay,
One wild grace of many graces dallies
toward another day.
Where her yellow tufa crumbles, something
stars and grasses know,
Something true, that crowns and humbles,
shimmers from the Great Plateau;
Blows where cool-paced waters dally from
the stillness of Puyé,
Down the Santa Clara Valley through the
world from far away—
Far and far away—far away.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Where is the scene described in this poem found? In the first lines how are the streams pictured?

2. Some ancient seats of "sacred fears and faiths" are mentioned; name them. What "dying dreams" are noted as you follow up the high plateau? What do you know of the early settlement of this region that accounts for "the storied faiths and fears haunting green New Mexico"? Does the poet show unusual power of description? Point out lines that you particularly like.

THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

Sir John Lubbock

The world we live in is a fairyland of exquisite beauty, our very existence is a miracle in itself, and yet few of us enjoy as we might, and none as yet appreciate fully, the beauties and wonders which surround us. The greatest traveler cannot hope even in a long life to visit more than a very small part of our earth; and even of that which is under our very eyes how little we see!

What we do see depends mainly on what we look for. When we turn our eyes to the sky, it is in most cases merely to see whether it is likely to rain. In the same field the farmer will notice the crop, geologists the fossils, botanists the flowers, artists the coloring, sportsmen the cover for game. Though we may all look at the same things it does not at all follow that we should see them.

It is good, as Keble says, "to have our thoughts lift up to that world where all is beautiful and glorious"—but it is well to realize also how much of this world is beautiful. It has, I know, been maintained, as for instance by Victor Hugo, that the general effect of beauty is to sadden. This seems to me, I confess, a morbid view. There are many, no doubt, on whom the effect of natural beauty is to intensify feeling, to deepen melancholy, as well as to raise the spirits. As Mrs. W. R. Greg in her memoir of her husband tells us: "His passionate love for Nature, so amply fed by the beauty of the scenes around him, intensified the emotions, as all keen perception of beauty does, but it did not add to their joyousness. We speak of the

23. **Keble**, John Keble, an English clergyman and religious poet (1792-1866). 29. **Victor Hugo**, a famous French poet and prose writer (1802-1885). 36. **Greg**, William R. Greg (1809-1881), an English essayist.

pleasure which Nature and art and music give us; what we really mean is that our whole being is quickened by the uplifting of the veil. Something passes into us which makes our sorrows more sorrowful, our joys more joyful—our whole life more vivid. So it was with him. The long, solitary wanderings over the hills, and the beautiful moonlight nights on the lake served to make the shadows seem darker that were brooding over his home."

But surely to most of us Nature when somber, or even gloomy, is soothing and consoling; when bright and beautiful, not only raises the spirits, but inspires and elevates our whole being—

> Nature never did betray
> The heart that loved her. 'Tis her privilege,
> Through all the years of this our life, to lead
> From joy to joy; for she can so inform
> The mind that is within us, so impress
> With quietness and beauty, and so feed
> With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
> Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
> Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
> The dreary intercourse of daily life,
> Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
> Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
> Is full of blessings.

Kingsley speaks with enthusiasm of the heaths and moors round his home, "where I have so long enjoyed the wonders of Nature; never, I can honestly say, alone; because when man was not with me, I had companions in every bee and flower and pebble; and never idle, because I could not pass a swamp, or a tuft of heather, without finding in it a fairy tale of which I could but decipher here and there a line or two, and yet found them more interesting than all the books, save one, which were ever written upon earth."

Those who love Nature can never be dull. They may have other temptations; but at least they will run no risk of being beguiled, by ennui, idleness, or want of occupation, "to buy the merry madness of an hour with the long penitence of after time." The love of Nature, again, helps us greatly to keep ourselves free from those mean and petty cares which interfere so much with calm and peace of mind. It turns "every ordinary walk into a morning or evening sacrifice," and brightens life until it becomes almost like a fairy tale.

In the romances of the Middle Ages we read of knights who loved, and were loved by, Nature spirits—of Sir Launfal and the Fairy Tryamour, who furnished him with many good things, including a magic purse, in which

> As oft as thou puttest thy hand therein
> A mark of gold thou shalt i-win,

as well as protection from the main dangers of life. Such times have passed away, but better ones have come. It is not now merely the few who are so favored. All those who love Nature she loves in return, and will richly reward, not perhaps with the good things, as they are commonly called, but with the best things, of this world; not with money and titles, horses and carriages, but with bright and happy thoughts, contentment, and peace of mind.

Happy indeed is the naturalist. To him the seasons come round like old friends; to him the birds sing; as he walks along, the flowers stretch out from the hedges, or look up from the ground; and as each year fades

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20. From Wordsworth's poem, "Tintern Abbey."
33. **Kingsley**, Charles Kingsley, an English author (1819-1875).

71. **i-win**, obtain.

away, he looks back on a fresh store of happy memories.

Though we can never "remount the river of our years," he who loves Nature is always young. But what is the love of Nature? Some seem to think they show a love of flowers by gathering them. How often one finds a bunch of withered blossoms on the roadside, plucked only to be thrown away! Is this love of Nature? It is, on the contrary, a wicked waste, for a waste of beauty is almost the worst waste of all.

If we could imagine a day prolonged for a lifetime, or nearly so, and that sunrise and sunset were rare events which happened but a few times to each of us, we should certainly be entranced by the beauty of the morning and evening tints. The golden rays of the morning are a fortune in themselves, but we too often overlook the loveliness of Nature, because it is constantly before us. For "the senseless folk," says King Alfred,

is far more struck
At things it seldom sees.

"Well," says Cicero, "did Aristotle observe, 'If there were men whose habitations had been always underground, in great and commodious houses, adorned with statues and pictures, furnished with everything which they who are reputed happy abound with; and if, without stirring from thence, they should be informed of a certain divine power and majesty, and, after some time, the earth should open, and they should quit their dark abode to come to us; where they should immediately behold the earth, the seas, the heavens; should consider the vast extent of the clouds and force of the winds; should see the sun, and observe his grandeur and beauty, and also his creative power, inasmuch as day is occasioned by the diffusion of his light through the sky; and when night has obscured the earth, they should contemplate the heavens bespangled and adorned with stars; the surprising variety of the moon, in her increase and wane; the rising and setting of all the stars, and the inviolable regularity of their courses; when,' says he, 'they should see these things, they would undoubtedly conclude that there are gods, and that these are their mighty works.'"

Is my life vulgar, my fate mean,
Which on such golden memories can
lean?

At the same time the change which has taken place in the character of our religion has in one respect weakened the hold which Nature has upon our feelings. To the Greeks—to our own ancestors—every river or mountain or forest had not only its own special deity, but in some sense was itself instinct with life. They were not only peopled by nymphs and fauns, elves and kelpies, were not only the favorite abodes of water, forest, or mountain spirits, but they had a conscious existence of their own.

In the Middle Ages indeed, these spirits were regarded as often mischievous, and apt to take offense; sometimes as essentially malevolent—even the most beautiful, like the Venus of *Tannhäuser*, being often on that very account all the more dangerous; while the mountains and forests, the lakes and seas, were the abodes of hideous ghosts and horrible monsters, of giants and ogres, sorcerers and demons. These fears, though vague, were none the less extreme, and the judicial records of the Middle Ages

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26. **King Alfred**, Alfred the Great, a wise king of one of the divisions of old Britain (849-901). 29. **Cicero**, a celebrated Roman orator, philosopher, and statesman (B. C. 106-43). **Aristotle**, a famous Greek philosopher (384-322 B. C.)

61-62. From a poem by Thoreau. 82. **Tannhäuser**, an opera by Richard Wagner.

furnish only too conclusive evidence that they were a terrible reality. The light of science has now happily dispelled these fearful nightmares.

Unfortunately, however, as men have multiplied, their energies have hitherto tended, not to beautify, but to mar. Forests have been cut down, and replaced by flat fields in geometrical squares, or on the continent by narrow strips. Here and there indeed we meet with oases, in which beauty has not been sacrificed to profit, and it is then happily found that not only is there no loss, but the earth seems to reward even more richly those who treat her with love and respect.

Spring seems to revive us all. In the *Song of Solomon*—

My beloved spake, and said unto me,
Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.
For lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
The voice of the turtle is heard in our land,
The fig tree putteth forth her green figs,
And the vines with the tender grape give a good smell.

"But indeed there are days," says Emerson, "which occur in this climate, at almost any season of the year, wherein the world reaches its perfection, when the air, the heavenly bodies, and the earth make a harmony, as if Nature would indulge her offspring. . . . . These halcyon days may be looked for with a little more assurance in that pure October weather which we distinguish by the name of the Indian summer. The day, immeasurably long, sleeps over the broad hills and warm wide fields. To have lived through all its sunny hours seems longevity enough."

For our greater power of perceiving, and therefore of enjoying Nature, we are greatly indebted to science. Over and above what is visible to the unaided eye, the two magic tubes, the telescope and microscope, have revealed to us, at least partially, the infinitely great and the infinitely little.

Science, our fairy godmother, will, unless we perversely reject her help, and refuse her gifts, so richly endow us, that fewer hours of labor will serve to supply us with the material necessaries of life, leaving us more time to ourselves, more leisure to enjoy all that makes life best worth living.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. This selection is taken from *The Beauties of Nature* by Sir John Lubbock, the great naturalist-author. He calls the world we live in "a fairyland of exquisite beauty"; how does he account for our failure to enjoy and appreciate fully "the wonders which surround us"?

2. What is the author's view as to the effect beauty has on the individual? What is Wordsworth's view of the effect of beauty on our lives?

3. The author points out ways in which the love of Nature helps us; mention some of the ways.

4. The author says "a waste of beauty is almost the worst waste of all"; how did the Greeks regard Nature? What change of view has science brought about? How has science increased our power to see and enjoy Nature? How has it extended our leisure hours?

Library Reading. *Animal Life in Field and Garden,* Fabre.

THE BATTLE OF THE ANTS

HENRY D. THOREAU

One day when I went out to my woodpile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking far-

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26. turtle, turtle dove.

ther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battlefield I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vise to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was Conquer or Die. In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant on the hill side of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had dispatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history, at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. Concord Fight! Two killed on the patriots' side, and Luther Blanchard wounded! Why, here every ant was a Buttrick—"Fire! for God's sake, fire!"—and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer. There was not one hireling there. I have

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3. **duellum**, duel; the difference between *duellum* and *bellum* is made clear by Thoreau. 8. **Myrmidons**, a fierce tribe of Greeks who fought in the Trojan War.

51. **Achilles**, a famous Greek hero of the Trojan War, who, because of a grievance, sulked in his tent until his friend Patroclus was killed. 84. **Austerlitz, Dresden**, victories of Napoleon in his Eastern campaigns; both sides lost heavily in the battles. 88, 90. **Buttrick, Davis and Hosmer**, heroes whose connection with the Battle of Concord is indicated by the context.

no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breastplate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some *Hôtel des Invalides*, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

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44. **Hôtel des Invalides,** a great hospital in Paris for sick and wounded soldiers.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. The selection is taken from *Walden*, an account by Thoreau of his experiences while living in a simple cabin by the shore of a New England lake.

2. Make a list of the historic allusions and references found in the selection and briefly explain the significance of each.

3. Mention some of the facts you have gained from the story or about which your knowledge has been extended.

Library Reading. Other stories of insects or animals in *Walden*, Thoreau; "Ants," Lubbock (in *The Beauties of Nature*, pp. 58-69); "With Army Ants Somewhere in the Jungle," Beebe (in *The Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1917).

THE TORTOISE

GILBERT WHITE

A land tortoise, which has been kept for thirty years in a little walled court belonging to the house where I am now visiting, retires under ground about the middle of November, and comes forth again about the middle of April. When it first appears in the spring it discovers very little inclination toward food, but in the height of summer grows voracious, and then as the summer declines, its appetite declines; so that for the last six weeks in autumn it hardly eats at all. Milky plants, such as lettuces, dandelions, sow-thistles, are its favorite dish. In a neighboring village one was kept till, by tradition, it was supposed to be a hundred years old—an instance of vast longevity in such a poor reptile!

On the first of November I remarked that the old tortoise began first to dig the ground, in order to the forming of its hibernaculum, which it had fixed on just beside a great tuft of hepaticas. It scrapes out the ground with its fore-feet, and throws it up over its back with its hind; but the motion of its legs is ridiculously slow, little exceeding the hour-hand of a clock. Nothing can be more assiduous than this creature night and day in scooping the earth, and forcing its great body into the cavity; but as the noons of that season proved unusually warm and sunny, it was continually interrupted, and called forth, by the heat of the middle of the day; and though I continued there till the thirteenth of November, yet the work remained unfinished. Harsher weather and frosty mornings would have quickened its operations.

No part of its behavior ever struck me more than the extreme timidity it always expresses with regard to rain; for though it has a shell that would secure it against the wheel of a loaded cart, yet does it discover as much solicitude about rain as a lady dressed in all her best attire, shuffling away on the first sprinklings, and running its head up in a corner. If attended to, it becomes an excellent weather-glass; for as sure as it walks elate, and as it were, on tiptoe, feeding with great earnestness in a morning, so sure will it rain before night. It is totally a diurnal animal, and never pretends to stir after it becomes dark.

The tortoise, like other reptiles, has an arbitrary stomach, as well as lungs, and can refrain from eating as well as breathing for a great part of the year. When first awakened, it eats nothing; nor again in the autumn before it retires. Through the height of the summer it feeds voraciously, devouring all the food that comes in its way. I was much taken with its sagacity in discerning those that do it kind offices; for as soon as the good old lady comes in sight who has waited on it for more than thirty years, it hobbles toward its benefactress with awkward alacrity; but remains inattentive to strangers. Thus not only "the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib," but the most abject reptile and torpid of beings distinguishes the hand that feeds it, and is touched with the feelings of gratitude.

[The account of the tortoise which follows was written some time later than what has just preceded.]

The old Sussex tortoise has now become my property. I dug it out of its winter dormitory in March last, when it was enough awakened to express its resentments by hissing; and, packing it in a box with earth, carried it eighty miles in postchaises. The rattle and hurry of the journey so perfectly roused it that when I turned it out on a border, it walked twice down to the bottom of my garden; however, in the evening, the weather being cold, it buried itself in the loose mold, and continues still concealed.

As it will be under my eye, I shall now have an opportunity of enlarging my observations on its mode of life and propensities; and perceive already that, toward the time of coming forth, it opens a breathing-place in the ground near its head, requiring, I conclude, a freer respiration as it becomes more alive. This creature not only goes under the earth from the middle of November to the middle of April, but sleeps a great part of the summer; for it goes to bed, in the longest days, at four in the afternoon, and often does not stir in the morning till late. Besides, it retires to rest at every shower, and does not move at all in wet days.

When one reflects on the state of this strange being, it is a matter of

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55. "the ox knoweth," etc., see *Isaiah*, i, 3.

wonder to find that Providence should bestow such a profusion of days, such a seeming waste of longevity, on a reptile that appears to relish it so little as to squander more than two-thirds of its existence in a joyless stupor, and be lost to all sensation for months together in the profoundest of slumbers.

While I was writing this letter, a moist and warm afternoon, with the thermometer at 50, brought forth troops of shell-snails; and, at the same juncture, the tortoise heaved up the mold and put out its head; and the next morning came forth, as it were raised from the dead, and walked about till four in the afternoon. This was a curious coincidence! a very amusing occurrence! to see such a similarity of feeling between two φερέοικοι, for so the Greeks call both the shell-snail and the tortoise.

Because we call this creature an abject reptile, we are too apt to undervalue his abilities and depreciate his powers of instinct. Yet he is, as Mr. Pope says of his lord,

> Much too wise to walk into a well;

and has so much discernment as not to fall down an ha-ha, but will stop and withdraw from the brink with the readiest precaution.

Though he loves warm weather he avoids the hot sun, because his thick shell, when once heated, would, as the poet says of solid armor, "scald with safety." He therefore spends the more sultry hours under the umbrella of a cabbage leaf or amidst the waving forests of an asparagus bed.

But as he avoids the heat in summer, so, in the decline of the year, he improves the faint autumnal beams by getting within the reflection of a fruit wall; and though he never has read that planes inclining to the horizon receive a greater share of warmth, he inclines his shell, by tilting it against the wall, to collect and admit every feeble ray.

Pitiable seems the condition of this poor embarrassed reptile: to be cased in a suit of ponderous armor which he cannot lay aside; to be imprisoned, as it were, within his own shell, must preclude, we should suppose, all activity and disposition for enterprise. Yet there is a season of the year, usually the beginning of June, when his exertions are remarkable. He then walks on tiptoe, and is stirring by five in the morning; and traversing the garden, examines every wicket and interstice in the fences, through which he will escape if possible; and often has eluded the care of the gardener, and wandered to some distant field.

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21. φερέοικοι, house-bearers. 28. **Mr. Pope,** Alexander Pope, English poet (1688-1744).

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. This selection is taken from Gilbert White's *A Natural History of Selborne*. Through many years the author watched the habits of insects and animals and wrote down what he saw; how long had this land tortoise been kept under observation?

2. Discuss the following topics: the food of the tortoise; his preparation of winter quarters; his fear of rain; his attitude toward strangers.

3. Make a list of the author's observations concerning the old Sussex tortoise.

Library Reading. "Turtle Eggs for Agassiz," Sharp (in *The Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1910).

FORMATION OF CORAL REEFS

Louis Agassiz

Every zone of the earth's surface has its own animals, suited to the conditions under which they are meant to live; and, with the exception of those that accompany man in all his pilgrimages, and are subject to the same modifying influences by which he adapts his home and himself to all climates, animals are absolutely bound by the laws of their nature within the range assigned to them. Nor is this the case only on land, where river banks, lake shores, and mountain ranges might be supposed to form the impassable boundaries that keep animals within certain limits; but the ocean, as well as the land, has its faunæ and floræ bound within their respective zoölogical and botanical provinces; and a wall of granite is not more impassable to a marine animal than that ocean line, fluid, and flowing, and ever-changing though it be, on which is written for him, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther." One word as to the effect of pressure on animals will explain this.

We all live under the pressure of the atmosphere. Now, thirty-two feet under the sea doubles that pressure, since a column of water of that height is equal in weight to the pressure of one atmosphere. At the depth of thirty-two feet, then, any marine animal is under the pressure of two atmospheres—that of the air, which surrounds our globe, and of a weight of water equal to it; at sixty-four feet he is under the pressure of three atmospheres, and so on—the weight of one atmosphere being always added for every thirty-two feet of depth. There is a great difference in the sensitiveness of animals to this pressure. Some fishes live at a great depth, and find the weight of water genial to them; while others would be killed at once by the same pressure; and the latter naturally seek the shallow waters. Every fisherman knows that he must throw a long line for halibut, while with a common fishing-rod he will catch plenty of perch from the rocks near the shore; and the differently colored bands of seaweed revealed by low tides show that the floræ as well as the faunæ of the ocean have their precise boundaries.

Of all air-breathing animals, none exhibits a more surprising power of adapting itself to great and rapid changes of external influences than the condor. It may be seen feeding on the seashore under a burning tropical sun, and then, rising from its repast, it floats up among the highest summits of the Andes, and is lost to sight beyond them, miles above the line of perpetual snow, where the temperature must be lower than that of the Arctics. But even the condor, sweeping at one flight from tropic heat to arctic cold, although it passes through greater changes of temperature, does not undergo such changes of pressure as a fish that rises from a depth of sixty-four feet to the surface of the sea; for the former remains within the limits of one atmosphere; while the latter, at a depth of sixty-four feet, is under a weight equal to that of three such atmospheres, which is reduced to one when it reaches the sea-level. The change is proportionally greater for those fishes that come from a depth of several hundred feet. These laws of limitation in space explain many facts in the growth of coral reefs that would be otherwise inexplicable, and which I now will endeavor to make clear to my readers.

For a long time it was supposed that the reef-builders inhabited very deep waters, for they were sometimes brought up on sounding-lines from a depth of many hundreds, or even thousands, of feet, and it was taken for granted that they must have had their home where they were found; but the facts recently ascertained respecting the subsidence of ocean-bottoms have shown that the foundation of a coral wall may have sunk far

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18. **Hitherto**, etc., see *Job*, xxxviii, 11.

below the place where it was laid. And it is now proved, beyond a doubt, that no reef-building coral can thrive at a depth of more than fifteen fathoms, though corals of other kinds occur far lower, and that the dead reef-corals, sometimes brought to the surface from much greater depths, are only broken fragments of some reef that has subsided with the bottom on which it was growing. But though fifteen fathoms is the maximum depth, at which any reef-builder can prosper, there are many which will not sustain even that degree of pressure; and this fact has, as we shall see, an important influence on the structure of the reef.

Imagine now a sloping shore on some tropical coast descending gradually below the surface of the sea. Upon that slope, at a depth of from ten to twelve or fifteen fathoms, and two or three or more miles from the mainland, according to the shelving of the shore, we will suppose that one of those little coral animals, to whom a home in such deep waters is genial, has established itself. How it happens that such a being, which we know is immovably attached to the ground, and forms the foundation of a solid wall, was ever able to swim freely about in the water till it found a suitable resting-place, I shall explain hereafter, when I say something of the mode of reproduction of these animals. Accept, for the moment, my unsustained assertion, and plant our little coral on this sloping shore, some twelve or fifteen fathoms below the surface of the sea.

The internal structure of such a coral corresponds to that of the sea-anemone. The body is divided by vertical partitions from top to bottom, leaving open chambers between; while in the center hangs the digestive cavity, connected by an opening in the bottom with all these chambers. At the top is an aperture serving as a mouth, surrounded by a wreath of hollow tentacles, each one of which connects at its base with one of the chambers, so that all parts of the animal communicate freely with each other. But though the structure of the coral is identical in all its parts with that of the sea-anemone, it nevertheless presents one important difference. The body of the sea-anemone is soft, while that of the coral is hard.

It is well known that all animals and plants have the power of appropriating to themselves and assimilating the materials they need, each selecting from the surrounding elements whatever contributes to its well-being. Now corals possess, in an extraordinary degree, the power of assimilating to themselves the lime contained in the salt water around them; and as soon as our little coral is established on a firm foundation, a lime deposit begins to form in all the walls of its body, so that its base, its partitions, and its outer wall, which in the sea-anemone remain always soft, become perfectly solid in the polyp coral, and form a frame as hard as bone.

It may naturally be asked where the lime comes from in the sea which the corals absorb in such quantities. As far as the living corals are concerned the answer is easy, for an immense deal of lime is brought down to the ocean by rivers that wear away the lime deposits through which they pass. The Mississippi, whose course lies through extensive lime regions, brings down yearly lime enough to supply all the animals living in the Gulf of Mexico.

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When the coral has become in this way permeated with lime, all parts

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4. **fathom,** a unit of measure—six feet. 43. **sea-anemone,** marine animal, in form and color like a plant.

78. **polyp coral,** coral still in the soft stage.

of the body are rigid, with the exception of the upper margin, the stomach, and the tentacles. The tentacles are soft and waving, projected or drawn in at will; they retain their flexible character through life, and decompose when the animal dies. For this reason the dried specimens of corals preserved in museums do not give us the least idea of the living corals, in which every one of the millions of beings composing such a community is crowned by a waving wreath of white or green or rose-colored tentacles.

As soon as the little coral is fairly established and solidly attached to the ground, it begins to bud. This may take place in a variety of ways, dividing at the top or budding from the base or from the sides, till the primitive animal is surrounded by a number of individuals like itself, of which it forms the nucleus, and which now begin to bud in their turn, each one surrounding itself with a numerous progeny, all remaining, however, attached to the parent. Such a community increases till its individuals are numbered by millions; and I have myself counted no less than fourteen millions of individuals in a coral mass of porites measuring not more than twelve feet in diameter. The so-called coral heads, which make the foundation of a coral wall, and seem by their massive character and regular form especially adapted to give a strong, solid base to the whole structure, are known in our classifications as the astræans, so named on account of the star-shaped form of the little pits crowded upon their surface, each one of which marks the place of a single more or less isolated individual in such a community.

Thus firmly and strongly is the foundation of the reef laid by the astræans; but we have seen that for their prosperous growth they require a certain depth and pressure of water, and when they have brought the wall so high that they have not more than six fathoms of water above them, this kind of coral ceases to grow. They have, however, prepared a fitting surface for different kinds of corals that could not live in the depths from which the astræans have come, but find their genial home nearer the surface. Such a home being made ready for them by their predecessors, they now establish themselves on the top of the coral wall and continue its growth for a certain time.

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But these also have their bounds within the sea; they in their turn reach the limit beyond which they are forbidden by the laws of their nature to pass, and there they also pause. But the coral wall continues its steady progress; for here the lighter kinds set in, and the reef is crowned at last with a many-colored shrubbery of low, feathery growth.

With these branching corals the reef reaches the level of high-water, beyond which, as I have said, there can be no further growth, for want of the action of the fresh sea-water.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. This selection is taken from *Methods of Study in Natural History*.

2. What influences of Nature determine where animals shall find a permanent home? Why is the pressure greater in the ocean than on land?

3. What is the maximum depth at which reef-building corals can prosper? Describe the internal structure of coral. Where does the enormous quantity of lime which is absorbed by the corals come from? What portion of the body of the coral animal does not absorb lime? Why is it impossible for us to get a clear idea of the living corals from the specimens in museums?

4. Trace the development and growth of a coral reef from where it is begun, fifteen fathoms below sea level, to the surface of the water.

Library Reading. "Coral Islands and Mangrove Trees," Le Gallienne (in *Harper's Magazine,* December, 1916); *Coral Island,* Ballantine; "Alexander Agassiz: His Life and Scientific Work," Murray (in *Science,* June 9, 1911; "Strange Paumotu Atolls," O'Brien (in *Century Magazine,* July, 1920); "Coral and Other Deep-sea Life," (in *Review of Reviews,* March, 1907); "Corals and the Formation of Coral Reefs," Vaughn (in *Smithsonian Report,* 1917).

A FALLING STAR

Sir Robert S. Ball

Everyone who has occasionally taken a nocturnal walk in the open country will probably have seen what is called "a shooting star." Perhaps I might rather say that unless the observer be very inattentive he will have noticed dozens, or scores, or hundreds of these objects, either bright or faint, with long streaks or with short.

For the due exhibition of a shooting star, that part of the sky where it is displayed should, of course, be free from cloud, and the silvery streak will seem all the more vivid if the moon be absent. No telescope is needed. This is, indeed, the one branch of astronomical observation in which the unaided eye can advantageously dispense with optical assistance.

Our present knowledge as to the natural history of the shooting stars has been mainly acquired during the last hundred years. The first important step in the comprehension of these bodies was to recognize that the brilliant flash of light was caused by some object which came from without and plunged into our air. This was known at the end of the last century, largely by the labors of the philosopher Chladni in 1794. But even his sagacity did not prevent him from making some serious mistakes about the nature of shooting stars. It has been reserved for the present generation to organize a multitude of facts into a connected whole, and thus contribute a very interesting chapter to modern astronomy.

Could an ordinary shooting star tell us its actual history, the narrative would run somewhat as follows:

"I was a small bit of material, chiefly if not entirely composed of substances which are formed from the same chemical elements as those you find on the earth. Not improbably I may have had some iron in my constitution and also sodium and carbon, to mention only a few of the most familiar elements. I only weighed an ounce or two, perhaps more, perhaps less—but you could probably have held me in your closed hand, or put me into your waistcoat pocket. You would have described me as a sort of small stone, yet I think you would have added that I was very unlike the ordinary stones with which you were familiar. I have led a life of the most extraordinary activity; I have never known what it was to stay still; I have been ever on the move. Through the solitudes of space I have dashed along with a speed which you can hardly conceive. Compare my ordinary motion with your most rapid railway trains, place me in London beside the Scotch express to race to Edinburgh; my journey will be done ere the best locomotive ever built could have drawn the train out of the station. Pit me against your rifle bullets, against the shots from your one-hundred-ton guns; before the missile from the mightiest piece of ordnance ever fired shall have gone ten yards, I have gone 1000 yards. I do not assert that my speed has been invariable—sometimes it has been faster, sometimes it has been

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33. **Chladni, Ernst.** German philosopher.

slower; but I have generally done my million miles a day at the very least. Such has been my career, not for hours or days, but for years and for centuries, probably for untold ages. And the grand catastrophe in which I vanished has been befitting to a life of such transcendent excitement and activity; I have perished instantly, and in a streak of splendor. In the course of my immemorial wanderings I have occasionally passed near some of the great bodies in the heavens; I have also not improbably in former years hurried by that globe on which you live. On those occasions you never saw me, you never could have seen me, not even if you had used the mightiest telescope that has ever been directed to the heavens. But too close an approach to your globe was at last the occasion of my fall. You must remember that you live on the earth buried beneath a great ocean of air. Viewed from outside space, your earth is seen to be a great ball, everywhere swathed with this thick coating of air. Beyond the appreciable limits of the air stretches the open space, and there it is that my prodigious journeys have been performed. Out there we have a freedom to move of which you who live in a dense atmosphere have no conception. Whenever you attempt to produce rapid motion on the earth, the resistance of your air largely detracts from the velocity that would be otherwise attainable. Your quick trains are impeded by air, your artillery ranges are shortened by it. Movements like mine would be impossible in air like yours.

"And this air it is which has ultimately compassed my destruction. So long as I merely passed near your earth, but kept clear of that deadly net which you have spread, in the shape of your atmosphere, to entrap the shooting stars, all went well with me. I felt the ponderous mass of the earth, and I swerved a little in compliance with its attraction; but my supreme velocity preserved me, and I hurried past unscathed. I had many narrow escapes from capture during the lapse of those countless ages in which I have been wandering through space. But at last I approached once too often to the earth. On this fatal occasion my course led me to graze your globe so closely that I could not get by without traversing the higher parts of the atmosphere. Accordingly, a frightful catastrophe immediately occurred. Not to you; it did you no harm; indeed, quite the contrary. My dissolution gave you a pleasing and instructive exhibition. It was then, for the first time, that you were permitted to see me, and you called me a shooting star or a meteor.

"You are quite familiar with the disasters associated with the word *collision*. Some of the most awful accidents you have ever heard of arose from the collision of two railway trains on land or of two ships in the ocean. You are thus able to realize the frightful consequences of a collision between two heavy bodies. But in the collision which annihilated me I did not impinge against any other heavy body. I only struck the upper and extremely rare layers of your atmosphere. I was, however, moving with a speed so terrific that the impulse to which I was exposed when I passed from empty space even into thin air was sufficient for my total disruption.

"Had the speed with which I entered your atmosphere been more moderate—had it been, for instance, not greater than that of a rifle bullet, or even only four or five times as fast, this plunge would not have been fatal to me. I could have pierced through with comparative safety, and then have tumbled down in my original form on the ground. Indeed, on rare occasions something of this kind does actually happen. Perhaps it is fortunate for you dwellers on the earth that we shooting stars do generally become dissipated in the upper air. Were it not so, the many thousands of us which would be daily pelting down on your earth would introduce a new source of anxiety into your lives. Fortunately for you, we dart in at a speed of some twenty miles or more a second. Unfortunately for us, we soon learn that it is the 'pace which kills.'

"When from the freedom of open space I darted into the atmosphere, I rubbed past every particle of air which I touched in my impetuous flight, and in doing so I experienced the usual consequence of friction—I was warmed by the operation. If you rub a button on a board it will become warm. If you rub two pieces of wood together you can warm them, and you could even produce fire if you possessed the cunning skill of some people whom you are accustomed to speak of as savages. Nor need you be surprised to find that I was warmed by merely rubbing against air. If you visit a rifle range and pick up a fragment of a bullet which has just struck the target you will find it warm; you will even find it so hot that you will generally drop it. Now whence came this heat? The bullet was certainly cold ere the trigger was pulled. No doubt there is some heat developed by the combustion of the gunpowder, but the bullet cannot be much warmed thereby; it is, indeed, protected from the immediate effect of the heat of the powder by the wad. The bullet is partly warmed by the friction of rubbing against the barrel of the rifle, but doubtless it also receives some heat by the friction of the air and some from the consequence of its percussion against the target. You need not, then, wonder how it is that when I am checked by your atmosphere I, too, am heated.

"Remember that I move a hundred times as swiftly as your rifle bullet, and that the heat developed in the checking of the motion of a body increases enormously when the velocity of the body increases. Your mathematicians can calculate how much. They tell you that the amount of heat potentially contained in a moving body varies as the square of the velocity. To give an illustration of what this means, suppose that two rifles were fired at a target, and that the sizes of the bullets and the ranges were the same, but that the charge in one of the rifles was such that its bullet had twice the initial velocity of the other. Then the mathematician will say that the heat developed during the flight of the rapid bullet might be not alone twice but even four times as great as that developed in the slower bullet. If we could fire two bullets, one of which had three times the speed of the other, then, under similar circumstances, the heat generated ere the two bullets were brought to rest would be nine times greater for the more rapidly flying bullet than for the other one. Now you can readily comprehend the immense quantity of heat that will have been produced ere friction could deprive me of a speed of twenty miles a second. That heat not merely warmed me, but I rapidly became red-hot, white-hot, then I melted, even though composed of materials of a most refractory kind. Still, friction had much more to do, and it actually drove me off into vapor, and I vanished.

You, standing on your earth many miles below, never saw me—never could have seen me—until this supreme moment, when, glowing with an instantaneous fervor, I for a brief second became visible. You shouted, 'Oh! there is a shooting star.'

"Nature knows no annihilation, and though I had been driven off into vapor and the trial by fire had scattered and dispersed me, yet in the lofty heights of atmosphere those vapors cooled and condensed. They did not, they never could again reunite and reproduce my pristine structure. Here and there in wide diffusion I repassed from the vaporous to the solid form, and in this state I wore the appearance of a streak of minute granules distributed all along the highway I had followed. These granules gradually subsided through the air to the earth. On Alpine snows, far removed from the haunts of men and from the contamination of chimneys, minute particles have been gathered, many of which have unquestionably been derived from the scattered remains of shooting stars. Into the sea similar particles are forever falling, and they have been subsequently dredged up from profound depths, having subsided through an ocean of water after sinking through an ocean of air.

"The motes by which a sunbeam through a chink in a closed shutter is rendered visible are no doubt mainly of organic origin, but they must also frequently comprise the meteoric granules. These motes gradually subside upon the tops of your bookcases or into other congenial retreats to form that dust of which good housekeepers have such a horror. It is certain that the great majority of the particles of which ordinary dust is constituted have purely terrestrial sources which it would be impossible to endow with any romantic interest. It is equally certain that in a loathed dust-heap are many atoms which, considering their celestial origin and their transcendent voyages, would have merited a more honored resting-place."

* * *

The world is pelted on all sides day and night, year after year, century after century, by troops and battalions of shooting stars of every size, from objects not much larger than grains of sand up to mighty masses which can only be expressed in tons. In the lapse of ages our globe must thus be gradually growing by the everlasting deposit of meteoric debris. Looking back through the vistas of time past, it becomes impossible to estimate how much of the solid earth may not owe its origin to this celestial source.

* * *

The great sun guides our world through its long, annual journey. The mighty mass of the earth yields compliance to the potent sway of the ruler of our system. But the sun does not merely exercise control over the vast planets which circulate around him. The supreme law of gravitation constrains the veriest mote that ever floated in a sunbeam, with the same unremitting care that it does the mightiest of planets. Thus it is that each little meteor is guided in its journeys for untold ages. Each of these little objects hurries along, deflected at every moment, to follow its beautifully curved path by the incessant attractions of the sun. At last, however, the final plunge is taken. The long wanderings of the meteor have come to an end, and it vanishes in a streak of splendor.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. This selection is taken from *In Starry Realms.* Have you ever seen a falling star? What is needed in order to observe satisfactorily such an exhibition? The author says our knowledge of the natural history of shooting stars has been acquired in recent years; what do you learn from him on this point?

2. The author imagines what a shooting star would say if it were to tell its life history; why does the author not tell you the facts himself instead? Give a brief summary of the facts narrated in the imaginary story. Which interested you most?

3. How do falling stars contribute to the growth of our globe? What law guides meteors in their courses? How does the end come?

Library Reading. *In Starland,* Ball; *The Friendly Stars,* Martin; "Giant Stars," Hale (in *Scribner's Magazine,* February, 1921); "Meteorites," Merrill (in *Smithsonian Report,* 1917); "Hymn to the Stars," Whittier (in *The Literary Digest,* January 15, 1921).

COTTON AND THE OLD SOUTH*

JAMES A. B. SCHERER

In the autumn of 1792 a young college graduate sailed from New York for Savannah, on his way to South Carolina to teach school. He had never seen a boll of cotton in his life. A year later he made the first cotton gin, which caused his great and generous rival in inventive genius, Robert Fulton, to class him among the three men who accomplished more for mankind than any other men of their times.

The eagerness of Southern planters to grow upland cotton, after it could be ginned, almost passes belief. Five months after he had obtained his patent Whitney wrote: "We shall not be able to get machines made as fast as we shall want them. We have now eight hundred thousand weight of cotton on hand and the next crop will begin to come in very soon. It will require machines enough to clean five or six thousand weight of clean cotton per day to satisfy the demand for next year. And I expect the crop will be double another year." Ten years after the gin was invented he wrote: "The cotton cleaned annually with that machine sells for at least five million of dollars."

This astonishing leap in cotton production of course arose from the fact that Whitney's gin made it possible, exactly at the moment when the great series of English inventions, rounding to completion in the power-loom of Cartwright, had created an insatiable demand. As Baines said, "The spinning machinery in England gave birth to the cotton cultivation in America; and the increase of the latter is now in turn extending the application of the former. In the vast machine of commerce, the spindles of Manchester are as necessarily tied to the plow and hoe of the Mississippi as to their own bobbins. Thus do mechanical improvements in England and agricultural improvements in America act and react upon each other; thus do distant nations become mutually dependent and contribute to each other's wealth."

Robert Fulton, a friend of both Whitney and Cartwright, by applying the steam-engine of Watt to override the immense ocean barrier dividing the gin from the home of the power-loom, manifolded a thousand times over the carrying power of the ships; while Samuel Slater, the British spinner, by setting up from memory at Pawtucket a successful factory just three years before Whitney invented his gin, initiated in New England a demand for Southern cotton second only to that of the old England from which he had fled. It is little wonder

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1. **young college graduate,** Eli Whitney, whose importance is made clear in the text.

39. **Baines,** Sir Edward Baines (1800-1890), author of *A History of the Cotton Manufacture of Great Britain.*

that the South devoted itself thenceforward with undivided attention to the production of that precious commodity for which two continents clamored, and which the South alone could supply.

Certainly the life of the South from this time forward revolved around the cotton plant. Early in the spring the negroes with their multitudinous mules began the plowing of straight, long, deep furrows in the fragrant mellow soil—the deeper the better, since cotton has a tap-root which, if properly invited, will sink four feet in searching for fresh food and moisture. Fertilizer, consisting of manure and malodorous guano, or, in later times, expensive phosphates, is laid in the center of the "beds" thrown up by the furrows; and the time of actual planting awaited. When the first song of the "turtle dove" is heard, and the starry blooms of the dogwood light up the edge of the forest, and the frosts are thought to be over, came, in the old days, flocks of black women with hoes, scooping out the beds at rough intervals, followed by other women, dropping careless handfuls of seed. The tender green plants, thrusting their way upward shortly, were thinned out, one stalk to a foot. When two or three weeks above the surface, more plowing was needful, to break the new crust of the soil and kill weeds. Then, every three weeks thereafter, until the steaming "dog days" of August, the patient plow would break the crust again and again, so that on the larger plantations the plows never ceased, but returned continually from the last furrows of far-stretching acres to break the first furrows of another three weeks' task. Hoeing, meanwhile, kept the women busy with the grass and weeds. In early August the crop was "laid by," and required no more work till picking time.

Meanwhile, under proper conditions this incessant labor would transform the fields into flower gardens. By June the beautiful blossoms are blushing; bell-shaped and softly brilliant, here and there, with the magic trick of changing their colors, as a maid her clothes. Shimmering in the morning in a creamy white or pale straw dress, and closing its silky petals in the evening, the flower on the second day of its fragile life shifts to a wild-rose color, deepening by evening to magenta or carnation; all this, for three brief but brilliant days, on graceful stems knee-high, rich in glossy dark-green foliage; so that the aspect of a spacious level field, with fresh blossoms budding into cream or cloth of gold, while elder sisters smile in pink and red amidst the trembling verdure, is of a splendid variegated beauty that lends to the Southern landscape half its charm. It is in this summer season the Southern children sing:

First day white, next day red,
Third day from my birth I'm dead;
Though I am of short duration,
Yet withal I clothe the nation.

From mid-August until winter, however, and especially in that "season of mellow fruitfulness," October, the cotton shrub becomes a thing of wonder; adding to its garniture of bloom the bursting pods of snowy fleece that dominate the coloring of the fields into the semblance of a vegetative snowstorm. Then, on the old plantation, swarmed forth the turbaned mammies and the wenches, shining pickaninnies and black babes in arms, with bags and huge baskets and mirth, nimble fingers, as it were, predestined to the cotton pod, to live in the sunshine amid the fleecy snow, and pile up white fluffy mounds at the furrows' ends, chanting melodies, minor chords of song as old as Africa, the women trooping home again at nightfall with poised overflowing baskets on their heads, to feasts of corn-pone and cracklin' and molasses in the blaze of a light'ood fire, within sound of the thrumming of the banjo.

Cotton was and is the Southern "money crop." From autumn the banker and merchant "carry" the South on their ledgers, and scant is the interchange of coin; but when the "first bale of cotton" rolls into town behind a jangling team of trotting mules, their grinning driver cracking out resounding triumph with his whip, money makes its anniversary appearance, accounts are settled, and the whole shining South "feels flush." The gin-houses drive a roaring business, the air is heavy in them and the light is thick with downy lint, and their atmosphere pungent with the oily odor of crushed woolly seeds. Steam or hydraulic presses with irresistible power then pack towering heaps of seedless fleece into coarse casings of flimsy jute wrapping, metal-bound. These bales, weighing roughly to the tale of five hundred pounds, pass the appraisement of the broker, swarm the platforms of the railway warehouses, and overflow to the hospitable ground; then are laden laboriously into freight cars, and, after being squeezed to the irreducible minimum of size by some giant compress, are hauled to the corners of the earth.

Of the distinctive civilization of the old Southern cotton life no words could be more pertinent than Grady's.

"That was a peculiar society," he said. "Almost feudal in its splendor, it was almost patriarchal in its simplicity. Leisure and wealth gave it exquisite culture. Its wives and mothers, exempt from drudgery and almost from care, gave to their sons, through patient and constant training, something of their own grace and gentleness, and to their homes beauty and light. Its people, homogeneous by necessity, held straight and simple faith, and were religious to a marked degree along the old lines of Christian belief. The same homogeneity bred a hospitality that was as kinsmen to kinsmen, and that wasted at the threshold of every home what the more frugal people of the North conserved and invested in public charities. Money counted least in making the social status, and constantly ambitious and brilliant youngsters from no estate married into the families of planter princes. Meanwhile, the one character utterly condemned and ostracized was the man who was mean to his slaves. Even the coward was pitied and might have been liked. For the cruel master there was no toleration.

"In its engaging grace—in the chivalry that tempered even quixotism with dignity—in the piety that saved master and slave alike—in the charity that boasted not—in the honor held above estate—in the hospitality that neither condescended nor cringed—in frankness and heartiness and wholesome comradeship—in the reverence paid to womanhood and the inviolable respect in which woman's name was held—the civilization of the old slave régime in the South has not been surpassed, and perhaps will not be equaled, among men."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. What effect on cotton production had the invention of the cotton gin? Account for this far-reaching influence. How did Cartwright influence the production of cotton? Fulton? What led to the demand for cotton in New England?

2. What picture of life in the South, centering about the cotton plant, does the author

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2. **cracklin'**, crackling, the brown, crisp remainder of pork fat, after the lard has been removed. 40. **Grady**, Henry W. Grady (1851-1889), editor of the Atlanta Constitution, a famous Southern newspaper.

give you? How does Henry W. Grady describe "the civilization of the old Southern cotton life"?

Theme Topic. Cotton as a world power.

Library Reading. *My Beloved South*, O'Connor; "Cotton Growing in the West," Chambliss (in *The World's Work*, March, 1920).

THE HEMP FIELDS

JAMES LANE ALLEN

Some morning when the roar of March winds is no more heard in the tossing woods, but along still brown boughs a faint, veil-like greenness runs; when every spring, welling out of the soaked earth, trickles through banks of sod unbarred by ice; before a bee is abroad under the calling sky; before the red of apple-buds becomes a sign in the low orchards, or the high song of the thrush is pouring forth far away at wet, pale-green sunsets, the sower, the earliest sower of the hemp, goes forth into the fields.

Warm they must be, soft and warm, those fields, its chosen birthplace. Upturned by the plow, crossed and recrossed by the harrow, clodless, leveled, deep, fine, fertile—some extinct river-bottom, some valley threaded by streams, some tableland of mild rays, moist airs, alluvial or limestone soils—such is the favorite cradle of the hemp in Nature. Back and forth with measured tread, with measured distance, broadcast the sower sows, scattering with plenteous hand those small, oval-shaped fruits, gray-green, black-striped, heavily packed with living marrow.

Lightly covered over by drag or harrow, under the rolled earth now they lie, those mighty, those inert, seeds. Down into the darkness about them the sun's rays penetrate day by day, stroking them with the brushes of light, prodding them with spears of flame. Drops of nightly dews, drops from the coursing clouds, trickle down to them, moistening the dryness, closing up the little hollows of the ground, drawing the particles of maternal earth more closely. Suddenly —as an insect that has been feigning death cautiously unrolls itself and starts into action—in each seed the great miracle of life begins. Each awakens as from a sleep, as from pretended death. It starts, it moves, it bursts its ashen, woody shell; it takes two opposite courses: the white, fibril-tapered root hurrying away from the sun; the tiny stem, bearing its lance-like leaves, ascending graceful, brave like a palm.

Some morning, not many days later, the farmer, walking out into his barn-lot and casting a look in the direction of his field, sees—or does he not see?—the surface of it less dark. What is that uncertain flush low on the ground, that irresistible rush of multitudinous green? A fortnight, and the field is brown no longer. Overflowing it, burying it out of sight, is the shallow, tidal sea of the hemp, ever rippling. Green are the woods now with their varied greenness. Green are the pastures. Green here and there are the fields: with the bluish green of young oats and wheat; with the gray green of young barley and rye; with orderly dots of dull dark green in vast array—the hills of Indian maize. But as the eye sweeps the whole landscape undulating far and near, from the hues of tree, pasture, and corn of every kind, it turns to the color of the hemp. With that in view, all other shades in Nature seem dead and count for nothing. Far reflected, conspicuous, brilliant, strange; masses of living emerald, saturated with blazing sunlight.

Darker, always darker turns the hemp as it rushes upward; scarce darker as to the stemless stalks which are hidden now, but darker in the tops. Yet here two shades of greenness: the male plants paler, smaller, maturing earlier, dying first; the females darker, taller, living longer, more luxuriant of foliage and flowering heads.

A hundred days from the sowing, and those flowering heads have come forth with their mass of leaves and bloom and earliest fruits, elastic, swaying six, ten, twelve feet from the ground and ripe for cutting; a hundred days reckoning from the last of March or the last of April, so that it is July, it is August. And now, borne far through the steaming air floats an odor, balsamic, startling, the odor of those plumes and stalks and blossoms from which is exuding freely the narcotic resin of the great nettle. The nostril expands quickly, the lungs swell out deeply to draw it in—fragrance once known in childhood, ever in the memory afterward and able to bring back to the wanderer homesick thoughts of midsummer days in the shadowy, many-toned woods, over into which is blown the smell of the hemp-fields.

Who apparently could number the acres of these in the days gone by? A land of hemp, ready for the cutting! The oats heavy-headed, rustling, have turned to gold and been stacked in the stubble or stored in the lofts of white, bursting barns. The heavy-headed, rustling wheat has turned to gold and been stacked in the stubble or sent through the whirling thresher. The barley and the rye are garnered and gone, the landscape has many bare and open spaces. But, separating these everywhere, rise the fields of Indian corn now in blade and tassel; and—more valuable than all else that has been sown and harvested or remains to be—everywhere the impenetrable thickets of the hemp.

Impenetrable! For close together stand the stalks, making common cause for soil and light, each but one of many, the fiber being better when so grown—as is also the fiber of men. Impenetrable and therefore weedless, for no plant life can flourish there, nor animal nor bird. Scarce a beetle runs bewilderingly through those forbidding colossal solitudes. The field-sparrow will flutter away from pollen-bearing to pollen-receiving top, trying to beguile you from its nest hidden near the edge. The crow and the blackbird will seem to love it, having a keen eye for the cutworm, its only enemy. The quail does love it, not for itself, but for its protection, leading her brood into its labyrinths out of the dusty road when danger draws near. Best of all winged creatures it is loved by the iris-eyed, burnish-breasted, murmuring doves, already beginning to gather in the deadened tree-tops with crops eager for the seed; well remembered also by the long-flight passenger pigeon, coming into the land for the mast. Best of all wild things whose safety lies not in the wing but in the foot, it is loved by the hare for its young, for refuge. Those lithe, velvety, summer-thin bodies! Observe carefully the tops of the still hemp. Are they slightly shaken? Among the bases of those stalks a cotton-tail is threading its way inward beyond reach of its pursuer. Are they shaken violently, parted clean and wide to right and left? It is the path of the dog following the hot scent—ever baffled.

A hundred days to lift out of those tiny seeds these powerful stalks, hollow, hairy, covered with their tough fiber—that strength of cables when the big ships are tugged at by the joined fury of wind and ocean. And now some morning at the corner of the field stand the black men with hooks and whetstones. The hook, a keen, straight blade, bent at right angles to the handle two feet from the hand. Let these men be the strongest; no weakling can handle the hemp from seed to seed again. A heart, the doors and walls of which are in perfect order, through which flows freely the full stream of a healthy man's red blood; lungs deep, clear, easily filled, easily emptied; a body that can bend and twist and be straightened again in ceaseless rhythmical movement; limbs tireless; the very spirit of primeval man conquering primeval Nature—all these go into the cutting of the hemp. The leader strides to the edge, and throwing forward his left arm, along which the muscles play, he grasps as much as it will embrace, bends the stalks over, and with his right hand draws the blade through them an inch or more from the ground. When he has gathered his armful, he turns and flings it down behind him, so that it lies spread out, covering when fallen the same space it filled while standing. And so he crosses the broad acres, and so each of the big black followers, stepping one by one to a place behind him, until the long, wavering, whitish green swaths of the prostrate hemp lie shimmering across the fields. Strongest now is the smell of it, impregnating the clothing of the men, spreading far throughout the air.

So it lies a week or more drying, dying, till the sap is out of the stalks, till leaves and blossoms and earliest ripened or unripened fruits wither and drop off, giving back to the soil the nourishment they have drawn from it; the whole top being thus otherwise wasted—that part of the hemp which every year the dreamy millions of the Orient still consume in quantities beyond human computation, and for the love of which the very history of this plant is lost in the antiquity of India and Persia, its home—land of narcotics and desires and dreams.

Then the rakers with enormous wooden rakes; they draw the stalks into bundles, tying each with the hemp itself. Following the binders move the wagon-beds, or slides, gathering the bundles and carrying them to where, huge, flat, and round, the stacks begin to rise. At last these are well built; the gates of the field are closed or the bars put up; wagons and laborers are gone; the brown fields stand deserted.

One day something is gone from earth and sky. Autumn has come, season of scales and balances, when the Earth, brought to judgment for its fruits, says, "I have done what I could—now let me rest!"

Fall!—and everywhere the sights and sounds of falling. In the woods, through the cool, silvery air, the leaves, so indispensable once, so useless now. Bright day after bright day, dripping night after dripping night, the never-ending filtering or gusty fall of leaves; the fall of walnuts, dropping from bare boughs with muffled boom into the deep grass; the fall of the hickory-nut, rattling noisily down through the scaly limbs and scattering its hulls among the stones of the brook below; the fall of buckeyes, rolling like balls of mahogany into the little dust paths made by sheep in the hot months when they had sought those roofs of leaves; the fall of acorns, leaping out of their matted green cups as they strike the rooty earth; the fall of red haw, persimmon, and pawpaw, and the odorous wild plum in its valley thickets; the fall of all seeds whatsoever of the forest, now made ripe in their high places and sent back to the ground, there to be folded in against the time when they shall arise again as the living generations;

the homing, downward flight of the seeds in the many-colored woods all over the quiet land.

In the fields, too, the sights and sounds of falling, the fall of the standing fatness. The silent fall of the tobacco, to be hung head downward in fragrant sheds and barns. The felling whack of the corn-knife and the rustling of the blades, as the workman gathers within his arm the top-heavy stalks and presses them into the bulging shock. The fall of pumpkins into the slow-drawn wagons, the shaded side of them still white with the morning rime. In the orchards, the fall of apples shaken thunderously down, and the piling of these in sprawling heaps near the cider mills. In the vineyards the fall of sugaring grapes into the baskets and the bearing of them to the winepress in the cool sunshine, where there is the late droning of bees about the sweet pomace.

But of all that the earth has yielded with or without the farmer's help, of all that he can call his own within the limits of his land, nothing pleases him better than those still, brown fields where the shapely stacks stand amid the deadened trees. Two months have passed, the workmen are at it again. The stacks are torn down, the bundles scattered, the hemp spread out as once before, there to lie till it shall be dew-retted, or rotted; there to suffer freeze and thaw, chill rains, locking frosts, and loosening snows—all the action of the elements—until the gums holding together the filaments of the fiber rot out and dissolve, until the bast be separated from the woody portion of the stalk, and the stalk itself be decayed and easily broken.

Some day you walk across the spread hemp, your foot goes through at each step, you stoop and, taking several stalks, snap them readily in your fingers. The ends stick out clean apart; and lo! hanging between them, there it is at last—a festoon of wet, coarse, dark gray ribbon, wealth of the hemp, sail of the wild Scythian, centuries before Horace ever sang of him, sail of the Roman, dress of the Saxon and Celt, dress of the Kentucky pioneer.

The rakers reappear at intervals of dry weather, and draw the hemp into armfuls and set it up in shocks of convenient size, wide flared at the bottom, well-pressed in and bound at the top, so that the slanting sides may catch the drying sun and the sturdy base resist the strong winds. And now the fields are as the dark brown camps of armies—each shock a soldier's tent. Yet not dark always; at times snow-covered; and then the white tents gleam for miles in the winter sunshine—the snow-white tents of the camping hemp.

Throughout the winter and on into early spring, as days may be warm or the hemp dry, the breaking continues. At each nightfall, cleaned and baled, it is hauled on wagon-beds or slides to the barns or the hemphouses, where it is weighed for the work and wages of the day.

Last of all, the brakes having been taken from the field, some night—dear sport for the lads!—takes place the burning of the "hempherds," thus returning their elements to the soil. To kindle a handful of tow and fling it as a firebrand into one of those masses of tinder; to see the flames spread and the sparks rush like swarms of red bees skyward through the smoke into the awful abysses of the night; to run from gray heap to gray heap, igniting the long line of signal fires, until the whole earth seems a con-

54. **wild Scythian.** The Scythians were an ancient Asiatic people famed for their savagery. 55. **Horace,** Latin poet (B. C. 65-8). 85. **hempherds,** the refuse, or coarse part of hemp.

flagration and the heavens are as rosy as at morn; to look far away and descry on the horizon an array of answering lights; not in one direction only, but leagues away, to see the fainter, ever fainter, glow of burning hempherds—this, too, is one of the experiences, one of the memories.

And now along the turnpikes the great, loaded, creaking wagons pass slowly to the towns, bearing the hemp to the factories, thence to be scattered over land and sea. Some day, when the winds of March are dying the sower enters the field and begins where he began twelve months before.

A round year of the earth's changes enters into the creation of the hemp. The planet has described its vast orbit ere it be grown and finished. All seasons are its servitors; all contradictions and extremes of nature meet in its making. The vernal patience of the warming soil; the long, fierce arrows of the summer heat; the long, silvery arrows of the summer rain; autumn's dead skies and sobbing winds; winter's sternest, all-tightening frosts. Of none but strong virtues is it the sum. Sickness or infirmity it knows not. It will have a mother young and vigorous, or none; an old or weak or exhausted soil cannot produce it. It will endure no roof of shade, basking only in the eye of the fatherly sun, and demanding the whole sky for the walls of its nursery.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. This selection is taken from *The Reign of Law*, by James Lane Allen. What is "the favorite cradle of the hemp in Nature"? At what time is the seed sown?

2. How does the author describe the growth and development of the hemp, from its beginnings to its blossoming?

3. Outline briefly the steps or stages in the harvesting of the crop of hemp.

Library Reading. "Hemp," Carpenter (in *How the World Is Clothed*)

PLOWING ON A WHEAT RANCH

Frank Norris

The evening before, when the foreman had blown his whistle at six o'clock, the long line of plows had halted upon the instant, and the drivers, unharnessing their teams, had taken them back to the division barns —leaving the plows as they were, in the furrows. But an hour after daylight the next morning the work was resumed. After breakfast, Vanamee, riding one horse and leading the others, had returned to the line of plows, together with the other drivers. Now he was busy harnessing the team. At the division blacksmith shop—temporarily put up—he had been obliged to wait while one of his lead horses was shod, and he had thus been delayed quite five minutes. Nearly all the other teams were harnessed, the drivers on their seats, waiting for the foreman's signal.

"All ready here?" inquired the foreman, driving up to Vanamee's team in his buggy.

"All ready, sir," answered Vanamee, buckling the last strap.

He climbed to his seat, shaking out the reins, and turning about, looked back along the line, then all around him at the landscape inundated with the brilliant glow of the early morning.

The day was fine. Since the first rain of the season, there had been no other. Now the sky was without a cloud, pale blue, delicate, luminous, scintillating with morning. The great brown earth turned a huge flank to it, exhaling the moisture of the early dew. The atmosphere, washed clean of dust and mist, was translucent as crystal. Far off to the east, the hills on the other side of Broderson Creek stood out against the pallid saffron of the horizon as flat and as sharply outlined as if pasted on the sky. The

PLOWING ON A WESTERN WHEAT RANCH

campanile of the ancient Mission of San Juan seemed as fine as frost work. All about between the horizons, the carpet of the land unrolled itself to infinity. But now it was no longer parched with heat, cracked and warped by a merciless sun, powdered with dust. The rain had done its work; not a clod that was not swollen with fertility, not a fissure that did not exhale the sense of fecundity.

The plows, thirty-five in number, each drawn by its team of ten, stretched in an interminable line, nearly a quarter of a mile in length, behind and ahead of Vanamee. They were arranged, as it were, *en echelon*, not in file—not one directly behind the other, but each succeeding plow its own width farther in the field than the one in front of it. Each of these plows held five shares, so that when the entire company was in motion, one hundred and seventy-five furrows were made at the same instant. At a distance, the plows resembled a great column of field artillery. Each driver was in his place, his glance alternating between his horses and the foreman nearest at hand. Other foremen, in their buggies or buckboards, were at intervals along the line, like battery lieutenants. Annixter himself, on horseback, in boots and campaign hat, a cigar in his teeth, overlooked the scene

The division superintendent, on the opposite side of the line, galloped past to a position at the head. For a long moment there was a silence. A sense of preparedness ran from end to end of the column. All things were ready, each man in his place. The day's work was about to begin.

Suddenly, from a distance at the head of the line came the shrill trilling

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17. **en echelon**, a French military term meaning literally, in the form of steps.

of a whistle. At once the foreman nearest Vanamee repeated it, at the same time turning down the line, and waving one arm. The signal was repeated, whistle answering whistle, till the sounds lost themselves in the distance. At once the line of plows lost its immobility, moving forward, getting slowly under way, the horses straining in the traces. A prolonged movement rippled from team to team, disengaging in its passage a multitude of sounds—the click of buckles, the creak of straining leather, the subdued clash of machinery, the cracking of whips, the deep breathing of nearly four hundred horses, the abrupt commands and cries of the drivers, and, last of all, the prolonged, soothing murmur of the thick brown earth turning steadily from the multitude of advancing shares.

The plowing thus commenced, continued. The sun rose higher. Steadily the hundred iron hands kneaded and furrowed and stroked the brown humid earth, the hundred iron teeth bit deep into the Titan's flesh. Perched on his seat, the moist, living reins slipping and tugging in his hands, Vanamee, in the midst of this steady confusion of constantly varying sensation, sight interrupted by sound, sound mingling with sight, on this swaying, vibrating seat quivering with the prolonged thrill of the earth, lapsed to a sort of pleasing numbness, in a sense, hypnotized by the weaving maze of things in which he found himself involved. To keep his team at an even, regular gait, maintaining the precise interval, to run his furrows as closely as possible to those already made by the plow in front—this for the moment was the entire sum of his duties. But while one part of his brain, alert and watchful, took cognizance of these matters, all the greater part was lulled and stupefied with the long monotony of the affair.

The plowing, now in full swing, enveloped him in a vague, slow-moving whirl of things. Underneath him was the jarring, jolting, trembling machine; not a clod was turned, not an obstacle encountered, that he did not receive the swift impression of it through all his body, the very friction of the damp soil, sliding incessantly from the shiny surface of the shares, seemed to reproduce itself in his finger-tips and along the back of his head. He heard the horse-hoofs by the myriads crushing down easily, deeply, into the loam, the prolonged clinking of trace-chains, the working of the smooth brown flanks in the harness, the clatter of wooden hames, the champing of bits, the click of iron shoes against pebbles, the brittle stubble of the surface ground crackling and snapping as the furrows turned, the sonorous, steady breaths wrenched from the deep, laboring chests, strap-bound, shining with sweat, and all along the line the voices of the men talking to the horses. Everywhere there were visions of glossy brown backs, straining, heaving, swollen with muscle; harness streaked with specks of froth, broad, cup-shaped hoofs, heavy with brown loam, men's faces red with tan, blue overalls spotted with axle-grease; muscled hands, the knuckles whitened in their grip on the reins, and through it all the ammoniacal smell of the horses, the bitter reek of perspiration of beasts and men, the aroma of warm leather, the scent of dead stubble—and stronger and more penetrating than everything else, the heavy, enervating odor of the upturned, living earth.

At intervals, from the top of one of the rare, low swells of the land, Vanamee overlooked a wider horizon.

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28. **Titan, Earth.** In mythology the goddess Earth was the mother of the Titans, or giants.

On the other divisions of Quien Sabe the same work was in progress. Occasionally he could see another column of plows in the adjoining division—sometimes so close at hand that the subdued murmur of its movements reached his ear; sometimes so distant that it resolved itself into a long, brown streak upon the gray of the ground. Farther off to the west on the Osterman ranch other columns came and went, and, once, from the crest of the highest swell on his division, Vanamee caught a distant glimpse of the Broderson ranch. There, too, moving specks indicated that the plowing was under way. And farther away still, far off there beyond the fine line of the horizons, over the curve of the globe, the shoulder of the earth, he knew were other ranches, and beyond these others, and beyond these still others, the immensities multiplying to infinity.

Everywhere throughout the great San Joaquin, unseen and unheard, a thousand plows up-stirred the land, tens of thousands of shares clutched deep into the warm, moist soil.

* * *

From time to time the gang in which Vanamee worked halted on the signal from foreman or overseer. The horses came to a standstill, the vague clamor of the work lapsed away. Then the minutes passed. The whole work hung suspended. All up and down the line one demanded what had happened. The division superintendent galloped past, perplexed and anxious. For the moment, one of the plows was out of order, a bolt had slipped, a lever refused to work, or a machine had become immobilized in heavy ground, or a horse had lamed himself. Once, even, toward noon, an entire plow was taken out of the line, so out of gear that a messenger had to be sent to the division forge to summon the machinist.

Annixter had disappeared. He had ridden farther on to the other divisions of his ranch, to watch the work in progress there. At twelve o'clock, according to his orders, all the division superintendents put themselves in communication with him by means of the telephone wires that connected each of the division houses, reporting the condition of the work, the number of acres covered, the prospects of each plow traversing its daily average of twenty miles.

At half-past twelve, Vanamee and the rest of the drivers ate their lunch in the field, the tin buckets having been distributed to them that morning after breakfast. But in the evening, the routine of the previous day was repeated, and Vanamee, unharnessing his team, riding one horse and leading the others, returned to the division barns and bunk-house.

It was between six and seven o'clock. The half hundred men of the gang threw themselves upon the supper the Chinese cooks had set out in the shed of the eating-house, long as a bowling alley, unpainted, crude, the seats benches, the table covered with oilcloth. Overhead a half dozen kerosene lamps flared and smoked.

The table was taken as if by assault; the clatter of iron knives upon the tin plates was as the reverberation of hail upon a metal roof. The plowmen rinsed their throats with great draughts of wine, and, their elbows wide, their foreheads flushed, resumed the attack upon the beef and bread, eating as though they would never have enough. All up and down the long table, where the kerosene lamps reflected themselves deep in the oilcloth cover, one heard the incessant sounds of mastication, and saw the uninterrupted movement of great jaws. At every moment one or another of the men demanded a fresh portion of beef, another pint of wine, another half-loaf of bread. For upwards of an hour the gang ate. It was no longer a supper. It was a veritable barbecue, a crude and primitive feasting, barbaric, Homeric.

But in all this scene Vanamee saw nothing repulsive. Presley would have abhorred it—this feeding of the People, this gorging of the human animal, eager for its meat. Vanamee, simple, uncomplicated, living so close to Nature and the rudimentary life, understood its significance. He knew very well that within a short half-hour after this meal the men would throw themselves down in their bunks to sleep without moving, inert and stupefied with fatigue, till the morning. Work, food, and sleep, all life reduced to its bare essentials, uncomplex, honest, healthy. They were strong, these men, with the strength of the soil they worked, in touch with the essential things, back again to the starting point of civilization, coarse, vital, real, and sane.

For a brief moment immediately after the meal, pipes were lit, and the air grew thick with fragrant tobacco smoke. On a corner of the dining-room table a game of poker was begun. One of the drivers, a Swede, produced an accordion; a group on the steps of the bunk-house listened, with alternate gravity and shouts of laughter, to the acknowledged story-teller of the gang. But soon the men began to turn in, stretching themselves at full length on the horse-blankets in the rack-like bunks. The sounds of heavy breathing increased steadily, lights were put out, and before the after-glow had faded from the sky, the gang was asleep.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. This selection is taken from *The Octopus*, a story centering about wheat-growing in California. What season is described? What picture of the starting of the day's plowing does the author give?

2. The author indicates the average number of miles each plow travels in a day; what is the number? Tell briefly of the noonday lunch and evening dinner of the plowmen. Give a brief account of the social life of the ranch. What forces of Nature, about which you read on page 516, has man made to serve his needs in the growing of wheat?

Theme Topic. The use of tractors on modern farms.

Library Reading. *The Pit*, Norris; *Boy Life on the Prairie*, Garland; "The Last Threshing in the Coulee," Garland (in *A Son of the Middle Border*).

BROTHERS IN INDUSTRY

Joseph Husband

Less than a hundred and fifty years ago forests of lofty pine stretched from the shores of Lake Superior west to the barren plains of the Dakotas. Here in the long cold winter roamed wolf and deer; and over all the country the deep snow settled, a thick soft blanket that bowed down the dark green branches of the lofty pines and drifted deep in the hollows between the hills. Indians inhabited the country. Through the ice they fished, or they tracked the wild animals in the forests. A few white men came occasionally in canoes up through the Great Lakes from Montreal, to trade food and gunpowder and clothing for beaver skins. But the Indian still reigned supreme, enduring famine and privation in a land whose riches of mine and forest he was not able to use, riches that he would have gladly traded for a few red blankets or powder for his gun.

Then, beginning about a century ago, came the white men in increasing numbers. Up the lakes they sailed in small brigs and schooners or worked their way along the shores in heavy-laden bark canoes. Some traveled across the country where now lie the states of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, bringing their goods and families in heavy wagons, and many of them turned north at the foot of Lake Michigan and pushed their way up through Wisconsin toward the pine forests of Minnesota.

With the coming of the white man came the need for lumber. Villages began to dot the prairies, and towns sprawled along the shores of lakes and rivers. Wood was needed, and soon the axes of the lumbermen rang in the dark pine forests, and the screeching of the sawmills broke the silence that had known only the howl of the wolf pack or the laughter of the lake loons. Swiftly the forests disappeared and the farms of the settlers marked the clearings, and cattle grazed between the half-burned stumps of the giant pine trees.

Then, well within the memory of living men, came a great discovery. For many years iron had been mined in Pennsylvania and other eastern states; but now it was found that beneath the former forests of northern Minnesota lay deep beds of rich red ore, a treasure of even greater worth than the forests or the farm lands. Soon the hillsides were scarred with great red gashes where steam shovels tore open the surface soil to disclose the hidden ore. From the western end of Lake Superior railroads pushed their gleaming tracks of steel to the "iron range," as this region came to be called, and long trains of cars heavy with red ore rumbled through the waste burned-over forest lands to the great docks at Duluth and Superior, where deep-bellied steamships waited to carry the ore to the steel mills at Gary far down at the foot of Lake Michigan, or through the Detroit River down to Lake Erie and thence by rail to the mills at Bethlehem and Pittsburgh.

In his deerhide shirt, coonskin cap, and moccasins the explorer had prepared the way for his brother the lumberman; and in his turn the lumberman leveled the forests of pine and cleared the land where now the gangs of steam-shovel men scoop out the iron ore. But there are other workers who must contribute their toil before the red ore of Minnesota can be transformed into rails of steel or plates for the hulls of ships. There is a team-play that is required, there must be a coöperation of many industries, in order that there may be brought together the many elements which are needed to make the finished ships, or machines, or buildings that serve the needs of all of us.

But iron ore cannot become the iron or steel that we know without the heat of coal, and for coal our modern industry depends on the miner who toils in the dark mine far beneath the pleasant surface of the earth.

OUR BROTHER IN THE COAL MINE

Deep down in the strata of the earth's crust lie beds of coal. Millions of years ago they were deposited there, swamps of rotting vegetation, like the peat bogs of Ireland. Then as the ages passed, the rock layers formed deep above the bogs, pressing them with tremendous weight into beds of slowly forming coal. Deeper grew the layers of rock; slowly the coal became harder, and into the crevasses in the rock the oils and gases squeezed from the coal were stored away. Today we know where lie these beds of coal, for all over the country engineers have probed deep into the earth with searching drills to discover what may be beneath.

Coal mines are much alike. In Pennsylvania, Illinois, or Washington the methods of mining are much the same. High above the shaft mouth in the flat lands of the middle west rises the tower of the tipple, a skeleton structure of blackened steel. In its peak great wheels are turning, and from these wheels slim, stranded cords of steel hang down the black mouth of the shaft to lower and lift the loads of coal. Black are the miners, black as the darkness of the deep galleries and tunnels beneath the sun-swept fields, for their faces are smeared with coal dust and their working clothes are black with it. Their uniform is a coal-blackened suit, their insignia a tiny lamp on the brim of their pit cap; in their hands they carry their tools, the pick and the shovel of their trade. Blood red are the faces and hands and clothes of the shovel gang on the iron range; red is their color. But black is the uniform of the miner of coal.

The day shift is waiting in the shadow of the tipple for the hoisting engineer to lower them five hundred feet to the underworld, where for long hours they will labor. Jack Davis and Tony Petrovitch are talking as they wait. Their faces are white and clean, for they have just breakfasted with their families in their little houses in the town near by. They have dinner pails in their hands and they are talking about the same things that the iron miners talk about and that you and I, as well, find interesting subjects for conversation. The man-hoist slides up from the shaft mouth, a rough elevator swung by the slender ropes of steel that wind over the grooved wheels in the tipple tower and coil smoothly about the drum beside the hoisting engine at the shaft mouth.

They have lighted their lamps, and the tiny flames gleam like fireflies caught in their caps as they step on board the skip. A dozen men are crowded on it. The hoisting engineer pulls his lever toward him. Swiftly the steel cable unreels from the rumbling drum. With a sudden dropping feeling the man-hoist speeds down the shaft—the sunshine and the pleasant sky are gone. It is blacker than night, and more than ever like small yellow stars gleam the lights in the miners' caps, throwing strange sharp shadows over their faces.

Down rushes the skip faster and faster. There is a pressure in the men's ears and they swallow to relieve it. Two hundred feet; three, four hundred; then softly the speed lessens and the black wet walls of the shaft that have seemed to be streaming upward become stationary. The side of the shaft opens; a long tunnel with occasional electric lights fades away into the blackness—it is the mine.

Like a vast underground city the tunnels pierce the coal seams. On either hand the walls of coal gleam like fractured glass in the light of the pit lamps. Above, the gray slate roof is supported by sturdy beams of rough-hewn oak; like a long avenue of branchless trees the props line the tunnels supporting the roof beams. Down each tunnel the steel rails of the tracks glisten. Far off a light appears, the headlight of an electric locomotive. Behind it a string of low, square cars grind along the track. Above, the trolley of the locomotive strikes sputtering blue and yellow sparks from the low-hung wire. The train passes, cars piled high with coal, on its way to the shaft mouth, and there is again silence, a silence so intense that small sounds usually unnoticed become audible.

Far in the mine, a mile perhaps from the shaft, miners are loading coal into the waiting cars. Last night the "shot firers" blasted down with charges of black powder the coal at the end of each room or tunnel, and today Jack and Tony will shovel up the shattered coal and load their empties. When the car is full, an old mule will drag it down the track to the main line, where the electric locomotive will pick it up on its circuit, and then the old mule will drag up another empty for them to fill.

The air is sweet in the mine, for at the head of the air shaft a giant fan pumps down a steady current to feed the lungs of the miners and sweep the tunnels clean of the poisonous gases that would otherwise settle down from the crannies in the rock and destroy the mine in a burst of overwhelming flame. Sometimes such accidents occur. Sometimes the gas grows thick and a miner alone at his work sinks suddenly unconscious to the black floor to die unless help comes speedily. Often, too, great slivers of rock drop suddenly from the roof and crush out the life of the man who may be beneath. Death, when it comes, comes quickly; brave hearts are necessary, hearts that know no fear of sudden danger and that cannot be intimidated by the long hours of labor in the silent blackness.

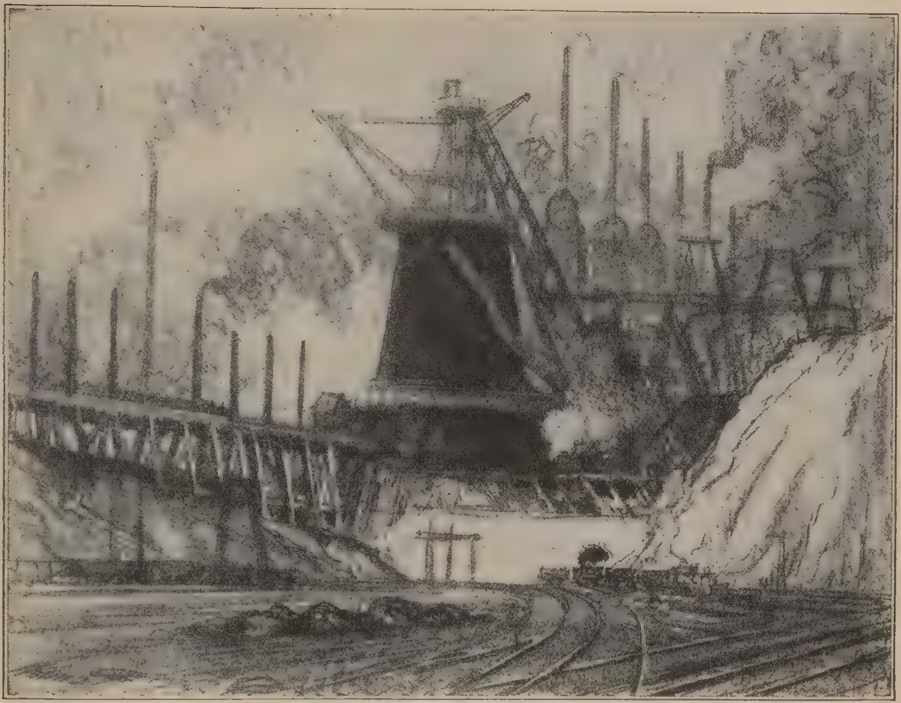
Up in the sunshine of the world the loaded cars of coal appear with clock-like regularity from the black square of the shaft mouth. High into the tipple tower they are carried and their contents there dumped into waiting bins; then the empty cars sink again into the dark opening and disappear. From the bins the coal slides down over shaking screens which separate the various sizes. Alongside the screens, boys, blackened with coal dust, pick from the sliding torrent of coal the bits of slate and stone that have been mixed with it in the mine. Then through the screens the coal falls into other bins, the fine coal first, then larger sizes, and finally the great lumps that have passed over all the screen openings.

Beneath the tipple are railroad tracks and trains of waiting cars. The wind swirls about them black and visible with dust clouds. Down roars the coal. This is its final journey. Perhaps this long train will carry coal to the steel mills. There the red ore of Minnesota and the ebon fuel of Illinois will meet in necessary union that steel may be made. With clanking couplings the loaded train slides out from beneath the tipple. Far down, five hundred feet below, the miners are working. Far off, a thousand miles away, the steam-shovel gangs are scooping up the red iron from the carved hillsides. Unconscious of each other they are working to a common end. And so we come to the next worker in this group of men who toil to give us the things we need.

Our Brother of the Steel Mill

The steel mills edge the lake front. Beyond the ragged skyline of the roof and chimneys the blue water gleams and sparkles, but near the shore the water is roiled and stained a dull brick color, the color of iron ore. In from the lake a long steamer slowly steams. She is as long as a city block and her funnel is far aft, almost above her churning screws. Forward the long deep hull is filled with iron ore. She rides low in the water with the weight of her cargo, as slowly she nears the shore and feels for the channel. At half speed she enters the narrow water and then glides with reversing screws to her place beside the dock. On her decks her crew greet the land, strong, agile men who have worked her down from Lake Superior, through miles of inland waters, with her tons of ore for the waiting steel mills.

Above the ore dock is a skeleton frame of steel. High in its structure are tiny cabs that slide back and forth out over the open hatches of the ship. Here men operate the grab buckets,



STEEL MILLS

From an etching by Joseph Pennell

huge hands of steel that swoop down on wire cables and snatch a ton or two of red ore from the ship. Up they soar, the ore fast in their clenched fists, and then beneath the traveling cabs they are borne inland to release the ore on the great red pile that lies behind the dock. Behind the piles of ore are piles of coal. Here ore and fuel meet, and from their meeting will be born another product—steel.

The blast furnaces, in which the ore is melted and purified, are ready. Within their circular walls the furnace men pile in alternating layers the red ore, white limestone, and steel-gray coke, or coal from which the gas has been removed. The furnace is filled and closed. It is lighted. In the intense heat of the burning coke the red ore melts and runs down like water through the limestone layers, which catch and hold the impurities in the ore. Outside, the men are waiting to draw off the liquid iron. It is ready—from the bottom of the furnace gushes a sudden stream of molten iron. Swiftly it flows through channels that have been cut in a great bed of sand. Slowly the liquid metal cools to dull gray "pigs," or stout bars, of iron. From beneath the furnace a string of small cars jerks out along a narrow track. On each car are great cups, each filled with liquid iron. They are going to the mills for further treatment, for from liquid iron steel is made, a stronger and more useful material.

Within one of the great shed-like buildings of corrugated iron there is a sudden gloom in contrast to the sunlight of the outer world. High up in the dark roof the yellow light slants down in dusty rays through glassless windows. Far as the eye can see, the vast room stretches, a huge gloomy room that reeks with gaseous heat.

Along the side of the building are the hearths, big brick furnaces with heavy doors, and from chinks in their faces shines here and there a light of such intensity that its brilliancy pains the naked eye.

Through the gloom move the steel workers—they are men who are brothers in labor of the steam-shovel workers in the Iron Range, brothers in industry of the grimy miners of the coal fields—interdependent are they all, for without the steel mills there would be no need for the red ore of Mesaba; without the steel mill there would be less need for coal; and the steel mills would stand idle with cold hearths if the miners of coal or iron ceased from their labors. Strong men are the steel workers. They are men trained by their work to move deftly and with unerring surety carry out their perilous handlings of the fluid metal. They are men with muscles of sinuous strength, muscles that you can see rippling beneath the soiled skin of naked arms and breasts. Their overalls are stained with the sweat and grime of their labor; their faces are strained with the anxiety to perform their arduous duties.

The train of cars bearing the ladles of molten iron rumbles into the hearth room. With a blinding glare of light the doors of a hearth are flung open. Peering through their blue glass goggles, and shielding their faces with their hands, the men carry out their perilous work. From a high suspended crane in the blackness of the roof giant hooks on cords of steel seize the ladle from the flat cars and swing it to the hearth-mouth. There is a cascade of fire, a shower of sparks white as light—like a cataract of falling stars the torrent of iron floods into the hearth. From piles beside the doors of the hearth the workers cast great lumps of rich ore into the hearth-mouth. Then the doors are closed suddenly; there is a sense of sudden blackness—the iron is now undergoing its transformation into steel.

In the semi-darkness a line of seemingly endless hearths, where iron is cooking into steel, stretches off into the distance. On the other side behind the hearths, a "heat" is ready to be "tapped," a hearth, or "heat," in which the molten metal has been transformed to steel and is ready to be "tapped," or drawn off. From the blackness above, another crane swings down an empty ladle, a giant cup in which men might stand unseen. Slowly but surely it swings down into place beneath a vent in the rear of the hearth. The tap is opened. With a fountain flood of liquid fire the steel gushes like water into the waiting ladle. In the flare of light the vast room becomes suddenly illuminated. White sparks leap comet-like high above the ladle's rim. Then abruptly the tap is closed and the slender cords of steel lift the ladle, still sputtering sparks of fire, and it is borne swinging down the long dark room to the place where the steel will be poured into the waiting molds to cool into gray ingots.

In another vast room the ingots, cherry red with heat, move skimming along the floor, propelled by countless rollers. This is the "blooming mill," where the ingots of metal are rolled into the desired shapes. The air rumbles with the thunder of the machinery. Back and forth roll the glowing ingots; back and forth, each time passing between long rolls of steel that compress the malleable metal with each passage. Slowly the ingots change in shape; thinner and thinner they become, until at last the log of steel has become transformed into a long thin graying strip, a hundred feet in length. Once again the long strip

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15. Mesaba, the Mesaba Range in Minnesota.

rumbles along the floor and then a knife, with even strokes, chops the long bars of metal into equal pieces of manageable size and weight.

Through all this maze of swiftly passing metal, whose touch would kill or maim for life, the workers move, strange dark figures that direct the ruddy bars and watch with trained eyes the passage of each piece of steel. In other mighty buildings other men are working. Here the billets, or rough logs, of steel still soft with heat are passed through other rolls and from the lips of the rolls the steel emerges compressed into its final shape of angle bar or broad flat plate.

From the iron range has come the ore. With coke, baked from the coal that other men have dug far beneath the surface of the earth, the ore has been refined and melted into liquid form. With gas released from the coal in the cooking process the liquid iron has been superheated into steel. Miner of coal or iron and steel-mill worker, all have contributed their vital parts to the making of the great gray piles of steel that are stacked beside the rails. From the mine and the open hearth have come the rails of steel that bind our cities into one; structural steel that carries high the city skyscraper; plates that sheathe the huge bilges of mighty ships. Here is the steel for peace and war; steel for plowshares, automobiles, tools, and boilers; steel for guns, shells, turrets, and battle cruisers. Who made this steel that is so necessary? The coal miner in the gaseous pit, the shovel man in the iron mine, the sweating giants peering through blue glass goggles before the hearths of the steel mills; they gave us steel—steel for its many uses, steel and coal for the mighty train, steel for another group of men who join in the great plan of helpful labor:

OUR BROTHER OF THE RAILROAD

High in his cab the locomotive engineer peers through his goggles into the night.* Against his face the cold air brushes like a flood in the mile-a-minute flight of his engine. Above, the stars stand steady in the sky, but beside him the country seems to flow past as his tremendous machine of steel crashes along the slender rails. There is a sudden roar, and the engineer glances back at the bridge that has already disappeared in the night behind. Far down the track the green lights of the semaphore give assurance of safety. Behind him the light from the windows of the Pullmans mark the telegraph poles with flickering touches of white. The whistle wails at the crossing—white faces peer in the quick gleam. The limited tears past. A wave of dust-charged wind surges into the still air, and the red lights on the rear car fade into the distance as the train tears on.

In the sleeping cars are men and women and little children. They have bought their tickets and in blind confidence they trust that the green stars of the semaphore will guard them safe to their destination, and that the sure hand and keen eye of the engineer will protect them through the long hours of the night.

In the rocking cab of the engine the fireman feeds his fire with the gleaming black lumps of coal from the mine. Coal is the fuel, coal torn from the depths of earth by blackened miners that you and I may ride from place to place and that freights of food and clothes and things of varied usefulness may be transported for our health and happiness. Steel is the material of which this fleeting monster is built; steel are the cars, strong enduring steel that cannot burn or splinter if wreck is our misfortune. Steel are the rails which bear us. Steel; wrought in the fiery hearths from the red ore of the mines, by men whose labors have made possible this mighty train.

Transportation! Think you for a moment of this word. A hundred million people live by its magic contact. Gone are the days of lumbering ox trains, the slowly-towed canal boat, or the heavy-sailing river craft. In frigid cars the fruits of California are carried across the land that we who live in snowy Maine may breakfast on oranges that but two weeks ago hung on the deep green trees. By train are borne the materials of which our houses are built, our clothes are made, our stomachs fed. Without their unfailing service cities would starve. With a mazing skein of tracks men have united our vast country into one community. And we may exchange the wares of the eastern seaboard for the produce of our western coast with greater ease than a hundred years ago our great-great-grandfathers could trade from farm to some town near by.

Brothers all in industry and in kindred interest are the workers who make possible these magic aspects of the modern world—and behind the workers who labor with their hands and the strength of thigh and back and arm stand those other workers who with brain and pencil plan and execute the high-visioned schemes that make practical the nation's industries —interdependent all, for each of us lives by our neighbors' work, and we by our small help contribute.

High over the roofs of the city the carved cornice of the skyscraper cuts the blue of the sky. From the lofty tower a flag throws its crimson stripes and azure field of stars against the sky. Steel-ribbed structure, planned by quiet-eyed engineers and sketched by patient draftsmen, you too could not exist save by the work of men who delve in coal and ore and those who breathe the stifling heat of steel-mill hearth.

Far down in the earth the deep-dug foundations firmly rest on bed rock—from concrete footholds rise the frames of steel, up fifty stories above the crowded streets. The rattle of the riveters reverberates above the roar of truck and street car. On slender beams of steel the structural workers perch, firm-footed as birds on the dead limb of a lofty pine tree. Up from the loaded truck the steel cables lift a dozen tons of steel—high they swing secure above the street. Red hot the rivets fly through the air, caught a story up and driven home, steel hammer against bolt of steel.

Whence came this giant structure that will soon house the population of as many people as might fill a country town? From mine and mill; over rail of steel transported; by thousands of silent workers it has been constructed; by men each of whom has played his part in its construction without perhaps the gladness that might come could he have seen the final product of his work.

From their lofty places on the skeleton frame of the New York City skyscraper the workers look down over the roofs of the great city. Far below in the cañons of the street, the street cars move like beetles in a line. The swarms of moving jots of black are men and women who crowd the sidewalks. Beyond the roofs is the sudden open breadth of blue water. Along the shore the wharves push out, shed-housed, and between is the green water of the slips where ships may tie up alongside the docks and discharge their priceless cargoes. Here, about the ships and wharves, are still other men whose labor helps to carry on the interdependent task of modern life.

92. **slip**, a space between wharves, for vessels.

OUR BROTHER OF THE STEEL-CLAD SHIPS

Once the ships along this water front carried a forest of slim masts and branching spars. Those were the days of wooden ships; those were the days before steel came. Their mighty wings of canvas bore them from port to port—but today coal is the motive power, and iron hulls with stocky smoking funnels rest where once was tied the clipper, bark, or brigantine.

In the shipyards the quaint steel frame of a battleship is slowly rising above the ways—two years or three, or even more may pass before she will float with her long guns peering from her turrets and our Country's flag snapping bright against the sky high above her deck. She, too, is a product of mine and mill, but she is oil driven. Her fuel comes from the deep-driven well, the product of:

OUR BROTHER OF THE OIL WELL

What is this oil that is playing so important a part in the industrial life of the country? Deep in the rock strata where coal was laid down those millions of years ago are lakes of mineral oil. For less than a century has man known of its existence; yet today it enters everywhere into our daily lives. Down hundreds of feet through the solid rock the oil men sink their drill. Through small, deep tubes of steel that line the drill hole the oil is led to the earth's surface and then the crude and heavy oil is refined and separated by other workers into countless elements of inestimable worth. Gasoline to drive our motors comes from it; oil to lubricate the wheels of industry and defeat the clutching hands of friction, crude oil to drive the giant ship, highly refined oil for medicines, and all the other precious substances from which we make our dyes—more than a fuel it is; a magic substance that by the wizardry of chemistry is so transformed and put to work to serve man's many needs.

BROTHERS ALL IN INDUSTRY

There are men's lives tied up in everything we wear or eat or use. Lives are they like yours and mine; lives of men whom we would be glad to know and thank for their great work, their contribution to our daily life. We cannot really know them all. The sailors on the lake ore boats cannot know their brother miners of the range or the blackened diggers in the coal fields of Illinois. Nor can we know them, you and I. Still we can think of them whenever we ride upon a train and trust our lives to the watchful eyes that guard us on our way—we can think of them in the black coal lump that warms the house or feeds the fires in some vast factory—we can think of them in the mighty ship or towering building. Brothers all are we; brothers in industry.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. This selection emphasizes the value of coöperation; in what industries does the author point out mutual dependence? Describe the iron region of Lake Superior as it appeared at the time the Indians inhabited the country; describe it as it appears today. What discovery led to the change?

2. What coöperation is needed to transform iron ore into steel rails or plates? Account for the deposits of coal, and name states that produce coal in large quantities. What do you learn from this selection about the coal mine and the miner?

3. Tell briefly how iron is unloaded from the ore boats. Have you ever seen the unloading at the dock? What picture of work in the blast furnace do you gain from this selection? Why does the author call the men who work in the steel mills brothers to those who operate the steam shovels on the Iron Range and to those who work in the coal mines? How are we indebted to these workers? How can we show that we appreciate the coöperation of the workers?

4. What is the relation of the railroad and the steamship to the coal and iron industries? What is the relation of all these industries to the skyscrapers in great cities? What is their relation to shipbuilding? What is the importance of the oil well? Name regions that produce oil in quantity. Tell what you know of the sources and uses of oil.

Library Reading. *The Blazed Trail*, White; "The Story of a Thousand Year Pine," Mills (in *The World's Work*, August, 1908); *The Young Forester*, Grey; *Primer of Forestry*, Pinchot (Government Printing Office); *A Year in a Coal Mine*, Husband; *America at Work*, Husband; "A Coal Miner at Home," Roosevelt (in *The Outlook*, December 24, 1910); "Heroes of the Cherry Mine," Edith Wyatt (in *McClure's Magazine*, March, 1910); "Coal—Ally of American Industry," Showalter (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, November, 1918); "Pete of the Steel Mills," Hall (in *Junior High School Literature, Book II*); *Steel Preferred*, Hall; *The Young Apprentice of the Steel Mill*, Wier; "Industry's Greatest Asset—Steel," Showalter (in *National Geographic Magazine*, August, 1917); "Romance of Steel," Parsons (in *World's Work*, October, 1921); "Soul of the Shipyards," Schwab (in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, January, 1919); "A Human Beaver of Shipbuilding," Wildman (in *The Forum*, January, 1920); "The Ship That Found Herself," Kipling (in *The Day's Work*); *The Boys' Book of Steamships*, Howden; "Billions of Barrels of Oil Locked Up in the Rocks," Mitchell (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, February, 1918); "Romance of the Oil Fields," Harger (in *Scribner's Magazine*, November, 1919); *The Story of Oil*, Tower; *Secrets of the Earth*, Fraser.

Theme Topics. 1. What the worker in the steel mills does for us as citizens of America. 2. How a strike in a coal mine affects the citizen. 3. Compare the steamship of today with that of fifty years ago. 4. The present-day uses of oil and gas. 5. The melting pot of industrial coöperation.

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BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX OF AUTHORS

Agassiz, Louis (1807-1873), naturalist and geologist, was born in Switzerland. He came to America in 1846, and was so pleased with the opportunities the United States offered that he decided to settle here permanently. A year later he was appointed professor of zoölogy and geology at Harvard University. In 1871 he located on the island of Penikese, in Buzzard's Bay; this island, together with fifty thousand dollars, had been presented to him for the purpose of endowing a school of natural science devoted to the study of marine zoölogy. Longfellow's poem, "The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz," was read by the author at a dinner given to Agassiz by the Saturday Club of Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1857.

Allen, James Lane (1849-1925), was a native of Kentucky. He was graduated from Transylvania University and became professor of higher English and Latin in Bethany College, West Virginia. During his later years, while residing in New York City, he devoted his entire time to literature.

Ball, Sir Robert (1840-1913), astronomer and mathematician, was born in Dublin. He was graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, in 1861. Later, he was professor of astronomy in the University of Dublin, and in 1892 became professor of astronomy and geology at Cambridge and director of the Cambridge Observatory. Among his works are *Experimental Mechanics, The Story of the Heavens, Starland,* and *In Starry Realms.*

Barrie, James M. (1860-), British author and journalist, was educated at Edinburgh University. He is best known for his novels and dramas. Barrie's gifts of humor and pathos are well shown in *A Window in Thrums,* a book that portrays the life of his native village. *Peter Pan* is one of his best-known dramas.

Briggs, L. B. R., is President of Radcliffe College and Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences of Harvard University. He is the author of a number of books, among them *School, College, and Character.*

Browning, Robert (1812-1889). Next to Tennyson, the most famous English poet of the Victorian era; born in a suburb of London; early education directed by his father, a man of wide knowledge and a lover of the classics. In his youth, Browning was influenced by Byron and Shelley, and like them acquired a love for Italy that became a master passion of his life. He was a great student of romance, of art, and of the classics, and many of his themes were drawn from these sources. After his marriage, in 1846, to Elizabeth Barrett, herself a poet, Browning spent much time in Italy. His entire life was devoted to poetry. His work falls into three main groups: dramas, dramatic monologues, and lyrics. The dramas are original in plot, but they lack action, depending for their interest on the analysis of the thoughts and feelings of their principal characters in some crisis. *Pippa Passes* and *In a Balcony* are the most famous of the dramas. The dramatic monologues are poems of varying length, written as though they were soliloquies or stories told by one man but suggesting the presence of other characters, and revealing very clearly the character and motives of the speaker. Of these Browning wrote a great number; they are his most distinctive contributions to literature. His lyrics are among the best in English literature. In all this work Browning's appeal is to thought rather than to the feelings. He was a keen and vigorous thinker, and this quality in his works surpasses his narrative and lyric gifts, great as these were.

Bryant, William Cullen (1794-1878). Born in Massachusetts; his parents traced their ancestry to the early colonists who came over on the *Mayflower;* his mother was descended from John and Priscilla Alden, and his father, grandfather, and grandmother's father were all country doctors. As a boy, Bryant acted out the story of Poe's translation of the *Iliad,* using wooden shields and sword and an elaborate coat of mail. He was a lover of poetry, and began to write verses when eight years old. His early education was directed by country ministers, who were trained in Latin and Greek. At fourteen, he knew the Greek Testament as well as the English. The next year he entered Williams College as a sophomore, but his college course was interrupted because of lack of means, and he began the study of law, a profession which he followed for nine years. His first published poems were "Thanatopsis" and "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood," which appeared in the *North American Review* in 1817. The first of these poems, one of the most famous in American literature, had been written when he was only sixteen or seventeen years old. A collection of his poems appeared in 1821, but had a very small sale. In 1825 he became editor of a magazine in New York; a year later he began a connection with the New York *Evening Post* which, as assistant editor, editor, and part owner, was destined to last fifty-two years. Various intervals of his life were filled by travel, chiefly in Europe and the Orient. Many letters by him were published in his newspaper. Bryant wrote comparatively little poetry, and destroyed much of what he wrote. In 1866, after the death of his wife, he turned to the study of Homer, publishing his translations of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* in 1870 and 1872. Until the last year of his life he walked daily to his office and back, a distance of three miles. He wrote many addresses, and took a prominent part in all matters that concerned good citizenship. For more than fifty years he exerted a strong influence on American politics and government. Although Bryant never held office, he occupied a position of national importance as editor of a powerful journal. Nevertheless, it is by his poetry that he will be remembered. This poetry is not large in amount, but it is of very high quality. He loved Nature, and her "various language," of which he wrote in his first great poem, was familiar to him throughout his long life.

Burns, Robert (1759-1796). The poems of Burns appeared in three editions: 1786, 1787, and 1793. He was inspired by love, by keen insight into Nature, by a sturdy patriotism, and by a sense of the brotherhood of all men. Illustrations of each of these points, with the necessary biographical material to make them clear, will be found on pages 462-463. Burns was an intensely "subjective" poet, that is, his poems express his own thought about man and Nature, and are, in themselves, the best biography. The facts about his life, therefore, are of use to us only as they illustrate the poems and guide us in interpreting them. Many of the poems are bits of autobiography. His father was a tenant-farmer; the son followed the same hard occupation except for intervals in Edinburgh spent in seeing his books through the press and becoming acquainted with the brilliant and intellectual group of men and women there who recognized his genius. For some years he received a small income from an office connected with the customs. These statements practically sum up the story; some important facts, chiefly names of persons and places, may be set down in a chronological table as a guide to reading his poems:

1759-1784. Boyhood spent on farms rented by his father; small formal schooling; chief influences from the sturdy character of his father and from the careful reading of a very few books.

1784-1786. Life at Mossgiel; plan to emigrate to America; publication of first poems.

1786-1788. Edinburgh; preparation of second edition of his poems; in the summer of 1787, travel in the Highlands, collecting songs and ballads.

1788-1791. Ellisland, a farm which he rented; marriage to Jean Armour; customs office secured 1791.

1791-1796. Dumfries; third edition of his poems; extreme poverty; illness, and failure of poetic power. Death, July 21, 1796.

Byron, Lord (1788-1824). Born in London, in a family whose ancestry extended to the time of the Norman Conquest. As a child he loved oriental romance, travel, the Old Testament, and the sea. At Harrow, a great English public school, he was a leader in sports and extended his reading over a wide range of literature. In 1805 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and while a student there wrote a series of poems published in 1808 under the title of *Hours in Idleness.* The poems were not very good, and were severely attacked by a famous critic; Byron replied in a verse satire of great power in which he criticized savagely the leading poets and novelists of his day. In 1809-1811 he traveled in Portugal, Spain, Greece, and Turkey; the result of the journey was the appearance of the first two cantos of his famous poem *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.* Byron himself is the hero of the pilgrimage, and the brilliant descriptions of Nature, of ruins in famous cities, and of the stirring events in Europe in his own time completely captivated the reading public, so that seven editions of the poem were sold within a few months after its first appearance in 1812. The next three years were marked by a series of metrical romances that eclipsed in popular favor the narrative poems of Scott. In 1815 he married, but a year later his wife left him and he went abroad once more, this time never to return to his native land. On his way to Italy he spent some time (the summer of 1816) in Switzerland, where he wrote the third canto of *Childe Harold* and some other poems, notably "The Prisoner of Chillon." These poems all expressed Byron's passionate love of liberty. In Venice he wrote the last canto of *Childe Harold* (1817) and this was followed by other long narrative poems, such as *Don Juan* (1819-1823), and a series of poetic dramas. He had no real dramatic genius, however, excelling in verse narrative, description, and in his marvelous lyric genius. Meantime, he sought to become an actor in such stirring scenes as fill his poems, enlisting at first in an attempt to win independence for Italy and later giving himself heart and soul to the cause of Greek independence. He died of a fever while serving in the Greek army, April, 1824.

Carman, Bliss (1861-1929). was born in Frederickton, New Brunswick. He was educated at New Brunswick University, Harvard University, and the University of Edinburgh. He was editor of the *Independent*, and later of the *Chap-Book*. Among his later works are *Echoes from Vagabondia*, and *April Airs*, from which "Trees" is taken.

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor (1772-1834). Born in Devonshire, England, the youngest child of the vicar and schoolmaster at Ottery St. Mary's. His father was skilled in unusual kinds of learning and passed on to his son his love of philosophy and Nature. When he was ten years old, Coleridge was sent to Christ's Hospital, a preparatory school in which he spent nine years. Even at this time poetry, theology, and history were his favorite subjects. He had excellent training in literature and composition, being taught to avoid meaningless and high-flown language and to admire the skill with which great writers expressed their thoughts. He was strongly influenced by a series of sonnets about Nature that had recently appeared, and his first poems illustrate the new interest in this source of poetry. In 1791 he entered upon his college course at Cambridge, where he won prizes for Greek composition, took an active interest in politics, and became famous for his brilliant conversation. He wrote in defense of liberty, became interested in political journalism, and planned to emigrate to America in order to set up a socialistic colony. For some details about these early interests, and about the friendship with Wordsworth which led to the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads* (1798), see the sketch on pages 269-271. Out of his associations with Wordsworth grew his greatest poems: "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," "Kubla Khan," and others. Late in 1798 he went to Germany to study the language and literature, especially the philosophy and criticism for which that country was famous. After his return he translated several dramas and incorporated into his own thought much of the theory of literature and art that he had learned abroad. He lived, with Wordsworth and Southey, in the beautiful Lake country in the north of England, but he wrote little poetry. Beginning in 1808 he delivered several series of lectures on literary topics, and became one of the most influential thinkers England has produced. Much of his influence was exerted through his wonderful personality.

Colum, Padraic (1881-), an Irish poet who has lived since 1914 in the United States, was editor of the *Irish Review* (Dublin) and a founder of the Irish National Theater. His poems deal with Nature and are collected in *Wild Earth and Other Poems*. He contributes to the *North American Review*, the *New Republic*, and other magazines.

Cooper, James Fenimore (1789-1851). When he was one year old, Cooper's parents moved from New Jersey to Otsego Lake in central New York, and there the boy grew up in a mansion surrounded by a wilderness filled with Indians and trappers, and with wonderful opportunities for learning all about woodcraft, the secrets of animals, and the life of savages. After three years at Yale he went to sea, where he secured the knowledge that enabled him to write sea stories as successfully as those dealing with the wilderness. After a short service as a naval officer on Lake Ontario he married and settled down to an uneventful life. When past thirty years of age he suddenly decided that he could write a novel (*Precaution*, 1820). *The Spy* followed in 1821, and two years later he published *The Pioneer* and *The Pilot*. Some details about these and later novels are given on pages 206-207. After the appearance of *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826) the author went abroad for seven years of travel, chiefly in France, Italy, and Germany. *The Prairie*, *Red Rover*, *The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish*, and *The Water Witch* were added to his novels; after his return, *The Pathfinder* and *The Deerslayer* completed the famous Leatherstocking series. His popularity rivaled that of Scott, with whom he is often compared. He wrote a *Naval History of the United States* and engaged in several controversies about some statements contained in it and some criticisms that he had written of America when he was abroad. He wrote over thirty novels and romances, many of which were translated into various foreign languages. His stories are rich in incident and appeal to every lover of outdoor life. They are often careless in expression, owing to the speed with which the novelist wrote and his impatience of revision. Although they do not portray the more complex shades of character, such as Shakespeare could express with infinite variety, Cooper has to his credit a few characters that will last as long as books are read.

Crawford, Charlotte Holmes, is one of the group of younger writers who contributed to the literature of the World War. Her poem, "Vive La France!" first appeared in *Scribner's*, September, 1916.

Dickens, Charles (1812-1870). His father was a poor government clerk at Portsea, England, and the son retained vivid memories of poverty and hardship, which influenced his novels. Only a year or two of schooling were allowed him, in a school of the type which he afterwards described so vividly that he helped to bring about reform. He learned shorthand and became a newspaper reporter; through this work he added many more impressions of life that afterwards he turned to good account. A series of descriptive and humorous sketches was reprinted in two volumes in 1835-1836. He worked with great energy, spending all his spare hours in a library, reading to supplement his defective education. Out of his newspaper experience grew the book that first gave him fame, *Pickwick Papers* (1837). His first novel, *Oliver Twist* (1838), is a tragic story of life in the London slums. Other novels followed with astonishing rapidity, among them being *Nicholas Nickleby* (1839), *Old Curiosity Shop* (1840), *Barnaby Rudge* (1841), *Martin Chuzzlewit* (containing severe criticism of America, 1843), and *David Copperfield* (1850). The last of these is mainly a story of his own life, and is the one that he liked the best. He also wrote a series of *Christmas Books* during this period, and these contain some of his most charming stories such as "The Christmas Carol" and "The Cricket on the Hearth." The best known novel of his later life is *A Tale of Two Cities* (1859), a story of the French Revolution, in which for the second time he ventured into the field of historical fiction. Dickens was a great traveler. After he had become famous all over the world he visited many places, giving readings from his works. He was a splendid actor, and was able to read with such dramatic effectiveness that he attained a great following. He was fond of walking, often tramping twenty or thirty miles at a time. London was a never-ending source of fascination to him, and few men have known it as thoroughly as he. The novels of Dickens are an inexhaustible portrait gallery. Many of the characteristic sayings and mannerisms of his personages have become proverbial. His abounding humor, his unfailing sympathy for all sorts and conditions of men, his mastery of pathos, and above all, the unending variety of his characters, all have given him a place very near the highest among creators of fiction.

Dwyer, James Francis (1874-), magazine writer and traveler, is a native of Australia. He came to America in 1907, and is a contributor to the leading American magazines. "The Citizen" appeared in *Collier's*, November, 1915.

Frost, Robert (1875-), a present-day American poet, was born in San Francisco. He was educated at Dartmouth College and Harvard University and was for a time professor of English at Amherst College. *A Boy's Will* is his best known collection of poems.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel (1804-1864). Born in Salem, Massachusetts, where the Hawthorne family had lived since 1637. His father died when Hawthorne was four years old, and his mother ever afterwards lived a retired life, not even joining her children at their meals. An uncle provided for his education, and he entered Bowdoin College in 1821, where Longfellow and Franklin Pierce were among his fellow students. After graduation he returned to Salem where he spent more than twelve years in seclusion. He wrote constantly, and some of the tales and sketches that afterwards appeared in *Twice-Told Tales* were printed in newspapers. Much of what he wrote he destroyed; his object was to learn to write. He earned a little money by an experiment in editing a magazine and by a book on *Universal History*, but for eleven years he published nothing in his own name. In 1837 he collected the stories that had been published in the periodicals, giving the book the happy title of *Twice-Told Tales*. Soon after this he secured a position in the Boston Custom House, his work being of the most prosaic character. Three volumes of stories for children were published during this time, the best known of these being *Grandfather's Chair*. In 1841 he joined the Brook Farm community, an experiment in co-operative living which he afterwards described in *The Blithedale Romance* (1852). In 1842 he married Sophia Peabody and went to Concord to live. With the publication of *The Scarlet Letter* in 1850 he won fame. This book was followed by another romance of New England life, *The House of the Seven Gables*. *The Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales* are charming versions of classical stories written for children. After the election to the Presidency of Pierce, his old college friend, he became consul at Liverpool, where he remained four years, moving to Italy in 1857. Here he gathered the material that he afterwards used in *The Marble Faun* (1859). Besides his romances, he wrote very complete notebooks in which he set down his observations about life and character and his plans for his stories. These have since been published, and form a valuable autobiography.

Henry, O. (1862-1910). William Sidney Porter, better known by his pen name, O. Henry, was born at Greensboro, North Carolina. He holds a prominent place among the world's greatest short story writers. His best known books are *The Four Million*, from which "The Romance of a Busy Broker" is taken, *Whirligigs*, and *Heart of the West.*

Husband, Joseph (1885-), magazine writer, was born in Rochester, New York, and was graduated from Harvard University in 1908. He is a contributor to *The World's Work*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, and other magazines, and is the author of *A Year in a Coal Mine* and other books.

Irving, Washington (1783-1859). Born in New York, where his father was a hardware merchant with a good business. On account of delicate health Irving had little formal schooling; he studied law but did not practice. He was a lover of New York and of the Hudson River country, some of his best works growing out of this devotion to the scenes of his boyhood. It was his purpose, he said, to give to American scenes something of the romantic charm that old legends had given to English scenes and to the Rhine region of Germany. To that end he retold some of these legends with American backgrounds, the stories of Rip Van Winkle and of Ichabod Crane being examples. His first work, a humorous history of the Dutch colony of New Amsterdam, also illustrates this general purpose; in it he created a story about the founding of New York that is better known than most authentic history. He pretended that he had found a manuscript written by a certain Dr. Diedrich Knickerbocker; this he "edited" and published in 1809, the first important piece of pure literature in America. In 1815 he went to England as the representative of the hardware business, then managed by his brothers. While there he wrote the papers which we now know as *The Sketch Book* (1819-1820). For a time (1820-1826) he traveled in France and Germany, moving to Spain in 1826, where he spent three years collecting the materials which he afterwards published in *The Life of Columbus* (1828), *The Conquest of Granada* (1829), and *The Alhambra* (1832). From 1829 to 1832 he was secretary of the American Legation in London, and then returned to America, where he lived for ten years at Tarrytown, New York, writing several books dealing especially with the western parts of the United States. From 1842 to 1846 he was Minister to Spain. His last works of importance were biographies of Oliver Goldsmith (1849) and Washington (1859).

Kaufman, Herbert (1878-), author and editor, was born in Washington, D. C. He was educated at Johns Hopkins University. He is a contributor to the leading magazines and is the author of numerous short stories and books, among them *Poems*. "The Hell-Gate of Soissons" was first published in England under the title "The Song of the Guns," and was later republished in *The New York American.*

Keats, John (1795-1821). Born in London, and at fifteen began the study of medicine. His taste for poetry was so strong, however, that he gave his strength mainly to the study of literature. He was especially influenced by Spenser among the English poets, and by Homer, whose epics he read in an English translation dating from the time of Shakespeare. In 1817 he published a small volume of poetry, which was severely attacked by the critics. Other poems appeared in 1818 and 1820, the last representing much more mature work than the poems that had appeared only two years previously. In part this was due to the incessant study he carried on, but his genius matured rapidly, as if he knew that he had but a short time in which to work. On account of increasing ill health he went to Italy in the hope of regaining his strength, but the effort was unavailing, and he died at the age of twenty-five. His greatest poems are "Endymion," "The Eve of St. Agnes," "Lamia," and "Hyperion," all of them narrative, but he also wrote many sonnets and other lyrics of great distinction. These poems are remarkable for their lyrical charm, their imaginative splendor, their descriptions of Nature, and their passionate love of beauty.

Kipling, Rudyard (1865-), master of the art of telling stories, either in prose or verse, lives in England. He was born in Bombay, India, of British parents. His *Barrack-Room Ballads* have a ring and a movement that suggest the old days when the ballad-maker was a man of action, living the adventures that he celebrated in song. Kipling is best known to boys and girls as the author of the *Jungle Books.*

Lamb, Charles (1775-1834). English essayist and critic, born in London. He was educated at Christ's Hospital School, being a fellow pupil of Coleridge. In 1789 he became a clerk in the office of the East India Company, one of the great commercial organizations of England, and followed this occupation for nearly forty years. He was a great friend of Coleridge and Wordsworth, and was one of the first to recognize their genius. His clerkship was merely a means of earning a livelihood; his real life was among his books and his friends. Studies in the English drama led to the famous *Tales from Shakespeare* (1807), which he wrote with his sister, and to many critical essays. His fame, however, rests on the *Essays of Elia* (1823;

second series 1833), which first appeared in a magazine. These illustrate his mastery of that type of essay in which a writer talks informally with his readers, much as in brilliant conversation. The essays are on a great variety of topics: personal, humorous, fanciful, narrative, with some serious criticism of life and letters. Lamb is chiefly remembered for his humor, his exquisite sense of style, and his lovable personality. He had an infinite capacity for friendship, and this he revealed not only in conversation but also in his letters, which are among the most charming in English literature.

Lanier, Sidney (1842-1881). American poet, born in Macon, Georgia, and educated at Oglethorpe College. His plan was to study abroad and then to return to the South to be a college teacher, but the Civil War prevented his carrying out this purpose. After his service in the Confederate Army he tried business, teaching, and work in his father's law office, but did not return to his boyhood purpose until 1872. He had become an excellent musician and went to Baltimore, where he played first flute in the Peabody orchestra. His spare time he devoted to the study of English literature. He had little money and was already stricken with the disease which was to cut short his life. In 1875 he won recognition for a poem entitled "Corn" and two years later published a collection of poems. He wrote several books for boys, in which he retold legends and famous romances. He also wrote a scholarly discussion of English verse. Other poems, together with some letters, essays, and a series of papers on the English novel, were published after his death. For two years prior to his death he was lecturer in English literature at Johns Hopkins University. Lanier's greatest contribution to American literature was in his lyric poems. His musical genius enabled him to illustrate very skillfully the connection between lyric poetry and song. In "The Symphony," for example, the stanzas suggest the various instruments of the great orchestra, each contributing its interpretation of the main theme. Besides their lyrical beauty, his poems reveal the lovable personality that made him one of the noblest of men.

Lockhart, John Gibson (1794-1854). Editor, critic, and biographer; the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott. He edited *Blackwood's*, one of a group of famous quarterly reviews of literature and politics, and was connected with other similar journals. His fame rests on his authorship of two important biographies: *The Life of Burns* (1828), and *The Life of Scott* (1838).

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth (1807-1882). Born in Portland, Maine, where his father was a lawyer; educated at Bowdoin College; distinguished as a boy for his reading and as a writer of verse. His father wanted him to study law, but he was offered a position at Bowdoin, and went abroad for three years of study in France, Spain, and Italy, in preparation for the work. On his return he wrote essays for the *North American Review* and other periodicals. In 1834 he was elected to a professorship at Harvard and went abroad once more for study in Sweden and Denmark. In 1839 he published a romance, *Hyperion*, and a small volume of poems. The first was really a journal of travel; the second, *Voices of the Night*, was a collection of ballads and lyrics. In 1841 he published more ballads, and other books followed rapidly, among them *Evangeline* (1847), *The Golden Legend* (1851), *Hiawatha* (1855), and *Miles Standish* (1858). After 1854 he gave himself entirely to his literary work. His wife met a tragic death in 1861, and Longfellow turned to his translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy* and to verse narratives of various medieval legends. He was a man of lovable personality, devoted to his home, his friends, and his books. His best-known poems deal with homely sentiment and aspiration, with love and death and the common experience of men. He has therefore been called "the household poet," and he is the most widely read of American poets. Besides this, he is to be remembered for his service in bringing the European literatures within the range of the developing American culture. His studies in Dante and other medieval literature, his ballads, his verse legends drawn from or influenced by the heroic tales of northern Europe, his love for Shakespeare, Chaucer, and the older English writers, all made him a sort of missionary of culture to his fellow-countrymen.

Lowell, Amy (1874-1925), poet and critic, was a native of Brookline, Massachusetts. She was a sister of A. Lawrence Lowell, the President of Harvard University. She has written beautiful poems on trees, flowers, and gardens. Among her volumes of poetry are the following: *A Dome of Many-Colored Glass; Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds;* and *Men, Women, and Ghosts.*

Lowell, James Russell (1819-1891). Born of a distinguished family in Cambridge, Massachusetts; educated at Harvard; studied law and was graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1840. While in college he had been a great reader, edited the college magazine, and was a member of a group of young men interested in literature. His engagement to

Miss Maria White turned his attention definitely away from law and resulted in the publication of his first volume of poems, *A Year's Life*, in 1841. He also published a series of papers on the early English dramatists, and started, with a friend, a literary magazine which lasted only three months. A second volume of poems appeared in 1844 and also a volume of prose entitled *Conversations on Some of the Old Poets.* In 1848 "A Fable for Critics" appeared; this was a rimed review of American literature. "The Vision of Sir Launfal" belongs to the same year, and also a volume of miscellaneous poems. He went abroad in 1851, and after his return succeeded Longfellow as professor of Modern Languages at Harvard. In 1857 he became the first editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, which has long exerted a powerful influence on the development of American literature. His own contributions to this magazine and to the *North American Review*, of which he later became an associate editor, were papers of distinction on politics and literature. He was, in fact, interested almost equally in these three fields: poetry, literary criticism, and politics. Some of his poetry is of a political nature, such as the "Bigelow Papers" (first series, 1848; second series, 1862-1866). His great "Commemoration Ode" (1865), read in honor of Harvard men who had died in the war, is an example of poetry of lofty vein united to a political idealism thoroughly expressive of America. His public services, aside from his writings, were very great. He was for three years minister to Spain, and afterwards became one of the most distinguished of all ambassadors sent by the United States to England. Some additional biographical details will be found on pages 449-450.

Lubbock, Sir John (1834-1913), was the son of Sir John Lubbock, a famous astronomer and mathematician; he was born in London and educated at Eton. At the age of fourteen he was taken into his father's bank and, in 1856, became a partner. He says, "Though I was thus early brought into harness, I had plenty of holidays," and these holidays he spent in studying natural history long before it was taught in the schools. It was due to Darwin, the great scientist, who was much interested in the boy, that he was given a microscope, with which to pursue his scientific studies. In later life he was a member of many famous societies and served on many public commissions. He is best known for his scientific writings. His book, *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*, ran through five editions in less than a year, and *The Pleasures of Life*, the most popular of his books, had an even greater sale. *The Beauties of Nature*, from which the selection in this book is taken, was published in 1892, and has been translated into many languages.

Markham, Edwin (1852-), poet and writer, is a native of Oregon. He taught school in California, and is now a resident of West New Brighton, New York. He has written poems since early boyhood, and is honorary President of the Poetry Society of America. His best-known poems are "Lincoln, the Man of the People," and "The Man With the Hoe."

Marshall, Edison (1894-), author and magazine writer, is a native of Indiana. He was educated at the University of Oregon, where he wrote, while a student, his first short story. He is a contributor to the *American Magazine, Everybody's, Metropolitan Magazine,* and to the *Saturday Evening Post.* He is the author of *The Voice of the Pack, The Snowshoe Trail,* and *The Strength of the Pines.* Mr. Marshall was awarded the first prize in the O. Henry Memorial Short Story Collection for 1922.

Monroe, Harriet, poet and writer, author of "April—North Carolina," is editor of *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse.* She lives in Chicago and is one of the foremost poets of the new school of modern verse.

Norris, Frank (1870-1902), a journalist and novelist, was born in Chicago. He was educated at the University of California and Harvard University. During the Spanish-American War he was war correspondent for *McClure's Magazine.* He gained distinction as a promising member of the group of younger novelists through *The Octopus*, which was the first of a series of three novels in which he planned "the epic of the wheat." The second story, *The Pit*, followed, but the third one, *The Wolf*, was not written.

Noyes, Alfred (1880-), an English poet, lives in London. He was educated at Oxford University, and has since devoted himself to literature. He is a contributor to the leading British and American magazines, and has written many beautiful poems and ballads. In 1918-1919 Mr. Noyes lectured in the United States and taught literature at Princeton University.

Poe, Edgar Allan (1809-1849). Born in Boston, of Southern parentage. His parents were actors who died when Poe was very young, and he was adopted by Mr. Allan, a merchant of Richmond. From 1815 to 1820 the Allans were abroad, and Poe was placed in school in England. On his return he spent a year at the University of Virginia, but his college course was not completed because of a break with

Mr. Allan. The remainder of Poe's life was one of poverty and struggle, despite his possession of literary and editorial gifts that should have insured him success. His first poems appeared in 1827, and other volumes were published in 1829 and 1831. In consequence of the reputation gained by these poems, he was appointed editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, published at Richmond; later he edited periodicals in Philadelphia and New York. He desired most of all to found a literary magazine in the South and went back to Richmond to start the project. For this he had been prepared by his reputation not only as a poet but as the greatest writer of short stories America had produced; he was also a literary critic whose work, though not large in amount, was of high quality. The project, however, was not destined to come to reality, on account of his untimely death. Collections of his prose tales appeared in 1839 and 1845, and his last volume of poems in 1845. Poetry he defined as "the rhythmical creation of beauty"; he preferred the lyric to other forms of poetry, because he held that a true poem represents a moment of intense emotional experience. The same idea runs through much of his comment on the meaning and art of the short story, which he preferred to the novel because of greater compactness and unity. Further details on some points connected with the life and work of Poe will be found on page 76.

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE (1858-1919), twenty-sixth President of the United States, was born in the city of New York. He was graduated from Harvard University and soon afterwards was elected to the legislature of New York. He was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy by President McKinley, a position which he resigned to enter the Spanish-American War. In 1898 he was elected Governor of New York and in 1900 Vice-President of the United States. Upon the death of McKinley, Roosevelt became President. He was a vigorous American, basing his theory of politics on honesty, courage, hard work, and fair play. His writings cover a wide range, but particularly helpful are those dealing with the ideals of citizenship.

SCHERER, JAMES A. B. (1870-), was born in Salisbury, North Carolina, and was educated at Roanoke College, Virginia. He has written a number of books on Japan, having spent several years in that country. Mr. Scherer has been President of Newberry College (South Carolina) and of Throop College of Technology at Pasadena, California. He was made a member of the California Council of Defense and also of the Council of National Defense.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER (1771-1832). For biographical material see pages 287-289.

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM (1564-1616). For biographical material see pages 381-383.

SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE (1792-1822). Born in Sussex, England, in a wealthy family, Shelley did not have the heart-breaking struggle with poverty that was the fate of many other young men who desired to enter a literary career. Before he was ten years old he wrote a play, and as a student at Eton, one of the great English preparatory schools, he wrote a novel and sold it to a publisher for forty pounds. He was a lover of science, especially chemistry, and his room at Oxford was filled with all kinds of material used in his experiments. He was forced to leave Oxford without completing his course, had a quarrel with his father, and for a time lived only on the small sums his sisters gave him. After a time he was reconciled to his father, and went on with various schemes for reform. He hated tyranny of every sort, and many of his best poems are devoted to the praise of liberty. He was a great student of philosophy, of ancient literature, and of the Italian poets. In 1818 he went to Italy, where he passed the remainder of his life. While he wrote several dramas and some narrative poems, Shelley's genius was chiefly lyrical. He could not tell a story well because he was often so carried away by some vision of beauty, some scene that he wished to describe, or by intense emotion, that the thread of the story was lost. But his songs, his poems of Nature description (such, for example, as "The Cloud," "The Skylark," "The West Wind") and such philosophical poems as "Prometheus Unbound" and the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," are among the finest in English literature. Perhaps the greatest of all his poems is "Adonais," a lament for Keats.

SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND (1841-1887), was born at Windsor, Connecticut. He was graduated from Yale and lived most of his life in California, being for some years professor of English language and literature at the State University. Sill was a true poet, but the whole of his literary output is contained in two slender volumes. His poems are noted for their compressed thought. The selection here given shows this quality.

SOUTHEY, ROBERT (1774-1843). Before he left school Southey had planned to portray "all the more prominent and poetical forms of mythology which have at any time obtained among mankind, by making each the groundwork of an heroic poem." He did not live up to these ambitious ideals, but the number of his works is very great, and most of his poems are very long. His first epic was devoted to Joan of Arc, as with Coleridge and Wordsworth he was an enthusiastic admirer of France. A long series of metrical romances deal with oriental subjects, and he also wrote many ballads. His verse-narratives preceded those of Scott, and were well received, though Southey did not attain the enormous popularity afterwards won by Scott. Southey translated romances from the Spanish, and was a scholar of distinction. His prose includes histories, notably a history of Brazil, and a series of excellent biographies, of which the life of Nelson is the most famous. In 1813 he became poet laureate.

SPENCER, WILLIAM ROBERT (1769-1834), English poet and wit, was educated at Harrow and Oxford, and was commissioner of stamps from 1797 to 1826. His wit and accomplishments made him very popular in London society, but natural indolence prevented his winning prominence in public life. His works include a translation of Bürger's *Leonore, Urania, a Burlesque*, and *Poems*. Owing to financial embarrassment he withdrew to Paris in 1825, and remained there until his death.

STEINER, EDWARD A. (1866-), was born in Vienna, Austria, and was graduated from the University of Heidelberg. Himself an immigrant, later a naturalized citizen of America, he has been active in Americanization work in the United States, both through his lectures and his writings. Among his best-known works are *From Alien to Citizen*, from which "America" is taken; *On the Trail of the Immigrant; Nationalizing America;* and *The Immigrant Tide.*

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS (1850-1894). For biography see pages 79-84.

TARBELL, IDA MINERVA (1857-), author and magazine writer, was born in Pennsylvania. After being graduated from Allegheny College she studied in Paris. Some of her best-known works are: *Life of Abraham Lincoln; Short Life of Napoleon Bonaparte; He Knew Lincoln; History of the Standard Oil Company; New Ideals in Business.*

THOMAS, LETTA EULALIA, one of the younger group of writers of the Middle West, lives in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Much of her lyric verse has been given musical setting and has been produced in the larger cities of the United States. Her poem, "What America Means to Me," was awarded the Theodosia Garrison Poetry Prize at the Biennial Convention of the National Federation of Women's Clubs in 1920, in a contest open to all members of women's clubs of the United States.

THOREAU, HENRY DAVID (1817-1862). Born at Concord, Massachusetts; his father, a pencil maker; educated at Harvard, where he began his practice of keeping a journal. All his writings, covering thirty manuscript volumes, were in this form, and most of his books have been made up after his death by selecting passages from different places in these journals. As a whole, they show the great amount of interesting material that may be gathered by one who keeps his eyes open to things that surround him every day. Most of Thoreau's life was devoted to "endless walks and miscellaneous studies." In 1845 he built for himself a hut on the shore of Walden Pond, a small lake near Concord, where he lived for two years a life of meditation, study, and simple work. He says his total expense for the two years was seventy dollars. He kept a record of his observations "on man, on Nature, and on human life" that was published under the title of *Walden* in 1854. This is his most widely known book. It is filled with minute observations on insects, birds, the waters of the pond, the weather, and many similar subjects. Besides these observations of Nature, there are many comments on life and politics, on literature and various philosophical subjects, but it is as a book about Nature that *Walden* will live. It is marked by the simplicity and sincerity that characterized the man.

TIMROD, HENRY (1829-1867), was born in Charleston, South Carolina. He was educated at the University of Georgia. His father was the author of a volume of verse, and the son became a contributor to *Russell's Magazine* and *The Southern Literary Messenger*. He was engaged in journalism as correspondent and editor of South Carolina newspapers during the war. His poems were published in 1859; they were edited in 1873 by his friend, Paul Hamilton Hayne, and later, by J. P. Kennedy Bryan.

TWAIN, MARK (SAMUEL L. CLEMENS, 1835-1910), was born in Missouri and passed his boyhood in the river town of Hannibal, where he learned much about the sort of life that he depicts in several of his best-known books. He was of a roving disposition. At twelve he was apprenticed to a printer; later he went East and worked at his trade in New York and Philadelphia. In 1856 he secured work on the Mississippi River and in two years was a licensed steamboat pilot. His experiences here he used in his book entitled *Life on the Mississippi* (1883). With his brother he went to Nevada, worked at mining and lumbering, and finally edited a paper at Virginia City.

After a short experience here he went to San Francisco and secured a position on a daily paper, which he soon gave up in order to travel in the Sandwich Islands. In 1867 his story about the "Celebrated Jumping Frog," published in a New York paper, attracted attention, and a series of letters written while on a trip to Europe and Palestine was published under the title of *Innocents Abroad* in 1869. On his return he did editorial work on a paper in Buffalo, and in 1871 moved to Hartford, Connecticut. Most of his later life was spent in Connecticut and New York, but his most distinctive literary work is identified with the West, which he knew thoroughly. His fame rests on *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* (1876) and *Huckleberry Finn* (1885). For additional details about these books see page 16.

WHITE, GILBERT (1720-1793), English writer on natural history, was born in Selborne, England. He was educated at Oxford and in 1747 was ordained to the ministry. He spent most of his life in or near the little Hampshire village of Selborne. His daily life was unbroken by great changes or incidents and left him free to indulge his strong naturalist tendencies. *The Natural History of Selborne*, from which "The Tortoise" is taken, has been said to be the first book which raised natural history into the region of literature.

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF (1807-1892). Born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, in a family of Quaker farmers; the house in which he was born had been occupied by the Whittier family since 1688. His boyhood was passed in work on the farm and in short terms of study in the country school. At fourteen he came upon a volume of poems by Burns and these inspired him to try his hand at writing poetry. A little later he was able to attend Haverhill Academy for two winters, earning his expenses by shoemaking. In 1828 he edited a Boston paper for a short time and later on was connected with weekly papers at Haverhill and at Hartford, Connecticut. In 1836 he moved to Amesbury, which became his home for the remainder of his life. He published a collection of poems in 1837, and other volumes appeared at frequent intervals throughout his life. "Snow-Bound," the best-known of his longer poems, appeared in 1866. This poem is often compared with "The Cotter's Saturday Night" because of its pictures of life in a rural community. Whittier wrote many ballads and lyrics; it is chiefly as a lyric and descriptive poet that he is remembered. His subjects were drawn from early New England history, Indian legends, and Nature and life in rural Massachusetts. He is remembered also as a writer of hymns and other poems of religious faith. Books had little influence on him; he sang of the dignity of labor and of simple faith.

WILSON, WOODROW (1856-1924), twenty-eighth President of the United States, was a native of Virginia. He was educated at Princeton University, and later became president of that institution. He wrote many books on history and government, which are models of good English. In 1911 he became Governor of New Jersey, and in 1913 he entered upon his duties as President of the United States, serving throughout the difficult period of the World War.

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM (1770-1850). Born in Cumberland, England; his boyhood passed amid scenes of great natural beauty, which had a deeper influence on him than the formal education he received in school and at Cambridge University. While a college student he went on a walking tour on the Continent and was powerfully impressed by the revolutionary movements then going on. For a time he was an ardent sympathizer with the Revolution in France; after his return, however, he settled down to a life of study and meditation, broken only now and then by foreign travel. His friendship for Coleridge led to the publication in 1798 of a small volume written by the two men and named *Lyrical Ballads.* To this Wordsworth contributed a number of poems about Nature in which he sought to show the beauty and mystery in common scenes. His poetry, like that of Coleridge, was very different from what was then regarded in England as true poetry; it used only simple words, preferred simple themes, and found in ordinary aspects of Nature and life abundant material for expressing emotion and interpreting beauty. Because of the difference in subject and form from the standards of the time, this poetry was not at first well received. Later in his life, however, Wordsworth was widely recognized as one of the greatest of English poets. His poems, which are very numerous, are on a great variety of subjects: stories, Nature poems, and poems giving his ideas on many aspects of life and thought.

WYATT, EDITH FRANKLIN (1873-   ), was born in Wisconsin and educated in Chicago and at Bryn Mawr College. Among her writings are *Everyone His Own Way, True Love, Making Both Ends Meet, Great Companions,* and *The Wind in the Corn,* from which "On the Great Plateau" is taken. Her home is in Chicago.

INDEX OF TOPICS AND SPECIAL TERMS

Accent (stress), 290, 300. In general, emphasis on a syllable or a word. In prose, these stresses come at irregular intervals, just as the words of the sentence happen to be arranged. Test this with the sentence you have just read, marking each stress with an "x." In most verse, the words and syllables are so arranged as to bring the accented syllables at regular intervals, thus producing that regularity of sound and movement which we call *meter*. Note that words of one syllable, if important, may receive stress in poetry. See **Rhythm, Meter, Iambic,** etc.

Alliteration, 245, 300. The repetition of initial consonants, as in "A *m*ighty *f*ountain *m*omently was *f*orced." The device is common in poetry, and adds the music of sound to the verse. In older poetry, syllables beginning with vowels were regarded as alliterative.

Appositives, 234. Nouns in apposition. In poetry, especially the epic, single adjectives, or adjective phrases, are used in apposition with the proper noun they describe.

Autobiography, 379.

Ballads, 211-214, 236-239, 269, 279, 442.
- folk, 212, 238, 239, 270.
- heroic, 238, 245.
- humorous, 238, 253.
- incremental repetition in, 239, 240-241, 242, 243.
- literary, 239, 270.
- refrain in, 242, 243.
- romantic, 238, 253.
- supernatural, 238, 255.

Biography, 212, 378-379.

Canto, 290. Literally, a "song." In poetry it is a division or unit of a long narrative poem, somewhat like a "chapter" or a "book" in prose narrative.

Climax, 53, 76, 458.

Comparison, 277, 349, 479, 523. See Simile.

Coronach, 319. A lamentation for the dead; a dirge.

Couplets, 290. Two lines of verse that rime with each other.

Drama, 211-214, 381-382, 436-437, 441.
- comedy, 382.
- heroic, 214, 441.
- tragedy, 382.

Epic, 212, 215-218, 236, 238, 290, 441.
- folk, 212.

Essay, 22.

Figure of speech, 300. Any use of words that is not literal, but which suggests comparison or picture. See **Simile, Metaphor,** etc.

Gloss, 270.

Iambic Tetrameter, 300. Verse in which four accents occur in a line, each accented or stressed syllable being preceded by an unstressed syllable. An *iambus* is composed of an unstressed syllable followed by one that is stressed, as in the word *compel.*

Imagery, 528. The work of the imagination or fancy in decorating or making vivid oral or written composition; the use of images or figures of speech in composition. See **Figure of Speech.**

Incremental repetition, 239. A technical term used to describe a method of repetition of words or phrases, especially in ballad poetry, in which a small *increment* or *addition* is made to the story with each repetition.

Letters, 379.

Literature, definition of, 5, 9, 442, 512, 515-516.
- standards of taste for, 10.
- test of interest, 9.
- types of, 211, 214.

Lyric poetry, 237.

Measure, 284. The way in which syllables are arranged in verse, as iambic measures, referring to verse in which the unit of measurement is the iambus. See **Meter.**

Metaphor, see Simile.

Meter, 245, 290, 300. Regular or fixed recurrence of accent or stress. The unit of measurement is the *foot,* as iambus, trochee, dactyl, etc.

Novel, 211.

Pentameter, 310. Verse of five accents or stresses to the line. The word means that five meters or poetic feet occur in each line.

Plot, 213, 236.

Refrain, 240, 241, 242.

Rhythm, 284, 297. In the wide sense, the effect produced by regularity of accent or stress in prose or poetry. In prose the stresses are separated by a varying number of unstressed syllables, but the total effect is musical and harmonious. For poetry see **Measure, Meter,** etc.

Rime, 300. Correspondence of sound at the ends of lines of verse. The sound of the final syllable or syllables must be the same, not necessarily the spelling.

Rime-scheme, 319. The description of the manner in which the verses in a stanza or poem rime: couplets, alternately, every third or fourth line, etc.

Romance, 211-213, 238, 239, 441.
  heroic, 212, 288-290.
  metrical, 290.
  prose, 288.

Scanning, 392. Scansion is a method of indicating meter or measure in verse. Stressed syllables are marked by an accent or some other sign.

Short story, *dénouement,* 33.
  character sketch, 468.
  general character, 52-53, 76, 211, 236-237.
  Poe's art in, 76-77.

Simile, 479. A comparison of one thing with another, definitely expressed: "The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold." If the comparison is implied, not expressed definitely, the figure is called *metaphor,* as in "The ship *plows* the sea."

Spenserian stanza, 463.

Stanza, 239, 300, 463. A group of verses or lines in poetry. The stanza may represent a division in thought or mood, or it may be an arbitrary division in which a definite scheme of rime and meter is observed.

Trochaic, 310. Verse in which the stressed syllable comes first in the meter or foot and is followed by a single unstressed syllable, as in *forest.*

Types of Literature. See **Ballad, Drama, Coronach, Epic, Essay, Lyric, Novel, Romance, Short Story,** etc.

Vers libre (free verse), 531. Verse which disregards the rules of meter, the stresses coming at irregular intervals, the lines being of irregular length. Such verse differs little from rhythmical prose.

L. Kate Deal